

December 23, 1959

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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**A Hatful  
of Christmas**

Children's Serial: **"The Rescuers" by Margery Sharp**



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IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED



## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 23, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 25

### Our cover

● The shining ornaments and colorful pointsettia framing the face of the lovely model make a cover picture as gay and festive as the season. The cover also introduces three special color features — Christmas trees (pages 8, 9), a delightful cut-out (page 25), and menus for a Christmas buffet (pages 34 to 36).

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Max Shulman, author of "The Life and Loves of Dobie Gillis", which begins on pages 8 and 9 in Teenagers' Weekly, has been described as a sort of Seventh Avenue (New York) A. A. Milne.

THE Shulman humor has made many of his books best-sellers.

Two — "Rally Round The Flag, Boys" and "The Tender Trap" — have been made into very successful films.

In addition, Dobie Gillis has become the hero of a television series in the United States.

Dobie, described as a short lovable boy who grew up into a short lovable man, tells the story of his romances from teenage to adulthood.

Each episode will be complete in each issue of Teenagers' Weekly. They are delightful reading for all age groups — not just the teens.

Max Shulman, now 40, looks very like a mature version of the Dobie illustrated in Teenagers' Weekly.

Married, with four children, his favorite indulgence is an afternoon film.

ON pages 28 and 29 we begin a new color picture series, "Australian Homes," which will show the beauty

and variety of the houses in which Australians live.

"Australian Homes" succeeds our 1959 color series, "Australia From The Air," which is now available in book form (see coupon, page 26).

RONALD McKIE, who made the Christmas pudding (page 7), says there is only one first-class chef in his family — his wife.

But he enjoys grilling or frying steak in sauces of his own invention — sauces that start with claret or sherry and contain almost anything he can find in the house, even old prunes.

He is never satisfied with a sauce until both smell and taste are right. He doesn't know why. And when grilling he frequently bastes.

Ron thinks the world's greatest cooks are the Chinese, and the best food he ever tasted, apart from his wife's, was in a Shanghai restaurant, the Sun Ya, which could produce any one of 400 dishes at any time of day or night.

### NEXT WEEK

● The chic yet full-of-fun comfort of European beach dressing is shown in six Paris-inspired resort fashions featured in color in our next issue. In all the designs color is as important as cut — a fashion to copy when choosing beachwear for the Christmas vacation.



# The Rescuers

By MARGERY SHARP

**L**ADIES and gentlemen," cried Madam Chairwoman Mouse, "we now come to the most important item on our autumn programme! Pray, silence for the Secretary!"

It was a full meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Society. Everyone knows that the mice are the prisoners' friends—sharing his dry breadcrumbs even when they are not hungry, allowing themselves to be taught all manner of foolish tricks, such as no self-respecting mouse would otherwise contemplate, in order to cheer his lonely hours; what is less well known is how splendidly they are organised.

Not a prison in any land but has its own national branch of a wonderful, world-wide system. It is on record that long ago a Norman mouse took ship all the way to Turkey, to join a French sailor-boy locked up in Constantinople! The Jean Fromage Medal was struck in his honor.

The Secretary rose. Madam Chairwoman sat back in her seat, which was made from beautifully polished walnut-shells, and fixed her clever eyes on his greyish back. How she would like to have put the matter to the meeting herself! An enterprise so difficult and dangerous! Dear, faithful old comrade as the Secretary was, had he the necessary eloquence? But rules are rules.

She looked anxiously over the assembly, wondering which members would support her; there were at least a hundred mice present, seated in rows on neat matchbox benches. The Moot-house itself was a particularly fine one, a great empty wine-cask, entered by the bung; whose splendid curving walls soared cathedral-like to the roof. Behind the speakers' platform hung an oil painting, richly framed, depicting the mouse in Aesop's Fable in his heroic act of freeing a captive lion.

"Well, it's like this," began the Secretary. "You all know the Black Castle . . ."

Every mouse in the hall shuddered. The country they lived in was still barely civilised, a country of great gloomy mountains, enormous deserts, rivers like strangled seas. Even in its few towns, even here in the capital,

To page 27

Our serial for children



ILLUSTRATED BY KICK



all dressed up  
for last-minute  
Xmas gifts...



Johnson's  
BABY  
POWDER

BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

ICE-BREAKER *Thala Dan*, which is taking the first women into the sub-Antarctic world of Macquarie Island, shown at Mawson early this year.



ISOBEL BENNETT



HOPE MACPHERSON

## They're off to a wintry Christmas

● Biologist Susan Ingham — a member of the first women's "invasion" of Macquarie Island — has packed in her luggage only her normal winter clothes, because she expects the sub-Antarctic weather to be "just like a Melbourne winter."



MARY GILLHAM



SUSAN INGHAM

"AT this time of the year it will be rather damp, drizzly, and very windy," she said. "In fact, exactly like the cold months in Melbourne."

But she is taking along a few extra items, such as two sheets of foam plastic to tuck inside the legs of her trousers to guard against the vicious bites penguins deal out down Macquarie way.

Miss Ingham, who is English, is one of four women scientists sailing from Melbourne in *Thala Dan* on December 17 to spend about ten days on the island — a lonely outpost 800 miles south of Tasmania.

At Macquarie, where the women are due three days before a white Christmas, they will live aboard *Thala Dan*, which will be anchored about one mile from the all-male shore camp.

Till now, Macquarie Island has been a man's world — where successive members of The Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition have spent years studying climate and doing research on the region's animal and bird life.

An island of volcanic origin, it's situated 900 miles from the Antarctic Continent, is 21 miles long and two miles wide,

has a plateau which rises to 1400 feet, and narrow strips of land fringing the beaches.

Thousands of penguins and albatrosses breed there; fur seals (which vanished for more than 100 years) are making a comeback.

Cold westerly winds sweep the treeless island, where rain falls for 340 days out of the 365.

Miss Ingham thinks she will be able to find her way round Macquarie Island from all the photographs and maps she's studied during three years as biological secretary of the Australian Antarctic Division in Melbourne.

Her job on the island will be to study lives of the bandit penguins, wandering albatrosses, and elephant seals.

"I feel I'll be able to greet them like old friends because most of them have been marked by Antarctic parties, and are now catalogued in our department," she said.

### Tracing strays

"I'll work with the biologist already down there. We'll trace these creatures, noting whether they are still in the area where they were marked, or have moved farther afield.

Another of the four-women team is Miss Hope Macpherson, whose interest on Macquarie will be shells.

She's including in her luggage two four-gallon preserving tanks and dozens of jars and bottles, for she hopes to return with a large collection for the Melbourne Museum, where she is Curator of Molluscs (shells and whole animals).

### Work by boat

Miss Macpherson, who has made field trips around most of the Australian coast and as far south as Maatsuyker Island, south-west of Tasmania, will do most of her work from a small boat along the shores of Macquarie.

Another part of her "luggage" is a small dredge, which she'll hang over the side of the boat for collecting items from the bottom of the sea.

Miss Macpherson's collection will be added to those given the Museum by zoologists Ron Kenny and Noel Hayson after visits there.

"Antarctic shells are less colorful and smaller in comparison with others, but more interesting because of their scarcity," she said.

If the weather is kind, Miss Macpherson's detailed report on her shell findings may take a year to write on her return.

Dr. Mary Gillham, a botanist, cut short her stay at a

wild seal nursery on Fisher Island, 150 miles north of Perth, to go to Macquarie.

While she's there Dr. Gillham will study the effects of sea-birds on vegetation — a job she's been doing for some years on various islands of the world.

"I'll be rushing around the edges of the penguin colonies. There'll be petrels and albatrosses there, too, and other sea-birds," she added.

Dr. Gillham, who is English, went to Perth for the A.N.Z.A.A.S. Congress in August, and remained there on a C.S.I.R.O. grant.

On her return from the sub-Antarctic she will spend three months again on the Bass Strait Islands. Then in April she'll leave for England via South Africa, where she will do research on islands for a couple of months.

Fourth member of the team is zoologist Isobel Bennett, who has been on the Sydney University staff for 26 years.

Her main interest is in studying the "ecology of intertidal organisms" — or life existing in the region covered or revealed at each change of the tide.

She has worked from tropical Queensland to the shores of Maatsuyker Island, off the southern coast of Tasmania, listing, collecting, and photographing specimens.

# When will the country get TV?

## This year, next year, sometime . . .

● A letter from a country woman who lives out beyond Parkes landed on my desk this week. It asked what I thought was a simple question: "Tell me when we will have TV in the country."

SO I picked up the phone. In 10 minutes I knew just how simple I was to think that was a simple question.

No one would say, no one would forecast. Everyone laughed in that indulgent, infuriating way men have when they are making it quite clear that only a woman would be silly enough to expect an answer.

Everyone was very forbearing, but by the time I'd talked for a while I was so infuriated with their "silly little woman" attitude that I determined to find out for myself.

I took days of work, a tangle with the Broadcasting and Television Act, and long talks with many men patient enough to indulge me. I talked to men who knew about the business side of TV in the country, the political side, technicians, and those informative ones who know someone who knows something.

I read miles and miles of old newspaper cuttings.

And I found the answer. TV will hit the country in about two years, not before. The spread of TV to the country is a real this-year-next-year-sometime job.

### Deserves TV

It could and should be a simpler, quicker process. Surely no one needs and deserves TV more than the country woman—for company, relaxation, entertainment, and stimulation.

But it doesn't look to me as if it can arrive under 2 years, for the machinery devised by the Commonwealth Government has no streamlining.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Davidson, started that machinery on April 30 this year when he told the House of Representatives in Canberra that 13 country areas in Australia would now be considered for the extension of TV services.

The 13 areas he specified are:

Canberra, A.C.T.  
New South Wales: Newcastle and the Hunter River Valley, in which principal towns are Maitland, Singleton, Cessnock, Kurri Kurri, Dungog.

The Illawarra area, which takes in Wollongong, Pt. Kembla, Kiama, Berry, Nowra, and the South Coast adjacent to these towns.

The Richmond-Tweed area, in which the principal towns are Lismore, Casino, Murwillumbah.

The Central Tablelands area, which takes in Orange,

Bathurst, Mudgee, Forbes, Parkes (and the reader who started all this).

Victoria: Ballarat, Bendigo, the Latrobe Valley, in which the principal towns are Morwell and Sale. The Goulburn Valley, which includes Shepparton.

Queensland: The Darling Downs area, in which the principal towns are Toowoomba, Warwick, Dalby, and Oakey; the Rockhampton area; the Townsville area.

And in Tasmania, the north-eastern Tasmanian area, in which the principal town is Launceston.

In the Commonwealth Gazette of May 11, 1959, Mr.

advisers, who migrated and settled in Melbourne, where the inquiry began on November 10.

The Canberra inquiry between the four applicants took more than four weeks. It is regarded as the typical example for the 12 other areas to follow.

At this stage of my inquiries I was amazed to find that evidence for the whole 13 areas will be taken before a decision is given on any area.

I had thought (being simple again) that the Board would make its decision about Canberra, or at least all the New South Wales areas, and give their decision about them so

Central Tablelands area licence knows someone who knows someone, so that poor reader outside Parkes gets her picture before her children are quite grown up.)

The more I think about country TV the more baffled I become. It is all such a slow-moving mess. Country people need TV desperately.

TV is wonderful in the city. In the country, particularly in areas outside big towns, it would be in the minor-miracle class.

### Making it hard

But instead of the Government making it easy to get TV into the country, they seem determined to make it just as hard as possible.

For instance, in all previous inquiries, those that dealt with applications for TV licences in the capital cities, the Broadcasting Control Board specified the site of the transmitter, the channels of power and even the height above sea-level of the towers at the time applications for licences were invited.

This meant that applicants could work out the exact audience they would command, how much transmitting equipment and studios would cost them to the nearest penny, and how much they would have over to buy programmes, pay staff, and the thousand and one other expenses involved.

For country TV, these decisions will only be determined during the course of this present marathon inquiry.

After all evidence from applicants is taken, the Board will hear technical evidence from people like members of the P.M.G.'s Department and others concerned.

Why the Board didn't do this before is hard to imagine. All they gave was the broad general definition of the 13 areas so that every single licence applicant is working in the dark.

All applicants can do before they present their case is assume this or assume that.

For the Central Tablelands area, for instance, they could assume that the transmitting tower will be built on Mt. Canobolas and work out their budget on that assumption.

But their assumption could be wrong, completely, and the successful applicant might have to recast the entire budget and financial approach to telecasting in the Central Tablelands area.

Eventually, the country woman will have TV. I feel sorry that she is not getting it as quickly as she might.



MR. R. G. OSBORNE, Chairman of the Broadcasting Control Board.

I had a second look at the Canberra inquiry to get an idea of what the basic pattern of evidence is, and who the people are who want licences.

There are two kinds of applicants for licences.

There are local groups who want to set up TV stations, independent of existing metropolitan stations, and groups affiliated with the big metropolitan stations.

The local groups claim they can provide TV programmes comparable with city programmes by using a lot of local material and by buying overseas programmes direct from their source.

### Second group

The second group of applicants has an affiliation with an established metropolitan channel and claims that the country viewer can best be served by a relay programme from the metropolitan channel, injected with local news and events.

I don't see how country viewers could get a service comparable with the city one, unless it is relayed, because the three established city channels have bought up the world's best TV shows and screen them week after week.

This leaves the independent channels with a choice of programmes that the big metropolitan channels didn't think were good enough to buy.

This seems to me to be quite a simple question to decide, but it's taking Queen's Counsel and their learned friends and their clients weeks to persuade the Board which is right.

It must be using up a lot of the money that could be better spent buying bigger and brighter programmes for country viewers.

From the emphasis placed on it, who will be granted licences also seems to depend largely on who is prepared to give the greatest number of "live" programmes using Australian artists.

As a viewer, I don't get this, I don't care whether a

programme is live, filmed, Australian, or Ruritanian, as long as it is good. And I think most Australian viewers agree with me.

The way the inquiry carries on about "live" shows is just silly. If I have to have one or the other I'll take my TV straight, expertly canned by the Americans and English.

During the year there was a lot of live TV. What was remarkable about it was that there was so little good live TV.

The best of it was A.B.C.-TV's wonderful production of "The Lark," Sydney Channel 9's Late Show with Bobby Limb on some occasions, Sydney Channel 7's production of "The Big Day."

Stack up the general run of Australian live shows against those continuing joys "Gunsmoke," "Perry Mason," "Maverick," the splendid B.B.C. serials like "Pride and Prejudice," "Nicholas Nickleby," and you know in a moment from where you get the consistent quality, the best entertainment.

I seem to have got away from country TV, but I haven't really. Why can't the country woman be in it? Why is the Government making it so difficult for her to get TV?

I was a bit optimistic when I said two years for country TV. I think it will probably be longer. It's such a shame.

FOOTNOTE: While I was fiddling for this story, I found that the Postmaster-General is already installing broad band radio relays between Sydney and Canberra, Sydney and Newcastle, Sydney and Wollongong.

This means that within 12 months, there could be direct TV relays from Sydney to these three centres with perfect reception in all weathers, all conditions.

Country viewers surrounding these cities could see a direct telecast of next year's Davis Cup while it's being played in Sydney. But they won't. The Board will still be down there in Melbourne considering, considering, considering.

## TELEVISION PARADE

by NAN MUSGROVE

Davidson formally issued invitations for applicants to apply for licences in the specified areas.

When applications closed on September 30 this year, Mr. Davidson had 45 applications in the bag, which averages out at about three and a bit for each area.

After he'd got them, Mr. Davidson instructed the Broadcasting Control Board to hold a public inquiry to determine who would receive the licences.

And just over six months after Mr. Davidson first mentioned country TV, the inquiry opened into the applications for a licence in the Canberra area.

There were four applicants, all equipped with Queen's Counsel, instructing solicitors, with suites of technical advisers, financial and policy

that the successful applicants could get their pictures into country living-rooms quickly.

How wrong I was. They will hear all the evidence for the 12 other areas first, which on their present form will take 48 weeks.

This takes us nearly to Christmas, 1960. At this time the Board has to consider and prepare a report for Mr. Davidson. Preparation of this report, at a conservative estimate, could take about two months.

Mr. Davidson then has to do his considering, and with the Board's report and his conclusions submit recommendations to the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and Cabinet.

Cabinet Ministers are busy people, and I reckon it will take them up to two months from the time they receive the report to make their decisions.

### Happy news

This brings us to Easter, 1961, and the happy news to applicants that they have been successful in getting licences.

If the Board follows precedent and does as they have done in the cities, they will grant two licences each in most of the places, and the Easter mail will be taking good news to 26 of the 45 applicants.

It will take at least 12 months from the date of issue of the licence to get a picture into your living-room.

Masts have to be imported, in bits, and put together here. It's a complicated business and the material to build them is not just stacked on warehouse shelves. And there will be 26 licencees clamoring for them.

(I hope whoever gets the



THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, Mr. C. W. Davidson.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—LONGFELLOW



AS CHRISTMAS draws near, we extend to you every good  
wish and we share your hope that peace and happiness  
will become a living reality in the years ahead.

**Prestige** . . . FINE HOSIERY, LINGERIE AND FABRICS

# A plum pudding

(made) by  
**Ronald McKie,**  
staff reporter

● "I'm 12 and I've never had a plum pudding at Christmas." My son looked accusingly at me — and what he said was true. We never have plum pudding. I haven't tasted one since childhood.

I FELT like a white ant. I'd ignored tradition too long. Worse—I'd obviously fallen down on my job as a father.

"You're right," I said. "You shall have your plum pudding. We'll make one — together."

"With money in it?" "Yes."

"And those silver things your grandmother put in her puddings?" "Of course."

So we borrowed an 1892 edition of Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management, skipped through a recipe for "Parrot Pie," which began: "One dozen parakeets . . ."; glanced at a "Picnic Lunch for 20 People," with map, for £3/6/1; found the plum puddings wedged between pages 675 and 678. And settled down to serious study.

"What about 'An Unrivalled Plum Pudding'?" my son suggested, and then propped: "Gee, it's got 16 eggs. That'll cost more than a Boeing jet model."

With Christmas closing in and family talk concentrating more and more on build-yourself planes and cricket bats, I saw his point. "And it's for 14 people," I added. "We'd be eating our way through pudding for weeks."

We rejected "Unrivalled," looked at "An Excellent Plum Pudding Made Without Eggs," cost 1/-. We sneered unanimously at "A Plain Christmas Pudding for Children." And we finally tossed up between "Christmas Plum Pudding (Very Good)" and "John Bull's Own."

"John Bull," which Mrs. Beeton assured us we could make for 5/-. won.

But the basic ingredients cost 16/6, the brandy another 5/-. the eggs 3/6, the cloth 3/11 — and the gas a fortune, since Mrs. B. insisted that "John Bull" must be cooked 13 hours.

We began our labors at 8 a.m., Sunday, conscious that the beautiful Mrs. Beeton — and she was a beauty who died young — would not have approved of our using a large broiling saucepan as a mixing-bowl and not having scales.

I'd heard somewhere that eight heaped tablespoons made 1lb. of plain flour, so I recklessly measured them, and added a teaspoon of mixed spice and salt and 1lb. of brown sugar—most sugar, Mrs. B. said.

## The suet really grated

Meanwhile my son attacked 1lb. of suet, frozen so that it would grate.

The frozen suet was on the strong advice of our butcher, who seemed to know all about plum puddings. But the suet began to melt with the friction and clog the grater, and any moment I expected my son to use some of those new words he recently learned at school.

With much muttering and banging of the grater and scraping with a knife he got the job done, but his advice to anyone planning to grate frozen suet is to put it in a bag and thump it with a hammer.

The suet created other problems. The grater had to be washed in boiling water and then thoroughly dried before we could create 1lb. of breadcrumb.

And Mrs. Beeton had forgotten to say when to mix in the suet, although she gave the mixing order for everything else.

My son decided we couldn't go far wrong if we put the suet right in the middle, so we added 1lb. of raisins, 1lb. of mixed peel, and then the suet, and followed it with 1lb. of sultanas, the breadcrumbs, and 1lb. of currants.

"The suet can't run far now," he insisted.

But our troubles were not over. Mrs. Beeton told us to beat eight eggs and strain them for 10 minutes.

This sounded silly to me because, as far as I could remember, beaten eggs didn't have a thing to strain. But we tried it and all the egg except a smear of froth went through the strainer.

I glanced at my son.

"Mrs. Beeton's nuts," he said.

I agreed as I mixed 1 pint of brandy with the egg and poured the lot over the mixture in the saucepan. But as I began to stir he stopped me.

"You've forgotten the money and the silver things."

I had, so we dropped in the 10/- worth of silver we'd boiled for half an hour, and followed it with traditional bits of silver diddle — a tiny pig, wishbone, horseshoe, bell, and lug of money.

I'd spent a Saturday morning desperately looking for the silver bits.

One big store told me they were no longer made because they were prohibited under the Health Act. A big jewellery shop told me they had not been imported for three years.

But after many inquiries I found a set of thin pressed silver — price 1/- — in a secondhand shop. They were frail shadows of Granny's solid silver set, but they did.

With a massive mixture like good dark concrete in the saucepan we took turns to stir for 25 minutes, at Mrs. Beeton's suggestion, and had only one interruption.

## It was no dog's treat

When a big, sodden, brandy-smelling lump fell to the floor our neurotic dachshund, Long John, gulped it, took a step backwards, and looked startled. And for the rest of the morning he was a little more peculiar than usual.

The pudding was ready 90 minutes after starting. Then came the ticklish bit.

We scalded our square yard of unbleached calico, spread it on the table, liberally covered it with flour, and ladled out the pudding in double handfuls, and moulded it on the cloth.

Then, after covering up two sixpences that were showing, we folded the cloth so that the pudding was a tight, somewhat battered sphere, and tied it at the north pole with thick string.

Once again Mrs. Beeton let us down because she forgot to say if the pudding should go into cold or hot water.

We decided on hot and soon lowered it on its yard of string into our mixing bowl, now our saucepan, where, for the next 13 hours, it simmered and gave out a rich, dark, fruity, alcoholic smell that almost bleached the curtains.

Grandmother's plum puddings always hung in the pantry.

But how many houses or flats have pantries today? This is a lack I deplore, for where in a flat do you hang a dripping pudding that has cooked 13 hours?

My son suggested putting it in a tin under his bed, along with the deflated football and the other rubbish, so that he could keep an eye on it. I jumped on that.

Finally, for its dismal dripping period, we put a bucket in the bath and suspended the pudding from a broom handle laid across the bath. It worked.

But now the pudding is dry — and a large stained object it is — it hangs from the handle of the bathroom cupboard, in the coolest spot in the flat.

We both know, after inhaling the richness of our cooking for 13 hours, that the pudding will be — in the ancient tradition of plum puddings and in my son's word — a "beaut."

My only worry is that neither of us can remember how many silver coins went into it, which means that we may never know, after the pudding is eaten, whether a few three-pences or sixpences are missing.

WHEN YOU'RE FEELING

# "HEAT-BEAT"

(TENSE, IRRITABLE, HEADACHY)



## TAKE A "BAYER BREAK"



How the "BAYER BREAK"

makes you feel better fast!

1. First take two Bayer's Aspirin for your headache.
2. Then relax. Sit down . . . put your feet up and rest for a while.
3. This brief rest plus Bayer's Aspirin will have you feeling better so fast you'll be on the go again in practically no time. Try it!

Take a "Bayer Break" next time you feel head-achy, worn down, tense and irritable from the hot sun and high humidity. See for yourself, how, in just a few minutes, you can feel like a new person!



TRADE MARK

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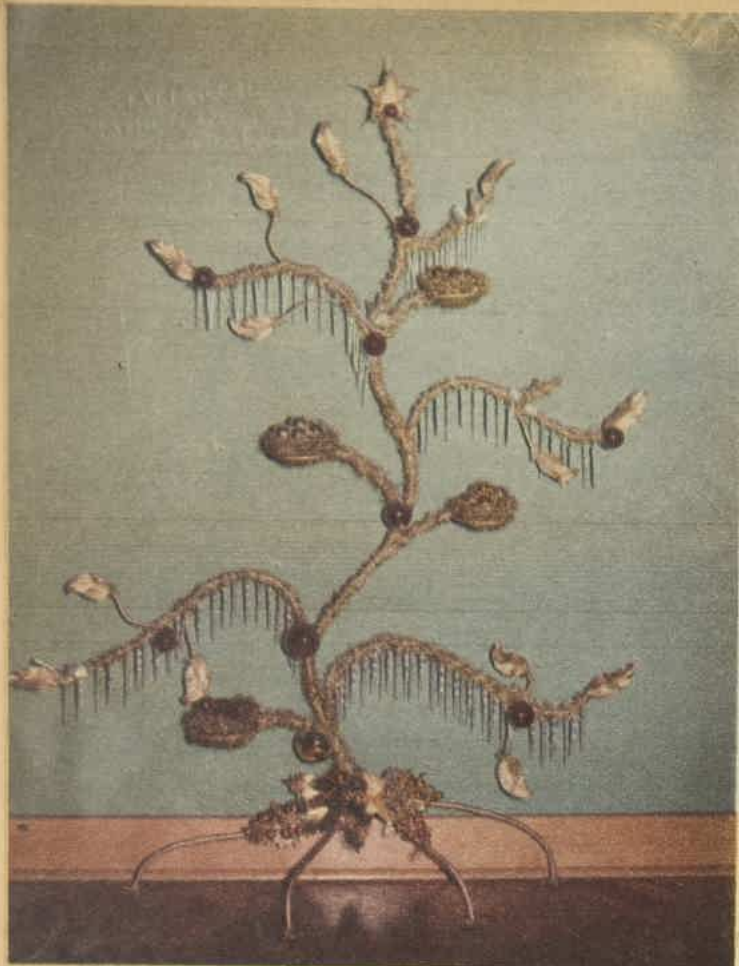
## "AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR"

● "Australia From The Air," a 64-page all-color book of magnificent aerial photographs, is a wonderful gift for Christmas—or any time of the year.

"Australia From The Air" is The Australian Women's Weekly 1959 Australia book. It shows the grandeur and beauty of the country seen from the air. Every picture is worth framing.

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# Festive ideas



**CONTEMPORARY** Christmas tree in the espaliered section of the recent International Christmas Tree Festival run by the Y.W.C.A. in Adelaide. Cerise and gold baubles add an exotic touch. The curving branches are heavy with glass icicles.



**REALLY FESTIVE** with its gay-spotted backdrop, this decorated fireplace, with colorful Christmas stockings and attractively wrapped gifts, was entered by the Red Cross Society in a section of Adelaide's 1959 International Christmas Tree Festival.



**CRISP** red and white are teamed simply and effectively for this Red Robin Tree entered in the small-tree competition section of the Festival. Organiser of the Y.W.C.A. festival committee was Miss Margaret Davey.



**BAUBLES**, colorfully arranged with a gilded hurricane lantern by Mrs. Kenneth Noad, of Rose Bay. It featured in a recent Forest Lodge Day Nursery Christmas Exhibition which was held at David Jones', Sydney.

**UNUSUAL** green sisal upside-down tree, trimmed with baubles and metallic foil streamers, was shown in the Forest Lodge Day Nursery Christmas Exhibition by Mrs. Jean Ackland, of Vaucluse.



# for Christmas

● Christmas trees have as important a role in the festive season as Santa Claus, roast turkey, and plum pudding. Whether they're making their appearance in traditional or modern style, and whether they're big or small, elaborate or simple, these decorations feature in nearly every home. The pictures on these pages show novel ideas from Sydney and Adelaide displays.



GILDED fern branches and ivy leaves, artificial green leaves, and baubles decorate this elegant tree shown by Mr. Bruce Arnott, of Double Bay, in the recent Forest Lodge Exhibition in Sydney.

A RED ROBIN perched on top of a festive letter box makes a striking decoration. It was designed by Mrs. Jasper Lloyd, of Rose Bay, for the Forest Lodge Christmas Exhibition.

For  
Xmas -



**must  
be  
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"Think on the bright side. School starts when—February?"



"They'll NEVER think of looking here!"

## It seems to me

WITH a pleased I-told-you-so look on my face I read the other night a piece by a doctor stating that pickles are health-giving.

They contain useful vitamins and are easy to digest, said the doctor.

I have been addicted to pickles all my life. "You don't deserve to keep healthy," has been the cry of critics for as long as I can remember.

Obviously some reliable instinct has driven me to the pickle jar. When I am 100 I intend to spend my time chuckling over the latest medical discoveries — that cigarettes, tea, and coffee are nourishing, and that baked custards are poison.

By



Dorothy Drann

A FORTNIGHT AGO, writing of Ray Lawler's new play, "The Piccadilly Bushman," I mentioned my suspicion that Lawler had written it in a fit of depression.

The reason for his depression is now clear. The film-makers have made such a hash of his "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll."

When an author sells film rights he must take what comfort he can from the money he gets. Even so, he could be pardoned for hoping that the resultant film might be a good one.

The "Doll" sounds and looks as if its makers had cut up a script of the play into small snippets, stirred the bits up in a basin, picked out half and stuck them together at random with sticky tape.

The producer moved the setting of the play from Melbourne to Sydney, thus obtaining some pretty pictures of the Harbor and Bondi Beach. (It is a wonder, by the way, that he resisted the temptation of koalas at the Zoo.)

The best thing that could be done with the result is to chop out all the dialogue and turn the film into a five minute newsreel.

FURTHER thoughts on shopping hours:

Inspectors don't run round making sure that insurance companies and lawyers' offices have closed their doors.

Why cannot shopkeepers be allowed to open their doors whenever they like? The hours worked by employees could still be safeguarded. Public demand would soon show where night shopping was wanted.

Inevitably some shopkeepers would band together and fix hours for their own conveniences, but the natural desire of others to make extra money would keep sufficient doors open to satisfy customers.

AT the risk of harping, why "talks?" ("Mr. Menzies had talks lasting an hour with the Indonesian Prime Minister.")

Why not "a talk." It would take courage to be the first to broadcast or write it in relation to international discussion. But practically any phrase will take on if someone plugs it.

MOTHER

"HEY," said the taxi driver, as I alighted the other afternoon and walked towards the gate of a house. "Come back here."

I went back. "You've got cigarette ash on the hem of your dress," he said.

I made an ineffectual dab at it with a glove. The material is a navy blue silk, rather sticky.

"Oh, that's no use," said the driver. "Wait a minute."

He got out of the taxi, hauled a handkerchief from his pocket, and brushed the skirt vigorously.

"There, that's better. Couldn't let a lady go to a party like that." And away he drove.

People sometimes complain about Sydney taxi-drivers, but I don't know where else you'd get a valeting job thrown in for the price of a fare.

THE men who run weighing machines are mostly taciturn characters.

It's a job that doesn't encourage light chat.

All day the weigher sits or stands, handing out cards to a procession of females, young and old, thin and fat, whose faces register satisfaction or dismay.

The other lunch hour an elderly man broke his silence as he handed me a card. "Losing weight?" he asked.

"No," I told him, frowning. "I've put on two pounds. Must fix that."

"Mushn't lose any more," he said. He made a gesture over his chin, sketching a dreary, bloodhound look. "You're getting thin in the face, my girl."

Depressing, considered in relation to the incessant battle to preserve the waistline. But I liked that "my girl." It has turned me into a regular customer.

THE Duke of Bedford, having made a paying concern of his own ancestral home, Woburn Abbey, flew to Canada last month to look at Casa Loma, a famous castle built near Toronto by a Canadian millionaire. According to a report, the Duke is considering buying the castle and installing champagne showers for tourists.

Champagne is nice. I keep an open mind, Striving to be progressive and not sour. Yet time is catching up with me, I find, I cannot favor champagne in the shower. One grows, in time, to like one's little ways, And certain innovations get no quarter. I couldn't (gone forever are such days) Feel festive on a glass of soap and water.

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**NEW VEET**

VE1014

# A POLICEMAN IN THE HOUSE

● A burly, 17-stone New Guinea policeman created a minor sensation in a suburban home recently when he visited Melbourne for the publication of a factual war book in which he is one of the main characters.

**SERGEANT-MAJOR KARI**—it's the highest rank he can attain—was the guest for a week of Peter Ryan, in whose book "Fear Drive My Feet" he has an important role.

The book tells of Ryan's operations behind Japanese lines in New Guinea in World War II. Kari was in charge of Ryan's native police boys during the campaign.

Staccato pidgin-English flew around the house for the week Kari was there. Even Ryan's children, Andrew, 8, and Sally, 20 months, tried to speak it, and the family's five-year-old Dalmatian, Tally Ho, retreated to his box at Kari's order: "Go box bilong you."

## Curious mates

On Kari's first day at the Ryan home, a few of Andrew's school-mates unaccountably "lost" their lunch and arrived at the Ryan home to be fed—and to meet the visitor.

Kari, who has three sons, was a great success with the children.

The Ryans took Kari—in his navy serge tunic and beret, with sandalled feet—out shopping. He bought three

dressess, a skirt, and a handbag for his wife, Sapau, and toys for his children.

High-pressure sales tactics left 6ft. 1in. Kari unmoved. He examined each dress closely and shook his head if it didn't please him.

He knew his wife's size, compared prices.

"This dress is £3 here—in Lae it would be £6," he told Peter Ryan.

Kari's police training showed in neatness round the house—an example Peter's wife, Davey, hoped would impress young Andrew.

## Perfect guest

He wouldn't move around the house without an ashtray, which he emptied as soon as he had used it.

He kept his room immaculate, and took his afternoon nap in a high-backed chair in his room—nothing would induce him to ruffle the neatly made bed during the day.

Whenever Sally was having a nap, and Peter bounded up the hall, Kari tiptoed from his room and whispered, "Shh! Master wake picanniny!"

Davey Ryan said later he was one of the easiest guests she had known. He enjoyed all European foods, and had no fads.

Kari, who has been married for eight years, is in charge of the gaol, or "calaboose," in Lae. He lives in a one-roomed house attached to the gaol, which houses 40 prisoners, including a number of murderers.

## Cabled wife

As soon as he arrived in Melbourne he asked Peter to send a cable to his wife and waited anxiously for her reply.

Kari, who has been awarded two gold stars and a loyal-service medal, has travelled before. He went to London for the Coronation—when he received a cable announcing the birth of his eldest son, Yanis. He has been to Sydney twice.



New Guinea Police Sergeant-Major Kari (above) spent a week in Melbourne as the guest of author Peter Ryan. The Ryan children (right), Andreu, eight, and Sally, 20 months, admire some of the toys Kari bought for his three small sons, who live in Lae.



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HAND-PAINTED deep blue cotton skirt, worn with a white tailored blouse, was bought by Mrs. Ione Smith in Capri, where she lived for three years. The skirt's bold-painted design represents an edible fig-like cactus fruit that grows wild on the island.

## ON CAPRI SHE WAS "IL AUSTRALIANA"

● For three blissful years Mrs. Ione Smith, of Perth, W.A., lived on the Isle of Capri.

FROM her villa, high up at Marina Uiccola, she looked down on the blue Mediterranean, and three times a week she caught the ferry across the breathtakingly beautiful Bay of Naples to go to her violin lessons at the Naples Conservatorium—"San Pietro a Majella."

Now she is home and the view from her South Perth flat is across the Swan River, and she crosses Perth Water in the ferry to shop or take in a movie in the city.

On Capri, where few travelling Australians stay for long, she was known simply as "Il Australiana"—"the Australian."

When Ione left Perth for England in 1950 with her mother, Lady Wittenoom, and sister Rosemary, now Mrs. Bill Leslie, of Sydney, she had already completed two years of violin study at the Adelaide Conservatorium.

In London, in between caring for her young son, David, she continued her violin studies with the well-known teacher Thomas Matthews.

Early in 1955 Ione set out for Rome, intending to study there. But the lure of Capri, which she had already visited, was too strong.

She and David went to live on the island while Ione became a pupil of Luigi Schlimma at the Naples Conservatorium.

Within 12 months Ione was speaking fluent Italian.

In the hours Ione was taking lessons or practising, an

Italian family looked after son David.

From the beginning his conversations with his mother were rather unusual—Ione talking to him in English, which he understood but would not speak, and David answering in the first tongue he ever learned, Neapolitan!

He is now six and, since their arrival in Australia, he has switched entirely to English and refuses to speak Italian.

Ione told me: "The centre of life on Capri is the piazza, a little square in the middle of the island."

"It is surrounded by bars where you can buy tea, coffee,

and on another Xavier Cugat's wife, Abbe Lane, with her mother. They both had flaming red hair.

"Then there was the Duchess of Windsor, who was holidaying on a yacht; Soraya, while she was still Queen; Charlie Chaplin and his wife, Oona, with Dawn Addams (Charlie and Dawn had just finished making a film in Italy); Richard Todd; Elsa Martinelli; Merle Oberon, living the part of the star, wearing white furs and sitting outside one of the hotels; Richard Basehart; Linda Christian and the late Mario Lanza, who was filming on Capri when I left there. One day I heard him singing 'Come Prima.'"

"Not far from my villa, which, by the way, was called 'Casina del Sole,' meaning 'Little House in the Sun,' was the haunt of the rich and famous—the luxurious restaurant and swimming-pool run by Gracie Fields and her husband, Boris."

By  
**PAT PARKER,**  
 staff reporter

ice-creams, sandwiches, and cakes as well as liquor.

"Everybody meets there. Across the piazza walk people from all over the world. Some enter into the spirit of Capri at once and appear wearing crazy hats and brightly colored garments they have just bought."

"The inhibited ones are conspicuous in their drab clothes."

"During the height of the tourist season—July, August, and September—it's fun to sit for hours under the striped beach umbrellas on the piazza just watching the passing parade."

"Celebrities are almost commonplace. One day I saw Ginger Rogers, ash-blond, and suntanned, sitting on the piazza and later dancing in a nightclub. On another occasion I saw Claudette Colbert walking along the street

### Color everywhere

Ione looks nostalgic as she talks about Capri—with the accent on the first syllable, in the Italian fashion.

She said, "Capri is a paradise island. There's color, color everywhere. The food is wonderful; the service is wonderful."

"It's terribly hard to drag yourself away and I've heard people who live on Capri say, 'I came here for a week's holiday and that was 20 years ago.'"

"Everybody is so friendly. You might find people from half a dozen different countries sitting and talking together on the piazza. Racial differences dissolve. If only the whole world could be like Capri!"

### Island's lure

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In the hours Ione was taking lessons or practising, an

# Summer of her 1700th doll



**DOLLS—HUNDREDS OF THEM.** Mrs. G. W. Seymour, of Miranda, shows her grand-daughter Christine all the Peggy, Betty, and Topsy Smiths she has dressed for the Smith Family. Centre is Big Peggy, the giant doll which will be the prize in a Smith Family competition.

By MIRIAM FOWLER, staff reporter

● Wow! what a collection of Peggy, Betty, and Topsy Smiths—205 of them. It's Mrs. Seymour's summer of the seventeen-hundredth doll.

MRS. G. W. Seymour, of Miranda, N.S.W., has been dressing dolls for the Smith Family ever since the Family launched their doll-dresser appeal six years ago.

The "Smiths" provide the dolls, and the dressers provide the materials.

An anonymous group of Santas, the Smith Family distribute toys of all types to children who would otherwise be unhappy thinking Santa had forgotten them. And for that special Christmas dinner the "Smiths" deliver special hampers with plum puddings, Christmas cakes, and sweets to needy families.

But they're not a Christmas-time-only charitable group. The Smith Family work all the year round supplying food and clothing to people in genuine distress.

"My grand-daughter Christine christened the dolls," Mrs. Seymour said. "The black ones are Topsy Smiths,

the big white ones Peggy Smiths, and the small whites Betty Smiths."

The red-haired and freckled five-year-old Christine Seymour, one of Mrs. Seymour's nine grandchildren, had wandered in from her home next door to have another look at Gran's dolls.

Arranged in rows on a tiered stand in the sitting-room, they were sheer bliss for a little girl.

But Christine's strong-willed; she knows they're not to be played with. "May I just put them, Gran?" is all she asks.

## Winter job

Equipped with materials and scraps which she collects with the help of friends, Mrs. Seymour begins sewing in July.

"I get it done in the winter while sitting in front of the fire," she said.

The making of two hundred little model frocks, petticoats, hats, pants, and booties—all removable—would be six

months' work for most of us. For Mrs. Seymour it's a matter of six weeks.

"When you've been dressing them for as long as I have you get used to it," she said, "and it takes no time at all."

"Each frock is cut out to the same pattern; it's just the trimmings that make them all look different."

Until a few years ago the Smith Family held a Christmas party at the Showground to distribute their toys. But now they're simply given to the parents to hide until Christmas.

"I went to one of the parties," Mrs. Seymour said. "It was wonderful. The expressions on the little girls' faces when they received their dolls were more than rewarding."

One of the children Mrs. Seymour saw was a five-year-old aboriginal girl. When Santa gave her a white doll, she looked at it—thought for a bit—then, "I want one my own color," she told him. With a Topsy Smith in her arms, she went off happily.

"Mr. Seymour gets as much pleasure from the Smith dolls as I do—he loves to see them lined up on the stand he made for them," Mrs. Seymour said. But this year he's likely to miss out.

## Her favorite

Mr. Seymour, who's been in Concord Hospital for four months, is due home about the time they're due to be picked up. So it's touch and go.

A wiz doll-dresser like Mrs. Seymour should be the mother of a dozen daughters, not three sons. "But my five grand-daughters keep me busy," she said.

"That one's my favorite," said Christine, pointing to the extra big Peggy Smith wearing a green frock over a stiffened petticoat.

Big Peggy is to be the prize in a competition organised by the Smith Family.

"Santa's bringing me a doll for Christmas," Christine added. And dressed by Gran, I'll wager.



Make up your own  
**ICE CREAM CAKE**  
this Christmas!

Purchase a Dairy Farmers' half-gallon ice cream brick and store it in your deep freeze refrigerator. Remove the carton about 20 minutes before use. Place on large cake dish; have stiff mock cream ready (flavoured or coloured, if you desire) in icing bag together with the necessary decorations and fancy paper. Make up your own designs in Christmas decorations. It's a delicious treat!

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**GIVE SUNBEAM GIFTS THIS CHRISTMAS**



**EIGHT MONTHS** overseas for Mr. and Mrs. Tony Patterson, who were married at Riverview Chapel. The bride was formerly Annette McNally, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McNally, of Mosman. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Patterson, of Watson's Bay. Tony and Annette left on board the Orion the day after their wedding.

**BIRTHDAY BOY**, seven-year-old Kim Ryrie (right), watches his mother, Mrs. Colin Ryrie, as she prepares to light the candles on his birthday cake during the party at their Rose Bay home. The young guests included David Arnott (left) and Susan Lloyd Jones.



## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**EXCITING** week for pretty Penny Seidler, formerly Penny Evatt, who is celebrating her 21st birthday and her first wedding anniversary—both on December 15.

"We'll be having a small family party," Penny told me, "and a big party some time in January, just as soon as we move into our house."

Penny's new house is a pent-house overlooking the Harbor in Ithaca Gardens—a building—designed by her architect husband, Harry.

**THERE'LL** be an interesting guest speaker—U.S. Vice-Consul Mr. M. M. Adams, jun.—at the Christmas cocktail party arranged by the United Nations Junior Set on December 17 at the Rotary Rooms, Martin Place.

**INVITATIONS** are out for the wedding of two young doctors—Susan Ross, of Strathfield, to Robert Beal, of Newcastle. The ceremony will take place at St. Anne's, Strathfield, and the reception at the home of Susan's parents, Dr. and Mrs. David Ross, on December 29.

**WORE** my "beatest" clothes to the Beatnik Christmas party at Margaret and Tom Molloy's last week, arranged by the Nunyara Committee assisting the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children. Everyone wore their most informal clothes, and I liked Elaine Howard's all-black outfit, including the stockings!

**THEY'RE** engaged . . . Jill Noy and Geoffrey Barden. Jill is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. L. Noy, of "Enlairo," Bell Lata, and Geoffrey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Barden, of "Orniston," Nemingha.

**DON'T** quite know what to expect at the Gay Twenties committee's party at the new Museum of Modern Art at Elizabeth Bay on December 18. They're calling it "Cocktails in the Modern Mood."

**APRIL** next year is the tentative date for Ann Nevill's homecoming, after about 20 months away. She's studying French at the moment, so will be an accomplished linguist when she comes back to Roseville.

**A FLAT** in Hampstead is waiting for five Sydney girls who sailed on the Fairsky for 18 months abroad. They are Valda Cooper, of Darlington, Janelle Harris, of Bellevue Hill, Jill Rodgers and Judith Oughton, of Vaucluse, and Patricia Hook.

**ENGAGEMENT** party last week for Jan Lennox and Ross Henderson at the lovely Bellevue Hill home of Jan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lennox. The 70 guests danced on a floor specially laid down on the patio. Ross is the elder son of Mrs. Grace Henderson, of Vaucluse.

**MET** lots of legal eagles and skiing friends at Sue Wiles' 21st birthday dance at The Hermitage, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wiles, of Strathfield. The guests included Susie's fiancé, Joseph Moore, of Chatswood.



**THREE SMART RACEGOERS** who attended the A.J.C.'s twilight meeting at Randwick were (from left) Mrs. Jack Simpson in navy and white, Mrs. Richard Cobden in vivid mustard-yellow, and Mrs. Kenneth Clarke in blue-and-white patterned silk.




**PROFESSIONAL TENNIS** tournament under the stars at White City was attended by Margaret Kemp, of Wallsend (left), and Ann Swords, of Mansebrook. The proceeds of the tournament, arranged by Jack Krumer, will aid Legacy.



**KING'S SCHOOL CHAPEL** wedding for Gina Lipcombe and Michael Murray. The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. A. Abrew, of Port Kembla, and the late Mr. Robert Lipcombe. Michael, a former resident-master at The King's School, is the eldest son of Mrs. Charles Murray, of Croydon, Victoria, and the late Bishop Murray.



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# The Case of the MYTHICAL MONKEYS

By  
**ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

Drake said vehemently to Della and Perry, "I wouldn't touch that scarf with a ten-foot pole."



Second part of a serial

WHEN notorious novelist MAUVIS MEADE sent her secretary, GLADYS DOYLE, to keep an appointment with EDGAR CARLISLE, she insisted that Gladys return by a certain short-cut. The car became bogged, and, seeking help in a nearby cabin, she was given shelter by a man called JOHN. Next morning he had disappeared, but in his room was the body of an unknown man.

In panic she rushed to her car and found it ready to drive away. Back at Miss Meade's apartment, she discovered it ransacked but no sign of her employer. Gladys then went to PERRY MASON, attorney-at-law, and told her story. He had her exchange her mud-spattered clothes for some of DELLA STREET'S, his secretary, then phoned LIEUTENANT TRAGG to report the murder. Later Gladys was arrested.

Mason went to see Miss Meade, and Tragg arrived later. They found the impressions of Gladys' shorthand notes, although the notes were missing. PAUL DRAKE, Mason's private detective, had discovered through his assistant KELTON that the dead man was JOSH MANLY. Calling on his wife, who was house-cleaning and wearing gloves, they learnt he was a "sharpshooter" in quick money-making deals.

Later Mason finds a box of bullets wrapped in a woman's scarf at the cabin and takes them with him, telling the others not to mention the find to anyone. NOW READ ON:

to have a jumbo shrimp cocktail, consomme, a salad with anchovies across the top, a thick steak medium rare, lyonnaise potatoes, the best red wine that they have in the house, a side dish of creamed onions, and some hot apple pie a la mode."

"Don't," Della Street begged; "you're giving my mind St. Vitus' dance trying to count calories."

"Don't count them at a time like this," Drake told her. "When you're eating on an expense account with a client who usually keeps you on a diet of soggy hamburgers and lukewarm coffee you want to go the limit."

"How about the Golden Fleece?" Mason asked Della Street, while Drake was still engaged in his mental drooling.

"Fine," Della Street said.

"It's only a few minutes from here," Mason told her.

"Then what?" Della Street asked.

"Probably," Mason said, "we call it a night. There's not a great deal we can do at the moment."

"Tomorrow if I can find any opportunity for sabotaging the case the police have worked up against Gladys Doyle I'll file a writ of habeas corpus. I'll insist either they charge her or let her go. They won't want to charge her with the evidence they now have — at least, I don't think so."

Mason drove to the Golden Fleece and surrendered his car to a parking attendant. A deferential headwaiter greeted Mason obsequiously.

"A table for three?" Mason asked.

"There is always a table for Perry Mason," the headwaiter said.

He seated them at a table near the dance floor, summoned a waiter, and directed him to take good care of Mason and his party.

"You wish drinks before seeing the menu?" the waiter asked.

Mason glanced at Della Street, nodded, said, "Bring a Manhattan for the lady . . . What do you want, Paul?"

"A double Manhattan, sweet," Drake said.

"I'll take a rum cocktail," Mason said, "and then you can bring the menu."

"Now wait a minute," Drake said. "I have a horrible hunch about this thing. I would prefer to give my order right now. I don't need any menu and I know what you and Della are

going to eat — I have a hunch we may have to bolt this meal, even if we're going to get it at all."

Mason's eyes narrowed thoughtfully as he thought about what Drake had said. "Hold everything for a minute, waiter . . . Call your office, Paul. Let them know where we are and see if there's a report on anything urgent."

"You wait right there," Drake said to the waiter. "I'll be back and confirm that order."

Drake started for the phone booth and the waiter said to Mason and Della Street, "I'll bring the menus. Shall I bring the drinks now?"

"Hold the drinks," Mason said, "until he gets back from the phone, but you can bring the menus."

Mason smiled across at Della Street. "Paul can't believe he's really going to relax and have some good food. Usually he's chained down to that office of his."

The waiter brought menus. Mason studied his menu carefully. Della Street glanced at it, made up her mind, put the menu aside, looked up towards the phone booth, and said, "Oh-oh."

"What's the matter?" Mason asked.

"Paul," Della Street said. "Look at him."

Drake was hurrying towards their table.

"Something new?" Mason asked.

Drake said rapidly, "I hate to tell you this, Perry. It may make a difference. I had a man phone in to the American States Producers Studios to get Edgar Carlisle's address so I could talk with him."

Mason nodded.

"The point is," Drake said, "they don't have any Edgar Carlisle."

"What do you mean?"

"The studio has reported to the office in answer to a specific question that it doesn't have any such individual in its publicity department."

Mason said, "You'd better sit down and we'll get the order in —"

Drake interrupted, still standing. "I've got my office waiting on the line. Here's the point. My man went up to Summit Inn to do a little checking around after the studio advised him that Edgar Carlisle wasn't with them. He found that Carlisle bought petrol at a service station up there on a credit

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# Gift-rapt Christmas Morning!

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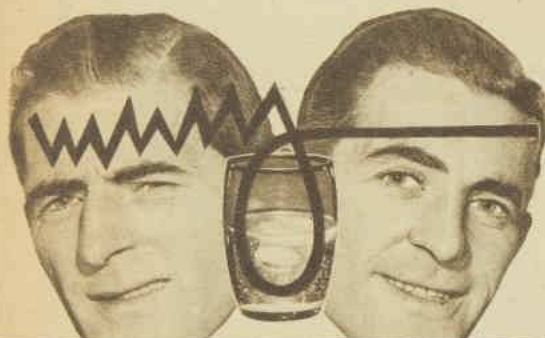
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### RASPBERRY CREAM

1 packet raspberry jelly crystals, 1 large tin unsweetened evaporated milk. Dissolve jelly in hot water to make up to 1 pint—if necessary stand in a basin of hot water to dissolve completely. Cool. Add milk. Place in a mould or bowl.

### PINEAPPLE DESSERT

1 packet pineapple jelly crystals, 16 oz. can pineapple pieces. Drain syrup from pineapple. Heat syrup and add enough hot water to dissolve jelly crystals as directed. Pour over pieces in a serving bowl. Serve with cream or ice cream.

inserted by DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED in the interests of JELLY MANUFACTURERS JA

Sitting at the breakfast table, Janet and her mother wondered again why the general made yearly visits to London carrying a bunch of red roses.



What was his secret?

A short story

By **ROBERT STANDISH**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

THE curtain rises on the study of Nether Wallop Manor, the time-mellowed ancestral home of General Sir Algernon Cumberbatch, G.B.E., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., who at the moment we first meet him is engaged in the delicate task of filing to a hair-trigger fineness the wire catch of a spring mousetrap. This done and demonstrated to his satisfaction, a gleam comes into the general's eye.

From a locked drawer he produces a mauve envelope addressed to himself in green ink. The envelope is highly perfumed. Into it he inserts a sheet of white paper upon which is drawn a crude and vulgar representation of a human face in profile and an open human hand, the thumb of which rests on the nose.

The next step is more difficult, requiring a steady hand and some delicacy of touch. Adding Urgent and Personal to the left-hand top corner of the envelope, he places it lightly over the mousetrap in such a way that anyone moving or touching the envelope will be lucky to emerge from the encounter without bruised fingers. Arranging other papers to hide the mousetrap, the general surveys his handiwork for the last time before leaving the study.

For several years, indeed ever since his retirement almost five years previously, the general had been aware that someone was prying through his private papers. There was, he believed, only one person at Nether Wallop Manor who would dare, but that person, he hoped, would not do so.

He was thinking of Lady Cumberbatch, a determined, stern-faced woman who, for over thirty years, had been his loyal helpmeet. The thought was distressing, doubly so because, as he was only too well aware, his private papers contained no dark secrets—indeed, no secrets at all that were not shared by Lady Cumberbatch. There was, therefore, an element of righteous indignation in these bitter musings.

Upstairs in the privacy of her boudoir, Lady Cumberbatch in turn was a prey to ugly misgivings. Open upon her lap was a five-year diary which had been given to her by her

husband at Christmas five years previously. Today was Sunday, and the date was July twenty-seventh.

The diary revealed that on July twenty-eighth in each of the preceding four years the general, who detested London and went there as seldom as possible, had gone—yes, to London.

Why? Lady Cumberbatch did not know. Would he go to London on the following day and, if so, what attitude should she take? The answers to these questions obsessed her to the exclusion of everything else.

Dinner that evening was too pregnant with unsaid things to be anything but gloomy. Lady Cumberbatch was nursing a sore index finger—to say nothing of a sense of shame at her own curiosity.

"By the way, my dear," said the general casually, noting with satisfaction that his wife's finger was beginning to swell, "I shall be going to London tomorrow."

Lady Cumberbatch, with the evidence of the five-year diary to stimulate her imagination, believed that she felt a cold hand clutching at her heartstrings. She remained silent.

She could only conclude that there was another woman. But even she found it hard to reconcile this conclusion with the facts as she knew them. What kind of romantic attachment was this which blossomed only once a year—and always on the same date?

Their daughter Janet, who also had a five-year diary, the gift of her father, was upstairs thinking along similar lines.

The general, heavily conscious of the uneventful futility of retirement, made his excuses and escaped to his study, where he gave himself over to a mood of self-pity.

His musings were interrupted by a tap at the door and the entry of Janet's boy-friend, a somewhat scruffy individual with long hair which, by military standards, was far too long.

"Well, what do you want?" The general surveyed the young man with distaste.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 23, 1959



# THE MYSTERIOUS MOURNERS

"I'd like to talk to you, sir. Can I sit down?"

"Surely, my dear fellow, you're the best judge of that. Why not try?"

"Thank you, sir."

"Well, having learned to sit down, what is it you want to talk to me about?"

"About Janet, sir."

"What about her?" asked the general, who was not making things easy.

"I want to marry her, sir," the young man blurted out, "and I want your permission to ask her."

"What has Janet to say about this?"

"Janet is quite willing, sir."

"Then if Janet is quite willing," snarled the general, "you must have asked her already. Trying to use me as a rubber stamp, eh? What's your name?"

"Calder, sir. James Calder."

"There was a chap in my battalion named Calder. Went mad with heatstroke in India thirty years ago. Bit the regimental sergeant-major. Any relation?"

"So far as I know," replied Jimmy Calder, trying hard to control his temper, "none of my relations was ever in India."

"Well, that's something. I shouldn't care much for a son-in-law who went around biting people. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a reporter on the 'Daily News Letter,' sir."

"Good heavens! A reporter!" echoed the general in a voice of doom.

"It's a perfectly honorable occupation!" snapped Jimmy.

"I didn't suggest that it wasn't, my dear chap, so don't be so infernally touchy. Cleaning streets is probably quite honorable, too, but it isn't everybody's taste—"

"Is there anything else you have against me, sir?" asked Jimmy, rising from his seat to leave.

"I've nothing against you personally, my dear chap," replied the general more kindly. "It's just that—well, if you must

have it, I don't think I could stand a grandson who looked like you. But don't take it to heart."

"Well?" asked Janet, who had waited in the garden.

"No!" replied Jimmy. "I don't think he likes me—much."

At five o'clock the next morning the general, clad in a dressing-gown and carpet slippers, waded through the dew on the lawn of Nether Wallop Manor. In his left hand was a shallow basket, while in his right he carried a pair of pruning shears.

With swift precision he cut a dozen dark red roses, each almost perfect of its kind. These—still stealthily—he took to the garage, put them in the rear locker of his small car. This task completed he returned to the house and took his morning bath. He sighed deeply. It was July twenty-eighth.

The general brought a healthy appetite to breakfast, which except for perfunctory "good mornings" he ate in silence. At eight-forty-five he rose from the table and remarked, "Just a nice time to catch the nine-fourteen—see you this evening, my dear."

"Your father seems very preoccupied," said Lady Cumberbatch to her daughter. "It's my opinion that he's up to no good."

It was Janet's opinion, too, but she remained silent.

At ten o'clock in the main street of Nether Wallop, Janet chanced to meet an old friend, who remarked innocently, "What a glorious bunch of red roses your father took to London with him!"

Ten seconds later, to the amazement of her friend, Janet was in a phone booth, putting through a call to the "Daily News Letter." She caught Jimmy just as he was leaving the office.

"This is urgent, Jimmy. Even if you're tired, drop everything. Daddy caught the nine-fourteen for London with a big bunch of roses. Meet the train and find out who he gives them to."

Jimmy was waiting, discreetly hidden, when the nine-four-

teen pulled in. He watched the general descend carrying a bunch of red roses. His staff car, with a large "Press" on the windshield, was parked at a point which covered the taxi rank. The rest was easy.

That evening, at an agreed time, Janet was waiting at the telephone for a report from Jimmy. The general, Jimmy reported, had taken a taxi from Paddington Station to the West London Cemetery. Here without any hesitation he had walked to a grave whose headstone marked the last resting place of one Mabel Huggins, who had died on July 28, 1937, aged thirty-eight.

The general had spent more than an hour tidying the grave and, when satisfied with its condition, had filled an alabaster urn with water, arranging in it the red roses he had brought. To these he attached a card.

"What was written on the card?" asked the practical Janet.

"'Santa Eulalia—1925.' That's all. Mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing!"

Santa Eulalia, 1925! What did it mean? Janet recalled that her parents had been married in 1926. Their engagement had been a long one. It followed, therefore, that the time of her father's entanglement with Mabel Huggins he had been engaged to Lady Cumberbatch.

The general returned from London a few minutes before dinner was served that evening. He sat through the meal deep in thought, merely replying in monosyllables when addressed.

"Surely, Algernon," said Lady Cumberbatch over the coffee, "something must have happened in London—something amusing or interesting?"

"I saw a chap run over by a bus," said the general gloomily.

"Would you like the macabre details?"

"No, thank you. Nothing else?"

"Nothing that I can think of."

"I wonder, Algernon; I wonder. I have a strong feeling

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# Letter to Santa Claus

By **BETH DUTTON**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

**J**ILL took the silver swan off the Christmas tree, and stooped to put it gently beside the other ornaments she had laid on the blue carpet. Her eyes lingered on its shiny elegance and then lifted to the tip of the tall spruce, where the star glistened.

That was the only decoration left on the tree, in this odd procedure of taking off the trimmings on Christmas Eve, and Jill raised her hand towards it, then changed her mind. Let it stay. She had noticed Dan giving it a little pat after he finished putting it up.

At the moment she heard him come in the front door. "Darling!" she called, all the welcome in the world in her voice. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" There was a slight pause. "But it isn't me. It's the big bad wolf. Or anyone else who might walk in with the door ajar."

"Oh, sweetheart!" Jill skirted the gleaming, brittle cloud of color at her feet, and ran to the foyer. "Was it really open?"

Dan Stuart held out his hands. "Look, no key! Yet here I am!"

Jill beamed at him. "And a nicer wolf I have yet to see." She lifted her face cosily.

Dan accepted the invitation with pleasure and his usual thoroughness. Then he put his gloves and a rather nondescript package on the table. "I should have scolded you before I kissed you," he muttered. "Now it's harder. Mrs. Stuart! Madam! Will you please never, never, never leave the door ajar? In a huge apartment house like this—with strangers coming and going along the halls! You scare me half to death."

"Fussy!" Jill grinned at him. "After all, look who came in."

"Yes," Dan granted, "this time. But —"

"All right, darling. I'll never, never, never do it again. Oh, Dan, I have so much to tell you! Heaps more cards have come, and more presents, and it's all so exciting! Then — oh, honey, don't put your coat away! We have a little errand to do."

"We have? I thought we were going to stick around here tonight. I bought the lights and I want to string them on the — Hey!" He stared incredulously at the dismantled tree. "What goes on here?"

"A surprise! Something terribly nice. Something you'd never guess in a trillion years!" In her quick, dragon-fly way, Jill knelt beside the ornaments and started putting them in the carton that stood empty nearby. "Want to give me a hand with these while I explain?"

"But — I don't get it!" Dan made no move to help. "I never heard of such a thing as stripping the tree on Christmas Eve!"

"It is different, isn't it?" Jill agreed brightly. "You know, I thought the easiest way to carry the things would be in a carton."

"Carry them!" Dan said blankly. "Where to?"

"Not far," murmured Jill, suddenly enchanted by a little golden trumpet she had taken up.

"Now look here," Dan reacted indignantly, "I spent hours putting on those ornaments."

"I know, darling," Jill said, "but, you see, there's a little boy who wants a Christmas tree and we're going to give it to him."

"Our Christmas tree?"

"No," she smiled, "of course not. We can buy him one. But he has to have decorations for it and there won't be any pretty ones left in the stores by this time on Christmas Eve."

"Let the kid get his own, then. You don't have to swipe mine."

Jill gave him a brief glance. "Yours?"

"Well, ours," Dan conceded rather stiffly. "Though you didn't spend a whole evening putting them on the tree. Anyway, what little boy?"

"One who wrote a letter to Santa Claus," Jill said it as if she was unfurling a banner.

"Oh, come now, Jill!"

Long ago Jill had decided that lawyers, even young ones, are sceptical of everything, and she went on calmly, "His name's Peter. He wrote down what he wanted, mailed the letter, and — what do you think? I got it!"

Dan blinked. "You know, I suppose, what happens to people who interfere with the mails?"

"Yes," Jill nodded contentedly. "Gaol."

There was silence.

Jill flicked a glance at Dan, then took up an angel from the floor. "First angel I've ever seen on ice-skates," she said airily, resting it against a reindeer at full gallop in the carton.

Angels were outside Dan's orbit at the moment. "See here, Jill, how did you get that letter?"

"How? Why, darling, hand in hand with Uncle Sam, I took it."

At any time Dan's thin, solemn face was no thing of beauty, and bafflement did nothing for it.

"Dan-ny!" Jill laughed up at him. "Oh, sweetie, listen; I'm not going to tease you any more. You know how children in poor families write to Santa Claus as their only hope for any Christmas presents? Well, I read in the paper this morning about these letters the postmen find. 'Unless people help today,' the paper said, 'many of the pathetic requests will go unanswered.' Unquote. What could I do but dash down to the General Post Office and grab a letter? In all decency, what else could I do?"

"You could, for instance, remember that we've made contributions to a lot of Christmas appeals."

Jill made a face. "What's money?"

"Uh?" Dan said.

"I mean what's money compared to a tree 'with truly needles and a woodsy smell' — that's what the letter said."

"Oh, heavens, you won't pick a sentimental one like that!"

"I didn't pick it! All the letters were sorted into boroughs, and this was on the very top of Manhattan."

"You could have dug down," Dan brooded, "and found one asking for something uninvolved. A space ship, say. Something a store would have delivered for you. But no, you come up with a complication like a Christmas tree. Then it has to be complete with trimmings. And now look — my ornaments are gone and we have all the trouble of getting a tree to the kid."

He started pacing about as the thing built up in his mind and the picture of a snug first Christmas Eve with his delectable young wife went glimmering.

Jill looked at him out of the corner of her eye. She was on the brink of saying would a cocktail help when he burst out, "I'll tell you what I think about all these goings-on at Christmas — I think they're overdone. That's what — grossly overdone."

Jill said, quite tartly for her: "That's a nice stuffy attitude, I must say! For a person who's mad at having his precious Christmas tree touched by hands other than his."

Ignoring her, Dan waved at the flurry of festive color in every available spot in the room where she had spread the Christmas cards. "So it's attractive," he said, "but think of the mailmen going mad! Think of all the frenzy in the stores! And now this Santa Claus letter stunt. It — it — no one has any restraint any more! And, of course, you'd fall for anything."

"Daniel Stuart!" Jill flared. "Are you implying I'm a sap? Because, if you are, then all I can say is there are a lot of wonderful saps in New York. That room at the post office was packed with people taking Santa Claus letters."

Dan couldn't think of a suitable comeback, so he turned legal and said, "May I see the letter you got?"

"Yes, you may," Jill was as polite as the law itself as she went over to the desk.

"There's undoubtedly a catch in it," Dan said, as he held out his hand for the letter. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," Jill said, an icicle dangling from each word.

Immediately Dan pounced on the address. "See! I told you! There's no poor child at that address! Just as I thought — you're being given the run-around."

"Address means nothing," Jill retorted. "Tenements can be right around the corner from the swankiest apartment buildings. You're just selfish. You don't want your planned Christmas Eve interfered with. Also, you're heartless. Every child has a right to a Christmas tree."

"That's not the point. It's you I'm thinking about. I worry about you. You're so impetuous I never know what darn fool thing you'll get mixed up in next, and I can't forever go around picking up the pieces."

Jill had started to put the few remaining ornaments in

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Together Mr. Stuart and Dan watched the boy's obvious excitement.

The beautiful Christmas tree shone no brighter  
than the joy in the child's eyes . . . a short story



Bill and Peter stand beside  
the tree smiling happily at  
the colored lights.

# ON GILDED WINGS

A short short story

BY ZOA SHERBURNE

MARION reached over and clicked off the alarm just as it started to ring. When I get to heaven, she told herself sleepily, I'll throw away all the clocks. There won't ever be deadlines or appointments or . . .

Appointments!

She rolled over and looked at Henry. Even asleep he didn't look relaxed; the worry lines were still etched around his mouth. She leaned across and touched his shoulder. "Henry, it's seven-thirty. And this morning is your appointment with J. K. Collins."

His eyes opened and Marion could see the tension and worry come flooding back. Pity touched her. It was hard enough for her, staying at home and managing, but Henry had to go to the office every day.

He had to smile and pretend that he'd never really expected the promotion that had gone to young Ted Wilson, that the raise in salary wasn't something he had counted on.

It had been going on like this for years: someone moving up a step and leaving shoes to be filled, and Henry never quite managing to fit the shoes that had been left vacant. She hadn't realised until this last time how much it meant to him.

It had been just a week ago that the news had come out: Ted Wilson was being promoted to sales manager. Watching her husband come up the walk that evening, Marion had known. Even before she saw his face she had known.

"Ted Wilson got it," he said bleakly. "I'm sorry, dear. I guess I haven't got what it takes."

She had denied this hotly and volubly, but Henry hadn't even seemed bitter about it. Just resigned. "I don't mind for myself," he had told her. "But you and Jiggs deserve something better than this." And his eyes had swept over the shabby little house as if he really hated it.

Henry came out of the bathroom brushing his hair. He smelled of after-shave lotion and toothpaste, and his eyes were haunted.

Marion went over and put her arms around him. "Don't worry, Henry. Things will be fine," she whispered against his shoulder.

His arms closed about her for a moment. "They'd better be." He said it a little grimly.

She heard him talking to Jiggs as she started breakfast, and pretty soon the little boy exploded into the kitchen.

Jiggs was seven, but he looked younger because he was so small. He had freckles and an elfin grin and a missing front tooth that somehow managed to lend enchantment to his smile. "Oh, boy," he greeted his mother. "It's starting to snow!"

It would! Marion thought. J. K. Collins spent his winters in Florida just to get away from the discomfort of snow.

"You got my wings finished, didn't

you?" Jiggs demanded. "You got 'em all gilded?"

"Gilded," Marion corrected him absently. "Yes, Daddy finished them last night."

Henry came in, knotting his tie. "You don't think this is too splashy, do you?" he asked.

The tie was too bright—it was almost lurid—but she knew why he had chosen it. He was like a small boy whistling in a graveyard.

"It's lovely," she said.

Jiggs chattered about the school Christmas play all during breakfast, but no one told him to be quiet. Both his parents knew how important this was.

He gathered his school things—his jacket and mittens and boots, his cap that had fur earmuffs, his precious wings. "I'll carry 'em real careful," he told his mother earnestly.

She and Henry watched him picking his way carefully down the walk, the huge cardboard wings balanced on his head.

"I should have offered to drive him," Henry began, but Marion shook her head.

"No, he wants to be sure that everyone in town knows who will be the Christmas angel."

They exchanged quick smiles, but neither of them said what they both knew: Jiggs had been chosen because he was little, because it was easy to swing him around on wires.

His speaking voice was thin and, even to his mother's ears, a little nasal. The beautiful words sounded odd in that piping voice: "Fear not, for I bring you tidings of great joy . . ." But he was little.

She kissed Henry goodbye at the door and then pressed her forehead against his shoulder in a gesture of comfort.

He lifted her face and looked at her gravely. "The things we have," he said slowly. "Those are really the important things, aren't they? The fun and the closeness and the love."

"Of course," she said. "Those are the important things. Being together, you and me and Jiggs." She touched his cheek awkwardly, wanting to cry. "Who else has a son who's a 'nangel'?"

It was just after noon when Henry called her. "Marion? Mr. Collins brought his wife on this trip and they want us to have dinner with them. Around seven. You can arrange about a sitter for Jiggs, can't you?" Ten years of living with Henry had taught her to recognise all the little nuances in his voice. He was pleased and excited and proud.

And then she remembered. "Henry, we can't! Not tonight. It's the Christmas play."

"The what?"

"The Christmas play at school. Jiggs is going to be—"

"An angel, I know." There was a testy note in Henry's voice. "But this is dinner with J. K. Collins and his wife."



"I'll do what I can," Marion promised. "Jiggs will understand."

When Jiggs came bounding into the house after school she told him at once. "Jiggs, I'm awfully sorry, but Daddy's boss has invited us out to dinner. It's very important, or we wouldn't dream of missing the Christmas play."

"Miss the play?" Jiggs said incredulously. "You can't miss the play! I'm in it, I'm a nangel . . ."

"I know, dear. We're disappointed, but—"

"You can't miss it," Jiggs repeated staunchly, but some of the color had drained from his cheeks, highlighting the freckles. "I'm the angel that flies!"

She told him that the sitter would take him. They could go in a taxi. But all the time she was pressing her best dress for her dinner date she was aware of Jiggs' pleading eyes.

She went upstairs to dress at five-thirty, but when Henry came home a few moments later she faced him miserably. "I can't go, Henry. I just can't. This is too important to Jiggs. It's the most important thing in his life."

Henry looked at her. "More important than eating?" he asked.

"You know it isn't like that," she flared. "You'll have a job with the

Suddenly a small white-robed figure floated into the spotlight saying: "Fear not, for I bring you tidings of great joy!"

company as long as you want it, and if you don't ever have your name on a door it isn't as important as letting Jiggs think that these . . . strangers . . . mean more to us than he does."

Henry started getting dressed without a word, and Marion ran downstairs to call the sitter and explain that she herself would be taking Jiggs to the play. The sudden radiance in the little boy's face was ample reward for her.

Henry looked remarkably handsome in his dark suit when he came downstairs half an hour later. "You won't change your mind?" he asked heavily.

"I can't," she said, and watched him get into the car and drive off without once looking back.

It was a beautiful play. With the lifting of the dusty velvet curtain Marion could feel her spirits soar. She looked around at all the other mothers and fathers and aunts and uncles and grandparents and knew that she had been right.

She wasn't even surprised, when, after a time, Henry slipped into the seat beside her and wordlessly reached for her hand. Their son

was an angel. How could J. K. Collins, big wheel that he was, expect to compete with an angel!

"What about J.K.?" she whispered during an intermission.

"I called him and begged off," Henry whispered back. "He had a houseful of kids once, himself. Maybe he'll understand that the important things have to come first."

The curtain rose on a hillside complete with shepherds. There was a crashing crescendo from the school orchestra, gradually fading away to a few tinkling notes on the piano, and there was a satisfying hush as a small white-robed figure floated into the spotlight. The gold-tipped wings glinted bravely.

"Fear not . . ." Surely those ringing tones could not have emerged from Jiggs. "Fear not, for I bring you tidings of great joy!"

She settled back, her hand reaching for and finding Henry's. She felt sorry for people like Ted Wilson and J. K. Collins, so intent on their careers that they might be missing the really important things.

Like having a son who could fly like a bird . . . like an angel.

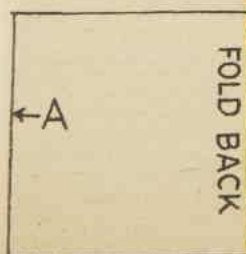
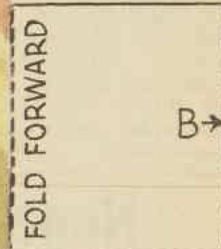
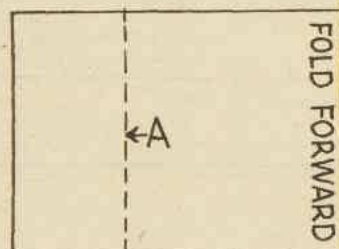
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# A Christmas Crib

● These beautiful Nativity scenes, showing the Christ Child and Mary, with kneeling children and animals are for you to cut out and fold into a Christmas crib.



PASTE the whole page on to light cardboard, then cut carefully around the outline of each picture. The "A" fold in the top picture bends forward, and can be posted or clipped on to the "A" fold of the bottom picture, which folds back. When the "B" folds are also done the crib will stand.



# WORTH REPORTING

LIKE a flash of charred lightning, Sammy Davis Jr. streaked into Sydney—and out again.

He'd come to star in a couple of Big Shows—to earn a reported 20,000 bucks—and he had to be back in New York six days later (on December 8, his 34th birthday) for a benefit show.

Sammy's great friend Frank Sinatra had asked him to appear in the show.

And Frankie's going to be best man when Sammy marries Canadian Joan Stuart in Las Vegas next February.

"Joan's a lovely girl," said Sammy's conductor, Morty Stevens. "Look at him. He's sort of—uh, serenely—happy."

At that particular moment Mr. D. looked anything but serene.

He tipped back on his head, he was describing the love story—eternal-triangle plot—of a film he wants to make in Australia.

"You know. Pretty sicken-



**SAMMY DAVIS Jr.**  
... autographs on a cheque book.

ing stuff. Hah!" he said with a throaty snigger. But he's serious about the film.

We were so fascinated by Sammy's clothes that we weren't really listening to his exuberant chatter.

Man, that suit fitted. It was a black-and-white hounds-tooth check creation, with a scarlet silk-lined cardigan jacket, no lapels.

Morty told us the cardigan suit was fashionable in the States during the war, because it saved material.

Sammy, of course, wears it because it suits his size—5ft. 6in., 124lb.—and not to save a few dollars' worth of material.

Sammy isn't short of the world's most popular commodity—although Morty earnestly assured us he is no millionaire.

"To HAVE a million dollars in the States, you have to MAKE about 12 million," he remarked.

Millionaire or not, Sammy was signing autographs just then on what must be—for him—a pretty solid base.

His cheque book.

★ ★ ★

THERE were about a dozen of us. We trooped into the lift on our way to a Christmas party given by the French Government Tourist Bureau.

The lift stayed stationary. Then one of the men noticed what was wrong.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," he said, with the laconic accent of one who has been reared in the Outback, "Fermez the door."

ENGLISH comedian Charlie Drake has an extremely beautiful garden.

He also has three small sons.

He planted 1500 daffodil bulbs in his garden.

When they all came up and flowered, the garden was a picture.

One day two of the boys hauled two wheelbarrows up to the house—two wheelbarrows brimming with Charlie's precious daffodils.

"For Mum," they said. Dear little things.

But the garden—the garden. Oh, well, it's the thought that counts, Charlie.

## This bailiff is pretty

OUTSIDE the old railway building next to the Court House at Bunbury, Western Australia, there's a notice. It says "Sheriff's Officer and Bailiff."

Inside, tall and burly ex-police officer Gilbert Handcock is just the man you'd expect to find.

But the assistant bailiff? That's different. She—yes, SHE—is a blue-eyed, curly-headed 17-year-old: Mr. Handcock's daughter Ann. Ann became an assistant

bailiff partly because it runs in the family (her two brothers hold similar jobs in Fremantle and Medina, near Perth) and partly because her father thought someone would always be at the office.

Ann and her father share another partnership.

For many years Mr. Handcock has helped raise money for charity—he's a skilled barbecue chef. Ann has helped him since she was five.

Now the two of them can cook a meal for 500.

If there are only about 200 at the barbecue, Ann can cope on her own, but "It's hard work," she says.

That we can believe.



**ASSISTANT BAILIFF**  
Ann Handcock with her father, Bailiff Gilbert Handcock.

## A nice cuppa bureau brew

FOR all tea enthusiasts who are wondering What The World Is Coming To—with tea bags and instant tea (now on sale in England)—we have NEWS.

Indeed we have. Go to Melbourne. Or, if you live in Melbourne, go to the Ceylon Tea Centre in Bourke Street.

According to the Commissioner of the Tea Bureau, "The Centre will be dedicated to the ideal of perfect tea, perfectly served."

"We want to see the teapot and the hot-water jug reappearing in Australian cafes and restaurants, and to encourage some of the pre-war refinement of service to return."

So there you are, everyone who likes to sip a cuppa.

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• "Australia From The Air"—our 1959 Australia book with 66 magnificent aerial color photographs—is now on sale. The book is a wonderful gift for friends at home or overseas. Fill in the coupon below and the book will be sent for 7/6, post free, to any address in the world. Copies also may be obtained from newsagents and our offices in capital cities.

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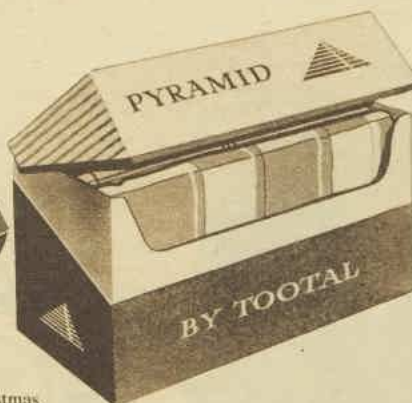
None but the best for Christmas gifts...

# PYRAMID

REGD

Handkerchiefs by TOOTAL

REGD



Pyramids... perfect for him and for her, little gifts that are big in Christmas spirit. They launder so beautifully, always look band-box new... and they're as up-to-date as handkerchiefs can be. Smart colours or frosty whites.

These new gift packs make Pyramids an ideal gift for Christmas.

He'll be  
casually  
well-dressed  
in a  
fashionable  
TOOTAL  
CRAVAT



# TOOTAL

REGD

gifts for the well-dressed

\*ALSO TOOTAL DRESSING GOWNS, TOOTAL SCARVES AND TOOTAL TIES

its prisons were grim enough. But the Black Castle!

It reared up, the Black Castle, from a cliff above the angriest river of all. Its dungeons were cut in the cliff itself—windowless. Even the bravest mouse, assigned to the Black Castle, trembled before its great, cruel, iron-fanged gate.

From a front seat spoke a mouse almost as old and rheumatic as the Secretary himself. But he wore the Jean Fromage Medal.

"I know the Black Castle. Didn't I spend six weeks there?"

Around him rose cries of "Hear! hear!" "Splendid chap!"

"And did no good there," continued the old hero gravely. "I say nothing of the personal danger—though what a cat that is of the Head Gaoler's!—twice natural size, and four times as fierce!—I say only that a prisoner in the Black Castle, a prisoner down in the dungeons, not even a mouse can aid. Call me defeatist if you will—"

"No, no!" cried the mice.

"—but I speak from sad experience. I couldn't do anything for my prisoner at all. I couldn't even reach him. One can't cheer a prisoner in the Black Castle—"

"But one can get him out," said Madam Chairwoman.

There was a stunned silence. In the first place, Madam Chairwoman shouldn't have interrupted; in the second, her proposal was so astounding, so revolutionary, no mouse could do more than gape.

"Mr. Secretary, forgive me," apologised Madam Chairwoman. "I was carried away by your eloquence."

"As rules seem to be going by the board, you may as well take over," said the Secretary grumpily.

Madam Chairwoman did so. There is nothing like breeding to give one confidence: she was descended in direct line from the senior of the Three Blind Mice. Calmly sleeking her whiskers—

"It's rather an unusual case," said Madam Chairwoman

## Continuing . . . THE RESCUERS

from page 3

blandly. "The prisoner is a poet. You will all, I know, cast your minds back to the many poets who have written favorably of our race—Her feet beneath the petticoat like little mice stole in and out—Suckling, the Englishman—what a charming compliment! Thus do not poets deserve specially well of us?"

"If he's a poet, why's he in gaol?" demanded a suspicious voice.

Madam Chairwoman shrugged. "Perhaps he writes free verse," she suggested.

A stir of approval answered her. Mice are all for people being free, so that they, too, can be freed from their eternal task of cheering prisoners—so that they can stay snug at home, nibbling the family cheese, instead of sleeping out in damp straw on a diet of stale bread.

"I see you follow me," said Madam Chairwoman. "It is a special case. Therefore we will rescue him. I should tell you also that the prisoner is a Norwegian. — Don't ask me how he got here, really no one can answer for a poet! But obviously the first thing to do is to get in touch with a compatriot, and summon him here, so that he may communicate with the prisoner in their common tongue."

Two hundred ears pricked intelligently. All mice speak their own universal language, also that of the country they live in, but prisoners as a rule spoke only one.

"We therefore fetch a Norwegian mouse here," recapitulated Madam Chairwoman, "dispatch him to the Black Castle—"

"Stop a bit," said the Secretary.

Madam Chairwoman had to.

"No one more than I," said the Secretary, "adores Madam Chairwoman's spirit. But has she in her feminine enthusiasm considered the difficulties? Fetch a mouse from Norway!—in the first

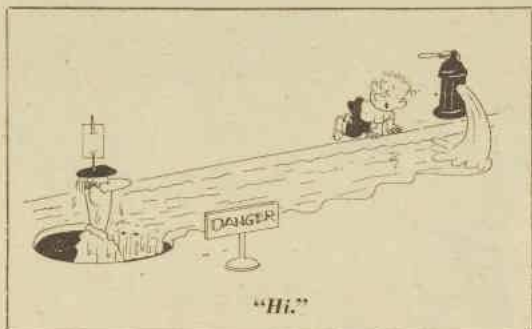
place!—how long will that take, even if possible?"

"Remember Jean Fromage!" pleaded Madam Chairwoman.

"I do remember Jean Fromage. No mouse worthy of the name could ever forget him," agreed the Secretary. "But he had to be got in touch with first; and travelling isn't as easy as it used to be."

How quickly a public meeting is swayed! Now all Madam Chairwoman's eloquence was forgotten; there was a murmur of assent.

"In the old days," continued the Secretary, "when



every vehicle was horse-drawn, a mouse could cross half Europe really in luxury. Even railway carriages, of the old wooden sort, weren't too uncomfortable—"

"Now they make them of metal," put in a mouse at the back. "Has any one here ever tried nibbling steelplate?"

"And at least trains were speedy," went on the Secretary. "Now, as our friend points out, they are practically impossible to get a seat in. As for motor-cars, apart from the fact that they often carry dogs, in a motor-car one always feels so conspicuous."

"A ship, you say? We are a hundred miles from the nearest port! Without a single mail-coach or even private carriage on the roads, how long

would it take, Madam Chairwoman, to cover a hundred miles in a succession of milk-floats?"

"As a matter of fact," said Madam Chairwoman blandly, "I was thinking of an aeroplane."

Every mouse in the hall gasped. An aeroplane!

"I was thinking," added Madam Chairwoman, "of Miss Bianca."

The mice gasped again.

Everyone knew who Miss Bianca was, but none had ever seen her.

What was known was that she was a white mouse belonging to the Ambassador's



son, and lived in the school-room at the Embassy. Apart from that, there were the most fantastic rumors about her: for instance, that she lived in a Porcelain Pagoda; that she fed exclusively on cream cheese from a silver bon-bon dish; that she wore a silver chain round her neck, and on Sundays a gold one. She was also said to be extremely beautiful, but affected to the last degree.

"It has come to my knowledge," proceeded Madam Chairwoman, rather enjoying the sensation she had caused, "that the Ambassador has been transferred, and that in two days' time he will leave for Norway by air!"

"The Boy, of course, travels with him, and with the Boy travels Miss Bianca—to be precise, in the Diplomatic Bag. No one on the plane is going to examine that; she enjoys diplomatic immunity. She is thus the very person to undertake our mission."

By this time the mice had had time to think. Several of them spoke at once.

"Yes, but—"they began.

"But what?" asked Madam Chairwoman sharply.

"You say, 'the very person,'" pronounced the Secretary, speaking for all. "But is that true? From all one hears, Miss Bianca has been bred up to complete luxury and idleness. Will she have the necessary courage, the necessary nerve? This Norwegian, whoever he is, won't know to get in touch with her, she will have to get in touch with him. Has she even the necessary wits? Brilliant as your plan undoubtedly is, I for one have the gravest doubts of its practicalness."

"That remains to be seen," said Madam Chairwoman. She had indeed some doubts herself; but she also had great faith in her own sex. "Is there anyone," she called briskly, "from the Embassy here with us now?"

For a moment all waited; then there was a slight scuffling at the back as though someone who didn't want to was being urged by his friends to step forward, and finally a short, sturdy young mouse tramped up towards the platform. He looked rough but decent; no one was surprised to learn that he worked in the pantry.

"I suppose you, Bernard, have never seen Miss Bianca, either?" said Madam Chairwoman kindly.

"Not me," mumbled Bernard.

"But you could reach her?"

"I dare say," admitted Bernard—shuffling his big feet.

"Then reach her you must, and without delay," said Madam Chairwoman. "Present the compliments of the meeting, explain the situation, and bid her instantly seek out the bravest mouse in Norway, and dispatch him back here to the Moot-house."

"Suppose she doesn't want, ma'am?"

"Then you must persuade her, my dear boy," said Madam Chairwoman. "If necessary, bully her!—What's that you have on your chest?"

Bernard squinted self-consciously down. His fur was so thick and rough, the medal scarcely showed.

"The Tybalt Star, ma'am"

"For Gallantry in Face of Cats," nodded Madam Chairwoman. "I believe I remember the incident . . . A cat nipped on the tail, was it not, thus permitting a nursing mother of six to regain her hole?"

"She was my sister-in-law," muttered Bernard, flushing.

"Then I can't believe you're not a match for Miss Bianca!" cried Madam Chairwoman.

With that (after several votes of thanks) the meeting broke up; and Bernard, feeling important but uneasy, set off back to the Embassy.

At least his route to the Boy's schoolroom presented no difficulties: there was a small service-lift running directly up from the pantry itself, used to carry such light refreshments as glasses of milk, chocolate biscuits, and tea.

Bernard waited till half-past eight, when the last glass of milk went up (hot), and went up with it by clinging to one of the lift-ropes. As soon as the flap above opened he nipped out and slipped into the nearest shadow to wait again. He waited a long, long time; he heard the Boy put to bed in an adjoining room, and a wonderful rustle of satin as the Boy's mother came to kiss him goodnight.

Bernard was, of course, waiting with his eyes shut; nothing draws attention to a mouse like the gleam of his eyes.

At last all was still, and forth he crept for a good look round.

In one respect at least rumor had not lied: there in an angle of the great room, on a low stool nicely out of floor-draughts, stood a Porcelain Pagoda.

It was the most exquisite residence Bernard had ever seen, or indeed could ever have imagined. Its smooth, gleaming walls were beautifully painted with all sorts of small flowers—violets, primroses, and lilies of the valley—and

the roof rose in tier upon tier of curly gilded eaves, from each corner of which hung a golden bell.

Round about was a pleasure-ground, rather like a big bird-cage, fenced and roofed with golden wires, and fitted with swings, see-saws, and other means of gentle relaxation. Bernard's eyes felt as big as his ears as he diffidently approached—and he himself felt a very rough mouse indeed.

"Miss Bianca!" he called softly.

From inside the Pagoda came the faintest of rustling sounds, like silk sheets being pulled over someone's head; but nobody appeared.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Bianca!" called Bernard. "I'm not burglars, I am Bernard from the Pantry with a most important message."

He waited again. One of the golden bells, as though a moth had flown past, tinkled faintly. Then again there was a rustling, and at last Miss Bianca came out.

Her loveliness took Bernard's breath away. She was very small, with a perfect figure, and her sleek, silvery-white coat had all the rich softness of ermine. But her chiefest point of beauty was her eyes. The eyes of most white mice are pink; Miss Bianca's were deep brown. In conjunction with her snowy head, they gave her the appearance of a powdered beauty of the court of Louis the Fifteenth.

Round her neck she wore a very fine silver chain.

Bernard took two steps back, then one forward, and politely pulled his whiskers.

"Are you calling?" asked Miss Bianca, in a very low, sweet voice.

"Well, I was—" began Bernard.

"How very nice!" exclaimed Miss Bianca. "If you wouldn't mind swinging on that bell-pull, the gate will open. Are there any ladies with you?"

Bernard muttered something about Madam Chairwoman, but too hoarsely to be understood. Not that it mattered; Miss Bianca's beautiful manners smoothed all social embarrassment. As soon as he was inside she began to show him round.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she said modestly. "Though nothing, I believe, compared with Versailles . . . Would you care to see the fountain?"

Bernard nodded dumbly. As yet he hadn't even noticed the fountain; it was in fact a staggering six inches high, made of pink and green Venetian glass. Miss Bianca sat down on a hidden spring, and at once a jet of water shot up out of the pink rosette on top. "There is a way of making it stay," she explained, "but I know nothing about machinery."

She rose, and the jet subsided. Bernard would have liked to have a go himself, but time was passing, and his message was undelivered.

Indeed it was hard to know where to begin. It was such a jump from Venetian glass fountains to the Prisoners' Aid Society.

Moreover, though he no longer thought Miss Bianca affected, in fact he liked her very much, he couldn't for the

## YOUR BOOKSHELF

● A powerful novel on wartime refugees, a whimsical book from England, a new history of Australia, and a slick Hollywood story are discussed this week.

"Eva" . . . Meyer Levin (Muller).

By the author of "Compulsion," this brilliant story of a Jewish girl, Eva, and her struggles to survive in wartime Europe matches the lives of many migrants to Australia. Eva, disguised as a Ukrainian peasant, leaves home, lives under a hidden identity, is discovered, and sent to the notorious concentration camp Auschwitz. Based on fact, this novel moves into a new fiction field, has great humanity, and, incidentally, a happy ending.

"The Joneses — How to Keep up with Them" . . . Lee Gibb (Muller).

A slick guide for Robinsons who want to keep up with the neighboring Joneses, this is another variant on the themes of U and Non-U, and what's "in," what's "out." Maliciously witty little illustrations by Mainsbridge go with the text, which shows you how to pick a Robinson from a Jones. (As a guide, the Robinsons like stone dwarfs, goblins, and toadstools in the garden. The Joneses don't.) All good fun, the book is a certain conversation starter.

"The Story of Australia" . . .

P. R. Smith and B. Biro (Benn).

Handsomely produced history of the continent, the book ranges from primitive times to the present, crams into the pages deeds of early explorers, the Rum Rebellion, goldfields drama, and modern events in Antarctica and Woomera. Drawings and text are first-class in this offering aimed at children, but suitable for adults, too.

"The Beach House" . . .

Stephen Longstreet (Hammond and Hammond).

A 3-D view of Hollywood's crazy, mixed-up world, written by a man who knows the local scene, has some close-ups of starlets, scandals, and love affairs which would never have got by the film censor. In crisply competent prose, author Longstreet tells of the brilliant director now sliding down the success ladder, and of the actress moving towards the top. An analysis of an artificial city, the book is cruelly true.

# AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES



*"THE SEVEN SEAS," an eight-storied block of home units on the heights at Kirribilli, N.S.W., is one of the big modern buildings that are changing the Australian housing scene. Built on the site of a derelict house, "The Seven Seas" was specially designed with reinforced-concrete construction to withstand wind pressure. The 55 units are small — one bedroom — and have harbor views.*

● On these pages we begin a picture series, which will show homes in a great variety of styles. The picture series have depicted scenery, animals, flowers, seasons, and the continent from a new series will give an exclusive cover of homes throughout Australia.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 23, 1959

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



**NEW FICTION SERIES:**

*The Life and Loves  
of Dobie Gillis*

**Pages 8-10**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

# LETTERS

## Why don't adults behave?

RECENTLY I went by train to Melbourne and was appalled by the way some of the adult passengers behaved. They were drinking and singing and making general nuisances of themselves till about 4.30 in the morning and no one got any sleep. I thought adults were supposed to set an example. It's no wonder we have juvenile delinquents if this is the sort of example set for teenagers. — *Dorothy Oxlade, Adelaide.*



DOROTHY OXLADE  
... appalled by adults.

## Who's crazy?

EVERY Saturday morning I go rushing off to Russian language classes. The kids think I'm queer and call me "Commo." The adults are astounded and the dentist thinks I'm a spy. What's so crazy about learning to speak Russian? After all, it'll be more use than Latin or French, because Russia is one of the most important nations today. And, anyway, I am only one of the millions of people who speak it. — *Brondan Potter, West Preston, Vic.*

## Faithful hound

STEPHEN VAN FLEMERT (T.W. 4/11/59) looked so proud on his favorite pony I thought I would show you how proud I am of my dog Rusty. He is part spaniel and dachshund, but I think a more faithful, loving pet I have yet to meet. He starved himself when I went to Melbourne for a fortnight and nearly died. But I nursed him and he is all right now. — *Bev Mathews, Clonnelly Park, S.A.*



BEV MATHEWS  
... also proud

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Apple for...

IT is time that somebody put in a good word for teachers. I did my Intermediate this year and was prepared to do a little extra work. Although some of my teachers said that we had to abandon all social activities if we wished to pass, my headmaster said it was essential that on Saturday nights we should forget our schoolwork worries and enjoy a night out at the pictures. — *C. Gericke, Spalding, S.A.*

## Modernise maths

IN Australia the study of mathematics is undoubtedly the most unpopular and least understood subject. Yet we are living in an age when mathematics is the key subject to the progress of the nation. The fault lies in the teaching methods. Maths teachers still use books written decades ago, and in the case of Euclidian Geometry over 2000 years ago. These plays would be much more interesting to students. — *James Peter Gunney, Manly, N.S.W.*

## The Code works

I READ the article in T.W. (4/11/59) on the Boy-Girl Code, and like many other teenagers in W.A. I was very much against it. Then my friends and myself landed ourselves in some minor trouble at a milk-bar. Our parents, at their wit's end, decided to give the Code a try. Since then we have never looked back. Our parents understand us better and have even persuaded us to form a club. Now we do not have to hang around a milk-bar with the type of person who is not a good influence. — *"Contented Teen," Claremont, W.A.*

## Tired old masters

WHY do students of today have to study yesterday's literary masters, such as Shakespeare? Admittedly Shakespeare was a great writer, and hundreds of years ago he revolutionised the writing style, but today there are many writers who surpass him in technique, beauty, and plot. The average student has heard very little of Graham Greene and Hemingway. There are many authors who write excellent plays and are not known at all. Some of these plays would be much more interesting to students. — *"Leaving Student," Melbourne.*

## Nurses are not depressed

• "Inquisitive" (T.W. 2/12/59) said that handsome young doctors seemed to be the only attraction in the depressing profession of nursing. Nurses and their friends angrily disagree.

VERY few girls take up nursing just because "someone has to do it." They do it because they want to help people get well. "Inquisitive" should know that it takes courage, patience, kindness, perseverance, a cheerful personality, and a will to help others, as well as scholastic abilities, to become a nurse. — *"Nurse Admirer," Derby, N.S.W.*

THERE is such a thing as a vocation. I'd bet my bottom dollar that if "Inquisitive" was admitted to hospital she'd be the first person to demand attention. I'd say the greatest majority of nurses would like to (and usually do) end up marrying cane farmers, mechanics, electricians, etc., rather than a doctor. — *"Up In Arms," Ayr, Qld.*

ANY girl who enters the nursing profession because she is attracted by the handsome young doctors is taking a mighty big chance, because nurses outnumber doctors by at least five to one in any hospital. — *"Future Nurse," Strathfield, N.S.W.*

ANYONE becoming a nurse for the glamor of the profession is sure to be weeded out during the first year of scrubbing bed pans, washing soiled linen, etc. Nursing the sick is far from depressing. On the contrary, it is most rewarding and uplifting to see a patient recover from a serious illness, knowing that your efforts have helped make him well. — *Miss J. Bertram, Maryborough, Qld.*

I HAVE been nursing for 18 months and, far from being depressed, have never been so



THE CADETS  
... serious business

## Holiday Snap Contest

• During the Christmas holidays we are running a teenage Holiday Snap Contest—so take those cameras with you and send in your best prints as soon as possible.

THERE will be a first prize of £20, two prizes of £5 each, and £1/1/- for all other photos published.

The conditions are simple:

- The contest is open to anyone under 20 years of age.
- Every print must have the name, age, and address of the photographer written on the back.
- Attach a description of the picture in no more than 50 words.
- All prints entered become the property of Australian Consolidated Press.
- Address all entries to "Snap Contest," Box 5252 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.
- Closing date: January 20, 1960.

## Selfish sister

I AM a boy of 13 and I usually arrive home from school about ten minutes before my older sister. Soon after she arrives, the house suddenly seems to be full of noisy girls. On goes the wireless and off go the girls, jiving like mad. I have to put up with this, but when I bring a boy home my sister always says, "Why do you bring that little monster up here?" — *"Fed Up," Springfield, Tas.*

## Don't be a snob

I HAVE just finished my Leaving Certificate exams and would like to give this advice to first and third year pupils. When choosing subjects to take for examinations, have these factors in mind: your own interest and ability in the subject; how it will help you in your chosen career; what it will add to your education. Don't take Maths I and II or Chemistry because it is the thing to do. Take it because you are interested in it and have the ability to do it. Taking a "higher" subject because the clever ones do is only a form of snobbery. — *"Chemistry Failure," Ermington, N.S.W.*

## Caged teachers

EXAM RESOLUTION: I just one more teacher prowls down the aisles like a caged tiger or peers over my shoulder like a hawk. TLL SCREAM! — *"Icecream," Chines, Vic.*



MASANORI  
... Japanese penfriend

## More penfriends

WRITING to penfriends overseas helps to promote goodwill and friendly relations towards us. By writing to them we can exchange ideas and learn more about each other. Enclosed is a picture of my Japanese penfriend. — *"Over the Waves," Brisbane.*

# How to be a successful teenager

## BE SURE OF YOURSELF and you'll be **HAPPY**

*"I wish I had more self-confidence. I never seem sure of what to say or how to say it. I don't know what I'm going to do in life or what I can do."*  
Do you often say such things to yourself?

● Lack of self-confidence makes us uncomfortable. Worse than that, it makes us unhappy and less successful than we might otherwise be. But don't despair! You can overcome it if you try.

**M**OST teenagers who lack confidence do so for one or more of these reasons:

1. Their lack of confidence may be caused by the fact that they are in the "in-between" period between childhood and full adulthood, and they must face and try many new things without knowing for certain how great their abilities are, what in life is most important to them, or what kind of people they really want to be.

2. They may lack confidence because they have one or two faults which bother them so that they forget to look for their good points.

3. They may feel worthless because they are judging themselves by impossibly high standards.

4. Some of their important emotional needs may be unsatisfied — they may not get enough feelings of being independent and making progress, of being liked by parents, friends, and members of the other sex. As a result, they may feel something's missing and be unable to feel confident.

There are other reasons why many of us lack self-confidence. All human beings have certain needs which must be met if they are to live healthily and happily.

Each of these needs must be at least partially satisfied if you are to be happy and self-confident.

People need to:

- Be independent.
- Have a feeling of personal achievement and progress.

- Have security and affection.
- Be accepted by people their own age.
- Get along well with the other sex.

You may feel that one or more is not being satisfied in your life. If this is true, what kind of first aid can you apply to remedy the situation?

### Ask yourself these questions

You might start by asking yourself the following questions. The answers may suggest the next step.

1. In what ways have I shown my parents that I'm capable of handling more independence? Have I behaved responsibly in small matters — chores around the house, keeping promises to be home on time, volunteering to help my father or mother? In short, have I acted in ways that will give my parents more confidence in my ability to handle independence?

2. Do I know how well I'm doing in school? Marks won't tell the whole story. Have I tried to find out from my teacher whether I'm improving or what I need to do to improve?

3. Have I tried to understand what's behind my parents' scolding or criticism? Or have I automatically thought they didn't love me?

4. Do I know how to do things that will help me to be accepted by other teenagers? Do I know how to dance, to play popular games? Am I



● Overcome shyness in friendships with members of the other sex—and you're on the road to happiness.

By Professor C. GILBERT WRENN

sincerely interested in others? Am I loyal to my friends?

5. In trying to get along with the other sex, have I tried to do things which would make my date more comfortable, or have I been so concerned about myself that I've forgotten that my date may be uncertain and uncomfortable, too?

From your answers you'll probably be able to see some things you can do to help you supply your needs and grow to greater confidence.

In order to build self-confidence, it seems important that you get a realistic picture of yourself and come to like and respect the picture you get.

How can you get a realistic view of yourself? To start, it's probably best to look at your strong points because:

● Your strong points are the things you have to build with to make your life happy and successful.

● It's much easier to look at your weak points when you're sure that the total story of you isn't as depressing as your worst habit.

If you've been used to just looking at your weaknesses, you may have a little trouble at first trying to think of your own strong points. But you can't think of one person you know

— including yourself — who doesn't have some strong points.

Maybe your strong point is being able to get along well with little children, being a good seamstress, or being able to talk persuasively with older people.

Perhaps you've been envying a friend who is such a fine athlete—and maybe you're forgetting how handy you are with cars.

### Look for your real talent

You might have a wide background of knowledge gained from reading or travel; the tinker's ability to "fix things"; know all about animals; have artistic sense in regard to clothes, furniture, and color combinations; have a green thumb and the ability to make things grow.

Sometimes you may overlook real talents because they are the kinds of things that aren't particularly important with your crowd at this time.

Suppose you are able to read rapidly and with good understanding or have a great interest in something like art or chemistry. None of these things will improve your standing with your high-school crowd.

They can help you feel more confident, however. If you can recognise these "long-range" abilities and include them among your strong points, it may help you to realise you are pretty good after all.

As you discover your various good points, you may want to list them in the left-hand column of a sheet of paper. Following standard business procedure, you might title this column "Assets."

Once you have a complete list of your good points you can total up the things in your favor and see them all at once.

Still following business procedure, make another column on the right side of your paper labelled "Liabilities," for if you want a complete view of yourself you can't stop with just looking at your strong points.

Surveying the more unpleasant things about ourselves and our personal situations is painful for everyone — young and old. But it's easier once you know your strengths.

What things make you less confident? What keeps you from becoming the ideal self everyone dreams about (but no one ever really becomes)? What in your life will keep you from getting where you want to be?

To page 4

# How to build your self-confidence

## • From page 3

Let's look at some of the more common areas in which you may have some trouble. Which are your particular problems?

1. Physically, you may not be the way you'd like to be.

Maybe you limp or don't see too well. Handicaps like these may keep you from doing things you'd like to do. If you have a bad complexion or are more than plump, you are likely to feel bad about it and not very poised.

2. You may not be as smart or as talented as you'd like to be.

This might mean you'd have to give up some job plans — like going into medicine — that you or your family had been counting on.

3. Something about your personality may bother you or others.

If you have a sharp tongue (or are silent because of shyness) you probably realise that this handicaps you in your relationships with other people. Maybe you're lazy or not neat or irritable or lack a sense of responsibility about doing your chores around the house. These are all weaknesses and flaws, and it's wise to admit them so that you can do something about them.

## Basic worth

4. Something about your family may handicap you.

Perhaps you're poorer than your school chums. Your clothes may not be as good as your friends', or your family may not be able to afford the kind of education you'd like. You can't help these things and they have nothing to do with your basic worth as a human being.

But they may keep you from doing some things in life you'd like to do very much. And so they're liabilities and belong in the liability column of your list.

You have discovered your good points and your weaknesses. Now what?

Doing what you can to correct or minimise your flaws is the obvious and sensible thing.

Look at yourself and your defects as objectively as possible and see what can be done about them. Find out what corrective measures are available for your physical problems and learn what you can do about any personality traits that bother you.

If you're awkward on the dance floor, try to get someone to teach you the popular steps. Study some books for teenagers on manners if you're not always sure of the "right" thing to do.

## Need to succeed

If you're frightened of speaking to large groups of people you can start by speaking more often with smaller groups.

Now that we've made a good start towards self-confidence, where do you go from here?

One of the most important principles in developing self-confidence is that you need to succeed in some things — and you need to know you are succeeding.

Feelings of success increase self-confidence, which makes success more likely, which increases self-confidence — it's a beautiful chain of events once you get it started.

But before you even try to get it started you need to make sure you will really know when you are being successful. And that means that your goals should be definite ones.

With definite goals in mind, you're ready to build your own success—confidence, more success — more confidence chain. How can you go about doing this?

## Become expert

Remember your strong points? There are many you can use to help you feel successful. Are you musical, artistic, or a good cook? If there is something you do well, practise it every day — or every few days. You'll not only feel good about doing it, but you'll gradually do it better and better until you are quite expert at it.

There are a few considerations you should keep in mind, however, about practising what you can do well:

- Remember about definite realistic goals. Don't even practise those things at which you are good with your eye on some dreamy, unreachable goal. If you are artistic, don't set your head on being a "great" artist. Instead, work toward painting a picture you'd be happy to hang in your room and have your friends see.

- Be sure you practise in success isn't done at the expense of someone else's self-confidence. If you box, it shouldn't always be with someone smaller or less skillful than you. A false sense of success isn't worth much.

- Be sure what you're doing doesn't cost you or your parents more than you can afford.

- Be sure you don't make a bore of yourself. The fellow who insists on "showing off" his only accomplishment gets awfully tiresome.

- Be sure you mix practising those familiar things at which you're sure you can succeed with new ones you're not so sure about. You're not going to get far — either in developing self-confidence or in the world — if you only do what you already can do well.

## Big boost

Each time you master something hard, your self-confidence gets a big boost.

When you succeed, you get the warm feeling of being a worth-while person. When you fail you feel low and defeated. Unless you know how to handle them, failures can wreck a lot of your feelings of self-confidence.

No one can succeed all the time. An occasional failure is as usual a part of living as three meals a day. Yet, some people are so frightened by the prospect of failure that they never try anything new. They never go forward in life. They just sit where they are.

## For young scientists

# How to make an electro-magnet

• Last week we showed that a wire carrying an electric current acts like a magnet. This week we'll make a real electro-magnet.

**You'll Need:** Torch battery, several yards of thin, insulated copper wire, a bolt 2½ to 4 inches long.

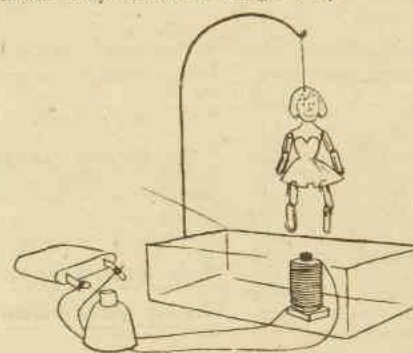
Round the bolt wind several yards of insulated copper wire. Scrape the insulation from the ends of the wire for a distance of about three inches. Then wind one end of the wire round one of the brass strips which form the terminals of the battery. Hold the other bare end of wire against the other brass strip. Bring the electro-magnet near to some small iron objects such as paper clips and you'll see them jump on to the end of the electro-magnet. When you disconnect the wire from the battery, the paper clips will fall off.

Now you can really surprise your friends by making a doll dance magnetically — a paper-clip doll, that is.

**You'll Need:** Some wood, 6in. of stiff wire, rubber band, piece of paper, scissors, eight paper clips, cardboard box, some nails, and a push-button as used for an electric bell.

On a small board erect a wooden upright on to which you can fasten a bent crosswire. From stiff paper cut out a doll without arms or legs. Make the arms and legs from pairs of paper clips hooked together. When you have provided paper-clip arms and legs, hang the doll from the crosswire on an elastic band. One inch beneath, put your electro-magnet and cover it with a cardboard box to make a dance floor. Put the push-button switch in one of the leads to the battery.

Turn the switch on and off and the magnetic current will jerk the doll up and down on her elastic band. And she will really dance electro-magnetically.



• From "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.

But people who make a habit of trying new things, of succeeding in them, and gaining the self-confidence that comes with success realise that when you are trying to master the new and the difficult you just have to anticipate failures, no matter how unpleasant they are. For failures are part and parcel of learning anything that's new and hard to do.

## Find the cause

After you have taken a little time to recover from your disappointment, try to find what caused you to fail. After you have determined the cause, you can plan a course of action to avoid future failures and to have future successes.

Three common causes of failures are: (1) trying to do the wrong thing, (2) trying to do the right thing but in the

wrong way, (3) trying to do too much.

In this whole matter of developing self-confidence, self-respect, and self-reliance, there's one point so important that we want to stress it again.

Each person is unlike every other in the entire world. Each has his own pattern of things he does well, and he has his own pattern of feelings or attitudes.

You are you and you should be proud of it. If you are proud of yourself, you'll try to develop in ways that fit you instead of regretting that you're not like some other person.

Set your eye upon a star, but be sure it's *your* star and not one that belongs to someone else.

[From the book "How to Be a Successful Teenager," by C. Gilbert Wrenn and others, published and copyright by Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., of New York, U.S.A., as condensed from the pamphlet "How to Increase Your Self-Confidence," copyright by Science Research Associates, Inc., of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.]

## WORTH READING

### WHAT HAPPENED IN HISTORY by Gordon Childe

THIS book in the Pelican series tells the story of the early development of the human race. Those who know the subject consider it the most brilliant popular book of its kind ever written. The title is somewhat strange, because much of it tells what happened before history (that is, before writing was invented) — in the stone ages and the bronze age.

People were in the world for hundreds of thousands of years before they learned the writing trick. Their habits and customs have been discovered slowly by archaeologists, of whom the late Professor Childe, an Australian, was one of the greatest. He died tragically not long ago when he fell down a precipice at Katoomba, N.S.W.

— Ross Campbell

## What's YOUR fashion type?

# Sophisticated?

## Demure?

—or what?



● To find out, let's suppose you're going to buy a whole new wardrobe. Money is no object . . . So, which of these outfits would you choose? Tick off the one that appeals to you most in each of the seven groups.

### Weekend separates

- (a) Pink, fully gathered poplin skirt, rose-printed blouse with puffy sleeves, white flaties. ☐
- (b) Blue Bermuda shorts, blue-and-white sailor-boy top, blue plim-solls. ☐
- (c) Black linen tapered pants, white shantung tailored shirt, wide citron belt, black flaties. ☐
- (d) Black - and - white striped shorts, red - and - white spotted blouse, white scuffs. ☐
- (e) Grey tapered pants, grey-and-white striped shirt, white sandals. ☐
- (f) Hyacinth cotton bell-shaped skirt, matching camisole top, white linen little-heeled shoes. ☐

### Spectator sports

- (a) Checked pink-and-white cotton skirt, white blouse with a peter-pan collar, pink flaties, wicker bag. ☐
- (b) Green-and-white spotted sundress, matching jacket, white flat sandals and bag. ☐
- (c) Champagne cotton shirt-dress, matching little-heel shoes, small striped canvas carry-all. ☐
- (d) Green flowered crotone skirt, very pale pink big-sleeved blouse, red flaties. ☐
- (e) Slim-skirted brown-and-white striped shirt-dress, brown little-heel shoes, white straw bag. ☐
- (f) Pale blue full-skirted cotton dress, white backless little-heel sandals, dark blue-and-white flowered bag. ☐

### Informal party dress

- (a) Full, stiffened turquoise cotton skirt, turquoise-and-pink-and-white flowered blouse, turquoise little-heel sandals. ☐
- (b) Red flower-printed and bare-shouldered cotton sundress, white high-heel sandals. ☐
- (c) Black-and-white spotted cotton dress with a gently belled skirt ☐

and camisole top, black linen high-heeled shoes.

- (d) Black tapered pants, black-and-green - and - white flowered blouse, bright yellow flaties. ☐
- (e) Sky-blue, fine cotton shirt-dress, blue-and-white spotted cummerbund, white little-heel shoes. ☐
- (f) Pink-and-white striped skirt, matching striped wide belt, pink bare-shouldered blouse with bow-tied shoulderstraps, pink linen little-heel shoes. ☐

### Beachwear

- (a) Pale blue checked swimsuit with "shorts" legs, deeper blue towel, gondolier hat with blue ribbons. ☐
- (b) Two-piece white swimsuit, green-and-white striped towel, green beach-bag. ☐
- (c) White wool jersey swimsuit, white flowered cap, red-and-white flowered towel. ☐
- (d) Yellow - and - white cotton swimsuit, scarlet towel. ☐
- (e) Dark blue cotton swimsuit, pale blue towel, striped beach-bag. ☐
- (f) Pink flower-printed, frilly-skirted swimsuit, pink towel with a rose-pink figure fringe, white cart-wheel straw sun-hat. ☐

### Suit for day wear

- (a) Pale yellow linen suit with a short jacket and box-pleated skirt, cream accessories. ☐
- (b) White linen suit with a slim skirt and straight jacket bound with navy, navy blouse and handbag, white shoes and gloves. ☐
- (c) Beige Chanel-style relaxed-line suit, white shirt and accessories. ☐
- (d) Blue cotton suit with a flared skirt and button-up jacket, brown-and-white flowered blouse, coffee-colored accessories. ☐
- (e) Grey fitted suit with a slim skirt, grey - and - white spotted blouse, red accessories. ☐
- (f) Pink linen suit with a belled skirt and short bolero jacket, paler pink blouse, flower-printed shoes and bag, white gloves. ☐

### Dress for the office

- (a) Navy dress with a gently flared skirt and white collar, navy accessories, white gloves. ☐
- (b) Cinnamon-and-white striped cotton shirt-dress, white handbag, and little-heel shoes. ☐
- (c) Pale almond-green tunic dress, champagne accessories. ☐
- (d) Scoop-necked dress of yellow flowered cotton, beige accessories. ☐
- (e) Dark green sheath dress, beige accessories. ☐
- (f) Princess dress in pink-and-white flowered cotton, white accessories. ☐

### Evening dress

- (a) Pink-spotted white organza, pink satin sash and shoes. ☐
- (b) Apple-green waffle pique with a belled skirt and off-the-shoulder neckline, green-and-white striped cotton shoes and evening bag. ☐
- (c) Cream delustrated satin sheath dress, matching satin accessories, long olive-green satin stole. ☐
- (d) Short, flowered cotton dress with fully gathered skirt, white sandals and bag. ☐
- (e) Bouffant-skirted dark blue organza dress, guipure-trimmed, with matching satin shoes and bag. ☐
- (f) White tulle strapless dress, pale blue-and-white flowered stole, pale blue satin shoes and bag. ☐

## SCOREBOARD

● Count up the ticks—how many in the (a) section, how many in the (b), and so on. You're "typed" according to the section with the majority of ticks:

(a)—DEMURE. This is particularly good if you're in the 13-15 age group; it's a pretty, girlish selection of colors and styles.

(b)—OUTDOOR. You like the beach and tennis and you probably played hockey at school. You could try to make your clothes more imaginative.

(c)—SOPHISTICATE. You're a woman-of-the-world with your clothes, probably too much so. Leave the sophisticated outfits for a few years. They'll still look marvellous (and more suitable) when you're 25.

(d)—HAPPY - GO - LUCKY. This is a kind way of saying slapdash and rather sloppy. Try planning your color combinations — and study the glossy fashion magazines.

(e)—CONSERVATIVE. Well, you undoubtedly have a sturdy and reliable character. Which is good. But remember that fashion is never fun unless it's enterprising.

(f)—FEMININE. Men love the feminine type; that's you. And you choose your clothes with an eye for male appeal (but don't we all?).

NOTE: If you don't fit into any of these categories, don't worry. It only means you have a nice, normal, and all-round approach to fashion!



# Brian digs Bach and Brubeck

By Barbara Lawson

● Fans describe his voice as a combination of Sinatra and Mel Tormé and rave about his playing of the trumpet and bongo-drums, but what's Brian Buggy's ambition? To become an orchestral violinist.

FIVE nights out of seven this 20-year-old Brisbane boy plays his trumpet and croons to hundreds of teenagers and adults at university college parties, teenager dances, and hotel cabarets.

But during the day you'll find him at the Brisbane Conservatorium of Music, attending lectures on acoustics, and practising Mozart and Sibelius.

"I love classical music and jazz equally well. From Bach to Brubeck. In fact, I love any sort of music, so long as it's good."

"But that doesn't include rock-'n-roll."

Brian is best known in Brisbane as the leader of a five-piece band called the "Brian Buggy Ensemble," which he established three years ago.

## They're Ivy-League style boys

There's Bob Mercer on piano — he's a third-year Medical student at the Queensland University; "Chuck" Seplice on guitar — like Brian, "Chuck" studies music at the Conservatorium full-time; Jimmy Lloyd on drums and vibes — he's a TV salesman; garage assistant "Buzz" Ennes plays the bongo-drums and Brian plays the violin Latin-American and gipsy style.

With his singing and a little trumpet, piano, and bongo-drum playing, Brian produces a first-class show for teenagers and adults alike.

Mostly the "ensemble" wears black, green, and yellow Ivy-League striped shirts with dark slacks, but for more formal occasions they wear conventional charcoal-grey suits.

Every Friday night they play at the new Centenary Swimming Pool Restaurant at Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

The kidney-shaped, fully glassed restaurant towers over two Olympic-sized pools and a smaller wading-pool and the dance floor is really different — solid glass one inch thick and lit from underneath by colored lights.

And here's the rest of Brian's nightly schedule for the week:

● Monday: Plays in the student orchestra at the Conservatorium from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

● Tuesday: The "ensemble" practises at his home at Greenslopes.

● Wednesday: He attends Chamber Music workshops at the Conservatorium from 7 p.m. till 10.30 p.m.

● Thursday and Saturday: Plays third trumpet in the Vern Thompson Band at Cloudland Ballroom.

● Sunday: Takes part in a jazz session organised by Church Youth Clubs.

It was through the Vern Thompson Band that Brian appeared in the Jimmie Rodgers Show when it came to the Festival Hall, Brisbane, in October.

The brass section of Vern's band was asked to help "back" the show, and Brian, being third trumpet player, naturally went along.

"The thing I remember most about the show was the calamity over Jimmie Rodgers' music and arrangements, which had been

left behind in Sydney," Brian said.

"When they eventually arrived at the Festival Hall at 4.30 p.m. on the opening day, we had to practise right up till the show started, and we didn't finish for the night till 11.30."

"We'd been practising since 10 a.m., so that meant we were playing for about thirteen hours straight!"

Brian also played second trumpet in the J. C. Williamson musical "Grab Me a Gondola" last June, and last year he appeared in the Horrie Dargie Show in Toowoomba.

That time he sang as well as playing the trumpet and violin. "Practise!" is Brian's advice to fellow teenagers hoping for a musical career.

And he certainly practises what he preaches.

His day is spent at the Con-

servatorium of Music, attending lectures and having piano and violin lessons. Any spare time he has there he practises the piano.

At home all his free time is spent in practising the trumpet and violin.

"I usually shut myself up in the bathroom to practise these," he said. "Then I don't disturb the neighbors, and all those bathroom echoes certainly boost the morale."

## His aim? The symphony orchestra

Brian is doing very well at the Conservatorium. Last year, his first at the college, he received A's in all his subjects and won the L. B. S. Reid Prize for orchestral instruments.

He also won a three-year scholarship to the college and when it comes to an end he plans to apply for another.

Then he hopes to go for an audition with the A.B.C. for a possible position as violinist in the Queensland Symphony Orchestra.

"But I'll still keep up my old jazz 'ensemble'," he declares.

In Queensland all musicians belonging to the Musicians' Union make no less than £3/4/10 each a night, and time and a half if they work after midnight.

On big jobs such as the Jimmie Rodgers' Show, Brian makes up to £23 for two nights' work. Which is surely something to sing about.

This money helps to pay for his clothes, sheet music, instruments (his trumpet alone cost £120), surfing equipment — he's a member of the Kirra Surf Life Saving Club on the South Coast, where he spends the daylight hours of every weekend.

He hitchhikes to Kirra and back, equipped with violin, trumpet, and surfing gear.

Why the violin and trumpet? Any free time he gets he practises!

Why does he hitchhike?

"I can drive a car," explained Brian. "But I've never had the time to get a licence."



REHEARSAL TIME for the Brian Buggy Ensemble. The boys are (from left) "Chuck" Seplice, guitar; Jimmy Lloyd (at back), vibes; Bob Mercer, piano; "Buzz" Ennes, bongo-drums; and Brian Buggy, trumpet.

# Dig's as right as rain again

By Carol Tattersfield

● Remember how a young rock-'n-roll star had a car accident on Sydney Harbor Bridge last October? Just when he was on a £500-a-week wave of popularity, too. Well, here was Dig Richards out of hospital and about town again.

HE limped into the office, turned to the mirror and made a face. Yes, the scars were still there.

"You know, they wouldn't give me a mirror for three whole days after the crash," he said, fingering the scar above his right eyebrow. "The nurses thought it would be too upsetting."

Well, wouldn't it? Wasn't it upsetting to be scarred for life at 19?

And to know, when you have 15 stitches in your face, that rock-'n-roll fans used to think your facial expressions were "the ultimate"?

Dig looked up and grinned. "I don't want sympathy. Those three weeks in hospital were fantastic. I had the best holiday in years."

He patted his once-dislocated hip and looked in the mirror again. "All this has done more for me than if it hadn't happened."

It was true that the scars added a distinct something to his appealing James Deanish looks.

But that's not what Dig meant exactly. He went on to explain that as a person the three weeks' experience in Sydney's Mater Hospital had quietened him down, made him more stable.

"I used to be a bit of a wild one," he said. "Not now."

But what about work?

"There's a lot more to do now than before," he said. "It's going to be faster than ever."

"My first day up I flew to Melbourne and taped three TV shows. I had to stand on one foot without my crutches."

"Then the next night I went on television in Sydney and everyone had to run on as though he were at a Stadium show. I had to hobble on with my crutches. I hated that."

With a wicked little look, he added that he'd now thrown his crutches away — two weeks too early, according to the doctors.

And with another wicked look he added that he'd started working two weeks before the doctor's permission, too.

His confession stopped when his father, George Richards, came in.

"I'm really an oyster farmer in Narooma," said Mr. Richards. "Doesn't Dig look marvellous? I'm his manager at the moment. The oysters can look after themselves."

"You know, Dig was about 11½ stone when he first came to Sydney about six months ago. He was just ten stone when he had the accident. Guess what he is now?"

Dig, in his casual sports clothes, looked pretty lean to me.

"I'm back to 11½ stone," Dig said. "All those chocolates in hospital. Gee it was fantastic. Wonderful nurses and a wonderful crowd in the ward. We used to all sing all the time — ballads and stuff for other patients."

And what about the visit of the fabulous Fabian to Dig's bedside?

"Hm," said Dig. "Actually it was quite good. But he's

not much different from anyone else. People are just — um, people."

He went into a brown study and then snapped out of it with, "I actually lost my memory for three weeks after the crash. Couldn't remember a thing, not even the words of my songs."

He sang a few words of something and then added that he'd bought a bigger car. The other one had been a write-off. A £680 write-off.

"Can't get over the change in Dig," said Mr. Richards. "Much quieter."

"Yep. I was physically wrecked just before I had the accident. Fine now, though," said Dig as he limped away with his father.



LAST WEEK'S picture of Dig Richards shows how his scars are gradually fading. For a full-color pin-up of Dig turn to page 16.

## LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

### • Ideas for that New Year party

HOW'S that New Year party coming along? You've made a list? Fine. You've THOUGHT about food? Moderately fine. But the thing that's going to really lift the party off the ground will be the records you play.

Not just any old discs, haphazardly played, but music at the right time.

It will give the party the right kick-off if, as they come in the door, your guests are greeted with something that's bright and welcoming.

#### Arriving

Because you'll be pretty busy saying hullo, you won't want to be worried too much at this point about record changes. So choose some LPs to keep things lively.

Here's where you could use "Exciting Sounds From Romantic Places," with Leo Diamond's orchestra providing just the cosmopolitan touch that promises more good things to come. "La Vie En Rose," "Arrivererci, Roma," "To You Sweetheart, Aloha," etc. This is a W. and G. LP.

For variety, "The Sound Of Crazy Otto" (piano with rhythm accompaniment) is one of Polydor's Golden Award Song series, and features a really great selection

of million-sellers from "Ramona" to "Mack The Knife."

What comes after "Hi"? Well, if you happen to have on the intriguing jazz score of "Peter Gunn," as played by Shelly Mann and His Men (Vogue), people will have something to start them talking right away.

All right, so now the crowd's all there, and beginning to look around in an expectant way. What's next?

#### Dancing

This is where you begin to slap on the ones that will get them dancing.

Practically made to order for the occasion is "I Dig Chicks," with Jonah Jones and Quartet (Capitol LP), a girl-gimmick album for which The National Academy of Record-

ing Arts and Sciences voted Jonah "best orchestral jazz performance" of 1959.

Some of the most danceable music ever composed comes from George Gershwin. On a Columbia LP, "Embraceable You," Victor Silvester and his Silver Strings sparkle their way through 10 of them.

So they're moving. The thing now to get them right off the ground would be some rock-'n-roll. And that could bring in Elvis, Ricky Nelson, Cliff Richards (his latest 45 for Columbia is "Travellin' Light" — "Dynamite"), and our own local boys, the Johnnys, Col, Dig, etc.

"Teenage Hop," with Warren Covington with The Commanders (Festival EP) is another that could have been cut for the occasion. "Teenage Hop," "Marilyn," "Hey, Jealous Lover," "I Can't Leave Myrtle Alone."

Another one that couldn't help being a party hit is "Sounds Like Gene Vincent," an outstanding disc in its own right. Gene really makes the fresh and zingy tunes go-go — go. (Capitol LP.)

#### Listening

Some time during the evening you'll most likely find that the crowd show a tendency to just sit on the floor and listen.

Against this eventuality you'll need to arm yourself with a few discs that are a little different.

There's a quaint little EP from R.C.A., "Life Can Be Miserable," with the zany Homer and Jethro, the "Battle of Kookamonga" boys, singing "Oh Lonesome Me," "Love Is The Craziest Thing," and Jimmy Driftwood's "The Monkey And The Baboon" with the title tune.

Quiet, please, for some very smart and funny stuff from two highly gifted people—"A Party With Betty Comden and Adolph Green" (Capitol LP). They're the team who wrote the books of such shows as "Wonderful Town," "On The Town," and "Bells Are Ringing," the latter starring their old nightclub-act partner, Judy Holliday. If any chumps are present, circulate the jacket.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, another wonderful one. This time the utterly marvellous Miss Dakota Staton with "Crazy He Calls Me" (Capitol LP). Twelve songs, mostly unfamiliar, and all a new experience as sung by the dusky, dynamic Dakota.

#### Midnight

Everything should begin to rev up as midnight approaches, and pianist Russ Conway's "Party Pops" (Columbia EP) is just the disc to help this happen. If you time it right, you'll even have "Auld Lang Syne" playing as the clock strikes 12.



DAKOTA STATON



FIRST OF A SERIES

by

MAX SHULMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLER

# The LIFE and LOVES of DOBIE GILLIS

FROM trying to stand up tall I used to have a posture that was the envy of the whole eighth grade at John Marshall Junior High School, but now I am so bent and stooped that people just shudder and turn away.

The reason I am so bent and stooped is because for the last six months I have had a 132-pound woman on my back. I mean my mother.

A million times I have tried to reason with her. "Ma," I say, "why don't you be a good fellow and leave me alone?"

"Alone?" she screams, and clutches me to her bosom. (Ma always screams and clutches me to her bosom. I didn't mind it too much when I was little, but now that I am a man of fourteen years old I would prefer a quiet conversation at a distance of like twenty feet. In fact, I would really prefer a dead silence.) "Alone?" Ma screams. "But you are not alone, Dobie. Always remember, when things go wrong your mother loves you and wants to help!"

"I appreciate that," I say, which I do. I mean I am very fond of my mother, who is a fine, great-hearted woman, and you would certainly go far to find anyone who takes a greater interest in their family.

I've got one younger brother named Dan, and a father named Herbert Gillis, M.D., but Ma still finds time to get on all our backs.

"Dobie," Ma screams, "you must trust me. Tell me about the report card."

"I can't," I say, which I can't. I am not one of those guys who claim you can't tell your mother anything at all. I say there are certain uncomplicated things which your mother can grasp without too much trouble, but this report card was definitely not one of them.

This card was my midterm report from John Marshall Junior High School and it showed an F

on every single subject—F for Flunk—and naturally Ma got pretty tense when she saw the card, especially since I never before brought home anything less than an A.

Don't get me wrong: I'm not saying I'm a genius or like that. It just so happens that I've got a good memory. Like some people happen to have blue eyes, I happen to have a good memory. Believe me, it has nothing to do with intelligence. If you put me up against a new situation where my memory can't help, I will goof nine times out of nine.

Well, Ma took one look at the report card and she turned a kind of pale blue and she clutched me to her bosom and screamed, "What happened?"

"Oh, well, you can't win 'em all," I said with a little chuckle, trying to pass it off as a joke, like.

"Oh, darling, how have I failed you?" screamed Ma, squeezing my head.

"Relax, Ma. It's just one of those things," I said, but she just kept on riding me and I just kept on telling her nothing.

LATER that night she sent my father up to my room to talk to me, which was very unusual because once my father gets in his contour chair after supper he never leaves it except to switch from Channel 4 to Channel 2. Pa actually doesn't like television too much. What he likes is to lay there in the contour chair, but if he hadn't got the set on Ma will come over and talk him into a stupor.

Anyhow, Pa came up to my room and we stood around for about 20 minutes not saying anything, which is the way we usually carry on a conversation, and to tell you the truth, it suits me just fine.

Pa's a great guy and I love him and like that, but what do we need with conversation? I mean Pa used to be a boy, so he knows how things are with me. As for my knowing how things are with him, I'd frankly rather not.

So we stood for about 20 minutes and then Pa said, "Is there anything you want to tell me?" and I said "No," and Pa looked relieved and went back to watch "I've Got a Secret."

Then Ma sent up my kid brother Dan, who is a natural-born stool-pigeon, to see what he could worm out of me, but I flung him out of the room, and then Ma came up herself and stayed on my back till midnight.

Well, sir, I couldn't tell Ma anything, so she came to her own conclusion and, man, it was a gasser! She figured that I was turning into a juvenile delinquent! Is that the end? Me, Dobie Gillis, who wouldn't know a switchblade from a croquet mallet, turning into a j.d.!

I laughed like a loon, but Ma wouldn't budge. She said the report card was the first step, the switchblade would come later.

She said I was a member of the shook-up generation, born into a time of strife and tension. She said I was full of ferment and torment. She said my report card was a protest, a blind, unconscious protest, against a world built on false values.

Well, this was so far out that I was tempted to tell Ma the truth. In fact, I would of if I could of. But how could I of? Ma would never understand about Alma Gristede.

In fact, I have all kinds of trouble understanding it myself.

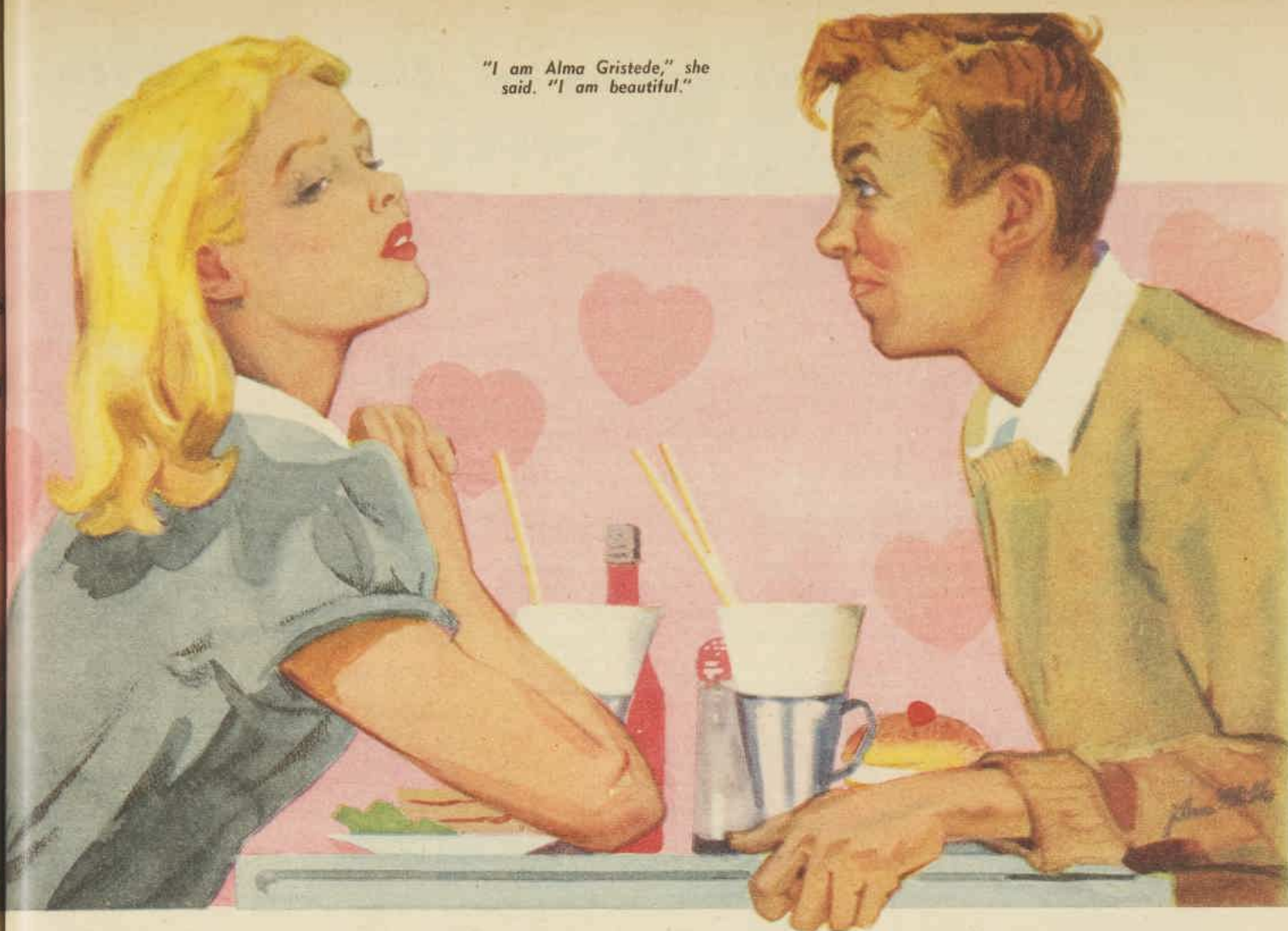
ALMA GRISTEDE was the cause of all those Fs on my report card. It wasn't a world built on false values of strife or tension or ferment or torment. It was Alma Gristede—with an assist from that dirty rat Nate Gahagan.

I can forgive Alma because, after all, I haven't known her too long, but Nate Gahagan has been my best friend for three whole years.

That's how long Nate has been living in the house next door to mine, which is the longest anybody has ever lived in the house next door. Let me tell you about that house.

It's a nice enough house, you understand. I mean it's real modern and it's got big windows and room-dividers and storage wall and radiant heating and all kinds of up-to-date jazz like that.

"I am Alma Gristede," she said. "I am beautiful."



There was even an article about it once in "House Beautiful" with a picture of the architect standing there with a big, proud smile on his face. Well, he's not smiling now. In fact, he's hiding. Last I heard, he was drinking himself to death in Honduras or Tahiti or some place that doesn't have an extradition treaty with the U.S.

WHAT the architect did was he put a flat roof on the house, which was one of the major errors in the history of architecture. You see, we live on a street called Ocean View Drive.

It is called Ocean View Drive because if you drive far enough you get a view of the ocean. Anyhow, all the houses in the neighborhood—except the one Nate lives in—are New England seaport-type houses.

I mean they're big and old-fashioned and built out of weathered shingles with widow's walks upstairs and—this is the important part—peaked roofs. Nate's house is the only one with a flat roof, and it didn't take the seagulls long to find out about it.

We've got about ninety jillion seagulls in our neighborhood, and when people talk about bird-brains I wish they would exclude seagulls because these birds are smarter than dogs. In fact, they are smarter than a lot of people.

What these seagulls do is they go down to the beach and dig up clams at low tide. Then they fly around looking for a place to drop the clams so they can crack open the shells.

Well, a peaked roof is no good for dropping clams because they slide right off. But a flat roof is perfect. So twice a day at low tide these gulls, wave after wave of them, come zooming down on Nate's house and drop their clams on the roof.

Man, the noise! I mean it sounds like the St. Valentine's Day massacre or Chinese New Year. Well, naturally most people move out of that house as soon as they can. In fact, I remember two different families who moved out the same day they moved in. But Nate stayed three whole years.

He isn't a very sensitive type, and I guess his folks must be pretty insensitive, too, or maybe a little deaf, but anyhow they stayed.

There's only one thing Nate and I didn't agree about—girls. I love girls—always have—but all Nate cared about was baseball and football and basketball and like that, which is all very well, but you got to agree it will never replace girls.

Still, I didn't worry about Nate. I figured he'd be catching up with me any day. But his 13th birthday rolled around and he still wasn't interested in girls and then—would you believe it?—he turned fourteen and he still wasn't interested!

It was a crying shame because by this time Nate had a terrific build and he was the best athlete in John Marshall Junior High School and he could of had any girl he wanted to, but he didn't want to. Many is the time I sat and tried to straighten him out, but Nate, frankly, is not too bright, and logic doesn't make much impression on him.

Well, you can see how far back I go with Nate. But Alma Gristede I didn't even meet till last autumn when school started.

IT was lunchtime on the first day of school, and I was carrying my tray around the cafeteria looking for a place to sit, when all of a sudden I saw her sitting alone at one of the little tables for two. About eight other guys spotted her at the same time, and they all started leaping over tables and chairs, trying to get to her, but I had a head start and I skidded in and plunked down my tray and threw myself into the chair.

"Can I sit here, hey?" I said.

"If you like," she said.

"I like," I said and leaned forward and peered into her face. Close up it looked even better than far away, which is very important in a face. I looked at her face a good long time and came to a decision: this girl had, by a very wide margin, the best face in John Marshall Junior High School.

Mind you, I didn't say she was the best-looking girl in John Marshall; all I said was she had the

best-looking face. The best-looking girl in John Marshall is our drum majorette, Maybelle Elihu.

Maybelle's face, I'll grant you, is no match for Alma Gristede's, but she more than makes up for it with the most gorgeous pair of kneecaps it has ever been my privilege to see.

I HAD long ago made my pitch to Maybelle Elihu, but I had come up empty. She always had ten or twelve guys hanging around her, and she told me I was welcome to join the group, but I declined with thanks. Convoy duty was not my idea of romance. What I wanted was a girl of my very own, which is why I was so pleased to come upon Alma Gristede.

I finished examining her face and sat back and smiled and said, "My name is Dobie Gillis."

"I am Alma Gristede," she said. "I am beautiful."

Well, sir, this took me aback, you may be sure! "Hey," I said, "that's my line."

"I know," she said. "I am trying to save time."

"What's your hurry?" I asked.

"I need to find a steady boy-friend," she said, and I need to find him quickly."

"Alma, doll," I said, reaching for her, "your search is over."

"Don't interrupt when I'm talking," she said, frowning.

"All right," I said, also frowning. She had a great face all right, but I was beginning to wonder about the head.

"My father builds bridges," Alma continued. "He is going to build one here. That's why we moved to town. We will stay here two years, maybe three, and then we will move to another town where my father will build another bridge. That is the story of my life—moving from town to town, from bridge to bridge, never staying long enough to sink roots. That's why I do not have any emotional security."

"Poor baby!" I said, taking her hands.

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# The Life and Loves of Dobie Gillis

"Yes," she said, taking them back. "But I am beautiful." "You are that," I agreed, taking her hands again. "Let go of my hands," she said. "I sometimes have to make gestures to emphasise a point."

"Sorry," I said, returning her hands.

"Where was I?"

"You're beautiful."

"Yes, I am beautiful. Wherever I go, dozens of boys come swarming around. But I do not want dozens of boys. That only breeds confusion. What I want is one boy to go steady with so I can sink roots and develop emotional security, even if it is only for a little while."

"Like I said, your search is over!" I cried, lunging for the hands again.

She snatched them away. "Wait!" she said. "Remember, I am beautiful. I don't have to go with just anybody. I can have my pick of the top boys in the school. . . . And I need a top boy, Dobie. For my emotional security, I need it."

"Well, I'm top," I said.

"Oh," she said doubtfully. "Are you a Champion Athlete?"

"No, but —"

"Are you a marvy Jazz Musician?"

"No, but —"

"Are you Editor of the school paper? President of Student Council?"

"No, but —"

"Well, who are you then that you should rate a girl as beautiful as me?"

I chuckled. Now I had her. "It just so happens," I said casually, "that I am the smartest guy in the whole ninth grade."

She nodded thoughtfully. "Well, that's something," she allowed. "But how do I know it's true?"

I chuckled once more. "Since the first grade I have got nothing but straight A's. My mother saved all my report cards. I will bring them to you in the morning."

"No," she said, "that won't prove you're the smartest guy in the ninth grade. That will only prove you were the smartest guy in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Who knows what will happen this year? Maybe you'll go into a slump. Maybe somebody smarter will come along."

"But —"

"No, Dobie, I can't risk it. I must have a boy who is top right now, and all you've got is a potential."

"Listen," I said, starting to sweat, "wait till the marks come out. You'll see how top I am."

"This is September, Dobie. The marks won't be out till January. I can't wait that long for emotional security."

"Alma —"

"Goodbye, Dobie," she said, and stood up and walked away. Suddenly my heart was heavy and my throat was so tight that I could not eat my lunch because I knew that unless I could have Alma Gristede for my own there was no joy in the world.

The next morning I brought my old report cards to school, but Alma wouldn't even look at them. All day long I chased her, and all day long she brushed me off.

But worse than that, guys kept flocking around her and I saw her interviewing them, one after another, and I knew she would soon make her choice and I

would be cooked for good and all.

That night I slunk up to my room and pressed my fevered brow against the cool window-pane.

Leaning there against the window, slack with misery, I noticed Nate Gahagan in his backyard, and suddenly I was hit with the greatest idea of my entire life. I opened my window, slid off the eaves, ran next door, and grabbed Nate. "Nate, buddy," I yelled. "I want you to do me a big favor. I want you to start going steady with Alma Gristede."

"You got to be kidding," said Nate.

"I know you don't like girls and all," I said, "but please do this for me. I want you to go steady with Alma so none of the other guys can grab her. It's only till next January, because in January the marks come out and I will be top in the class like always, and then I will take Alma off your hands."

"I don't dig," said Nate.

"Never mind," I said. "Just do it, okay?"

"Oh, all right, I'll do it," said Nate, and we shook hands, and the next morning he asked Alma to go steady, which, of course, she was thrilled to do, as what girl wouldn't be with the best athlete in the whole John Marshall even if his brainpower wasn't everything a person could hope for?

And me, I just grinned and studied very hard so I would be sure to get the best marks in the class in January, and the time went by, not fast, not slow, and Christmas came and New Year and the first two weeks in January, and then it was exam week.

I came to school a happy, rosy-cheeked youth. I was ready for the tests; I was going to get Alma back; the world was my oyster. Whistling like a bird I walked down the corridor to my classroom. There, outside the door, stood Alma and Nate.

"Good morning," I said cheerfully.

They didn't answer. They didn't look at me.

"What's up?" I said, feeling a first tiny chill.

"Alma," said Nate, "you go inside. I'll tell him."

"All right, Nate," said Alma, and went into the classroom.

"Tell me what?" I said, licking my lips.

"Dobie," said Nate, turning red and looking at the floor, "this is a pretty crummy thing to do, but I can't help it. . . . Dobie, I'm not going to give Alma back to you, no matter how good your marks are. . . . Dobie, I'm going to keep her."

"Huh?" I croaked.

"Yeah," he mumbled, getting redder. "All of a sudden I like girls. Anyhow, I like Alma and I can't give her up."

I stood there with my jaw hanging open.

"You can hit me with all your might in the stomach if you want to," said Nate.

But I couldn't hit him. I couldn't talk, couldn't think. All I could do was shamble into the room and flop at my desk, and when they put the exam in front of me it might as well have been Egyptian hieroglyphics for all I understood it. And the same with all my other exams, and now you know how come I got

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all F's on my mid-term report card.

And so began the winter of my discontent. Ma was on my back all the time, screaming, clutching me to her bosom, frisking me for switchblades. But that wasn't the worst; the worst was seeing Alma and Nate at school every day.

I was seriously thinking of chucking everything and taking Holy orders when all of a sudden, out of the blue, Fate stepped in and took a hand.

It was the night of the John Marshall-Daniel Webster basketball game. We beat them 74 to 21, and Nate alone scored—

are you ready?—62 points! Can you believe it? Nate Gahagan in one game all by himself scored 62 points!

Well, sir, it was pandemonium! The stands were screaming and yelling like maniacs all through the game—everyone but me—and when the game was over they gathered outside the locker-room to wait for Nate and cheer him some more.

Nate took his shower and dressed and came outside grinning like an ape. A mighty roar went up and Nate doffed his cap and started walking over to Alma.

But he never got to her. Maybelle Elihu, our drum major, suddenly came running out of the crowd and flung herself on Nate and said, "Nate, you are divine! I will give up all my other boys if you will go steady with me!"

Well, sir, that gave Nate pause, you may be sure! He stood there scratching his head for a while. Then he looked at Alma's face and then he looked at Maybelle's face. Then he looked at Alma's kneecaps and then he looked at Maybelle's kneecaps.

Then he made the only possible decision a guy could make. "Okay, hey," he said to Maybelle, and gave her his arm and they walked off together into the night.

I'm kind of ashamed to say it, but for a minute I was glad. In fact, real glad. "Ha, ha! Serves you right!" I yelled and gave Alma a whack on the back.

THEN I looked at Alma's face—droopy and miserable—and I wasn't glad any more. I was full of pity and tenderness, and I laid my hand gently on her shoulder and said, "Alma, baby, I'm sorry. Let me help you pick up the shattered pieces of your life and together we will make a bright new tomorrow!"

"Oh, go away, you wretched, runty, nondescript boy!" snarled Alma, pounding my chest.

Well, if I was miserable before, now I was six times as miserable.

I slunk around the streets, gnashing and moaning, till all hours of the night, and then I made the mistake of going home. Ma was in shock. She was positive I'd been out holding up gas stations, and she screamed and clutched and carried on like a wild thing, and if Pa hadn't of come in and restrained her with a hammerlock I never would of got to sleep.

The next day was Saturday, and at 10 a.m. the following people came into my bedroom: Mr. Lambretta, principal of John

Marshall; Mr. Weitz, boys' gym teacher of John Marshall; Officer Mulcahy, cop on the beat at John Marshall; Nate Gahagan; Ma; Pa.

I sat up in bed. I rubbed my eyes. "Huh?" I said.

"Oh, Dobie!" screamed Ma, clutching me to her bosom. "Why did you do it?"

"Please, Mrs. Gillis," said Officer Mulcahy. "I will do the investigation."

MA stepped back. Officer Mulcahy stepped forward. "Dobie, where were you last night?" he said.

"No place in particular," I said. "Just walking around by myself."

"You didn't stop anywhere?" asked Officer Mulcahy. "Nobody saw you?"

"No," I said. "What's up?"

"Dobie," said Mr. Weitz, the gym teacher, "last night after the basketball game somebody got into the locker-room and opened Nat Gahagan's locker and took out all his athletic equipment and hacked it to pieces."

"Oh, Dobie, why did you do it?" screamed Ma.

"Now, Mrs. Gillis," said Mr. Lambretta, the principal, "we are not accusing Dobie. He is not the only suspect."

No, thought I, I am not the only suspect. There is another one and her name is Alma Gristede, and she did it as sure as death and taxes.

"Mr. Lambretta," I said, "have you talked to the other suspect yet?"

"Not yet," he said.

I nodded. I knew now what I had to do. I would confess to the crime. I would shield the woman I loved. And Alma would know I was lying to protect her, and her heart would be chockful of love and gratitude and shame, and she would know that I was a top guy, and she would be mine, mine, mine!

"Officer Mulcahy," I said, "you don't have to look any further. I did the deed."

Ma slammed a headlock on me. "Why, baby, why?" she screamed.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess because I'm full of ferment and torment."

Ma dropped me and clutched Pa to her bosom. "Oh, Herbert," she screamed, "we must do something! We must take steps!"

Officer Mulcahy turned to Nate. "Do you want to press charges?"

"Heck, no," said Nate. "I was mean and rotten to Dobie and I'm glad he got even."

"Well, it's no longer a police matter," said Officer Mulcahy.

"But it's still a school matter," said Mr. Lambretta.

"Dobie, be in my office at eight-thirty Monday."

Then they all left except Ma and Pa. Ma paced like a tiger and screamed like an eagle, but I didn't pay too much attention, because I was thinking about Alma. I knew the news would get to her soon, and then I knew she would call me, and sure enough she did. Promptly at noon the phone rang.

"Dobie," she said in a strange, small voice, "when can I see you?"

"I'll be right over," I said, and ran like the wind to her house.

"Dobie," she said, big tears standing in her big eyes, "what you did was the finest thing I

ever heard of in my whole life, and if you will have me I am yours."

"Alma, I will have you," I said, and kissed her beautiful face.

Well, I suppose you're thinking this grim and grisly story has a happy ending after all. Well, you are wrong by a country mile. Ahead lays tragedy.

And it happened the very same night. I spent all Saturday afternoon with Alma, nuzzling and smooching and like that, and when I got home I was a serene and fulfilled man. But the minute I walked into the house I knew something was amiss.

I looked around. Then I saw what it was: Pa was not in his contour chair. He was standing up. Ma was standing up, too, but she was standing behind Pa, which is not where you usually find her. Also my kid brother was quiet, a condition which is not normal to my kid brother, or anybody else's, either.

"Hello, Dobie," said my father. This was maybe the second or third time he ever spoke to me.

THERE was a silence of three or four minutes, and then Ma poked Pa in the back and then he spoke. "Dobie," he said, "your mother and I have been discussing your case, and we have come to a conclusion, so please do not argue, because your mother has made up our mind."

"Yes?" I said, getting scared by the second, knowing in my bones that I was not put on this earth to be happy. And I was right, because here is what Pa said. I quote:

"Dobie," he said, "you are a member of the shoo-op generation, as evidenced by your last report card and your vandalism in the locker of Nate Gahagan. Therefore, for your sake and the safety of society, your mother and I have decided to send you away to a military academy, so you will kindly go upstairs and start packing, because you leave first thing in the morning."

I looked at Pa and I looked at Ma behind him, and I knew argument was no use, so I gave one loud, hoarse animal cry and went upstairs and packed, and today I am at a military academy on the banks of the Monongahela, three hundred miles from Alma Gristede.

Life is barren and I would have hurled myself into the Monongahela long ago, but one slim hope sustains me. There is a bridge near the school that is getting rickety, and I cling to the slender possibility that maybe the town will decide to build a new bridge and maybe they will call Alma Gristede's father to build it and maybe she will be mine again.

What I better do is get good marks so I can get lots of off-duty time and buy a sledgehammer and start hacking away at the supports of the bridge.

I mean, the Lord helps those who help themselves.

**NEXT WEEK: Dobie makes a deal with Red Knees Baker.**

This series of stories is from Max Shulman's book "I Was a Teenage Dwarf," by arrangement with the publisher, Bernard Geis Associates.

# HAIR-DO Magic

Two smart girls — fair-haired Sheila and Ali, a cute brunette — show how, in next to no time, you can have three different hairstyles that really work magic. All you need is one basic set for all three styles — a wonderful idea for teenagers during the Christmas holidays. Just wash or damp your hair thoroughly, set as directed, and comb as shown in the pictures.



**THE BASIC SET.** Sheila's top front hair is rolled backward and under. The shorter side hair is rolled under. Lower half is turned under in three neat rows of pin-curls.

**Cutting points:** Sheila's hair is cut forward from the crown and to the temples in a half-circle about 3in. in length. The lower hair is shaped about 2in. below the chin-line, dipping another 1in. at the back, forming an arc.

● Below, Sheila has her hair lifted at centre front, the sides swept up and back and pinned over a bit of false fluff to give that smooth roll. In the centre Sheila's hair is smooth on top, down at the temples, sides and back brushed over the hand to give that full look. At right her party hair-do has a smooth top, the sides brushed up and out, ends very feathery.



**FRENCH TWIST** is made by brushing hair to one side, rolling upward into a twist. Brush shorter hair over top of twist.



**CASUAL STYLE.** For this easy-care "do," comb long hair into a page-boy and brush top hair back into soft, casual curves.



**GLAMOR HAIR-DO.** Leave the page-boy, but whisk upper hair into air with a brush. Brush short hair up, let fall in shining waves.



**THE BASIC SET.** Ali's hair is set with rollers on top, backwards and down. The sides of shorter hair are rolled under. Longer hair is set in pin-curls turned under, short bangs are taped to forehead.

**Cutting points:** Ali's hair is cut in a horseshoe shape from temple to temple, a headband shape over the crown. This hair is pulled forward and cut at eye-level. Lower hair is cut at chin level, dips 1in. at back.

● Ali's hair (below) is really two lengths, with crown hair cut to the top of her ears. In the first hair-do top hair is kept soft, the sides pulled back and pinned close in an upswept line. The second style "weaves" top hair, pulls side and back hair to make a french knot. Ali's third style is a split-level page-boy, the top hair softly curly, the longer hair turned under.



**UPSWEPT HAIR-DO.** For this style Ali makes the same french twist as Sheila but pins it flatter so that short hairs form a cap.



**BASKET-WEAVE COMB** is made by sectioning the top hair into four reverse combings, letting each section fall over the other.



**CASUAL HAIRSTYLE.** Here the top hair is fluffed on top, lower hair is combed into soft, sleek page-boy that is very fetching.

Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Should we elope?

"WE are two girls of 17 and we are very pretty and have good figures. We are in love with two very nice boys who are 19. They love us very much and wish to marry us as soon as possible. Our parents are very old-fashioned and will not allow us to marry. Do you think we should elope or obey our parents?"

"Anxious and Worried," N.S.W.

You should obey your parents—indeed you must obey your parents until you are 21, the age when you can marry without their consent.

"Eloping," as talked about in books and reported cases from overseas, always

sounds terribly romantic. It is generally accepted as meaning to run away and be secretly married, but it does not mean that at all. What it means literally is "to run away from husband or home with a lover, to abscond," and to live with this lover, unmarried.

If either of you did this and was discovered living in such circumstances, it is more than likely that the Child Welfare Department would investigate and institute court proceedings.

But really I think you mean "marry without your parents' permission" when you asked did I think you should elope.

I have so often been asked this question lately that I have gone into the whole situation. Here it is:

In New South Wales you must have the consent of both your parents if they are living, and living together, if you wish to marry before you are 21. If both or either of your parents refuse permission, and you still want to marry before you are 21, the only way you can do so legally is by applying to the court for permission.

To do this, you make an application to the court in the town or district in which you live. The court informs your parents of your application. If your parents attend the court, the magistrate considers their viewpoint as well as yours and makes his decision accordingly. If they don't attend, he weighs your evidence and gives the decision which he thinks is right.

He may say yes, he may not. But if he does say yes, you may marry before you are 21.

If your parents are divorced or separated, consent to a marriage must be given by the parent to whom the court has given custody of the child. If both parents have part custody, both parents' permission for the marriage must be given.

If your parents are not divorced, but one parent has deserted the other, the deserted parent's consent must be obtained. And if both parents have been deprived by a court of the custody of their child, consent must be obtained from the person to whom the court gave custody.

In all these cases, if permission is denied, the parties may apply, as in the first case, to the court for permission to marry. This is the basic situation in all Australian States—there is no State in which you can marry under 21 without consent.

Some young people talk airily of deliberately giving the wrong age so that they may be married before they are 21. If they do so they are taking a very big risk. In New South Wales all ages given are verified by the Registrar-General's Department. If they find that the wrong age has been given by either or both parties they immediately report the matter to the police. The couple concerned then face a possible police prosecution for giving this false information, an offence against the Crimes Act and the Marriage Act.

You can see from the information just how serious the whole situation is. I'd just wait if I were you two. You



### The meaning of a wink

"EVERY time I pass a certain man, he winks at me. I was once told that a wink meant, 'If I was close enough I'd kiss you.' He has made no attempt to ask me out. What do you think his attitude towards me is? He is about 22 and I am 18. Also, is it ladylike to run?"

C.K., Vic.

It is quite ladylike to run, indeed at times it is necessary. How else would you catch the bus? But don't run if a boy winks at you, keep walking. If you like the boy give him a little smile.

I've never heard of a wink meaning that a boy would like to kiss you, but I know that it used to be regarded as more than a friendly gesture. Today it has come to be more of a greeting, a kind of silent "Hi!" Sometimes it is a special little signal between special friends, sometimes it is a caress across a crowded room, sometimes just an acknowledgment as you pass in the street.

are both very young. If you really love each other the waiting time will deepen your love. If you don't, in a few years you will feel deeply grateful to your parents because they did refuse their permission to your early marriage.

### Dreamboat lost

"EVER since I have been going with boys I have searched for the perfect one, until recently I met the boy of my dreams. He is 6ft. 4in., dark, and handsome. I went with him for three months and fell in love. Then suddenly he left me for another girl. I still love him and miss him terribly, and would do anything to get him back. I am 17 and he is 21."

"Bewildered," S.A.

People who set a very high standard and won't settle for anything but dreamboat type men ought to have a long considering look in the mirror and have an I.Q. test. Obviously you didn't match your ideal in looks, glamor, or intelligence, or he'd still be yours. There is no way to get him back.

### Dancing problem

"SEVERAL months ago I was introduced to a charming young lass of my own age. I am a 16-year-old boy of average appearance. We have become good friends, writing to each other regularly. She has hinted a number of times that she would like me to take her dancing, but I have had to remain silent on this topic, because I have not yet learned to dance. The absence of this very necessary social ability on my part is caused, I feel, by two influences: a rather acute concern for my secondary school studies (which occupy most of my time), as well as an extremely overwhelming shyness which seems to have developed despite my efforts to overcome it. Could you please suggest a solution by means of which I might begin to increase my social standing to a fitting level without neglecting my education, as I think that her interest in me is waning?"

"Small One," N.S.W.

At 16, not being able to dance is no

great social problem. It doesn't really matter. Girls who don't like a boy because he can't dance aren't worth bothering about. I am sure you are not right when you say this about the girl in whom you are interested.

I do think it is time you started to learn to dance. When you read this, the school holidays will have begun and I think this would be a perfect time to start learning to dance.

Add up your pocket money or save it up and then consult the pink pages of the telephone directory and you'll find lots of dancing classes and dancing teachers listed. Choose one that is convenient — there are lots of suburban ones — and one that you can afford, and have a few lessons.

Tell your girl-friend what you are doing and ask her if you may practise with her, as when you are proficient you would like to take her dancing some time. I can see the two of you now dancing furiously to the radio and having a wonderful time.

If you are wondering how she will react, she will be both flattered and delighted to be in it with you. She may even suggest you have a lesson together, which would be ideal.

It worries me the way you teenagers get yourself tied in a knot emotionally and socially because basically you won't tell each other the truth. If you had been frank with this girl and told her you couldn't dance and couldn't learn during school time, she'd have understood and you'd have been saved some worry. Try being frank next time.

### Young and desperate

"I AM nearly 14. I like a boy very much who is nearly 15. He knows I like him a lot, and when he speaks to me I feel embarrassed because he only just likes me and is just being nice. I can't say I love him, but I like him very much. I have never liked a boy as much as I like him."

"Don't Know," N.S.W.

Leave the poor boy alone. You are far too young and are carrying on like someone desperate who's afraid of being left on the shelf.

### Competition winners

HERE are the winners of the Daily Telegraph competition "You Can Be Editor of the Daily Telegraph for five minutes..." which appeared in Teenagers' Weekly November 4 and 11.

Winners of H.M.V. all-transistor Nipper "45" Portable players:

R. J. Milne, Janet St. Merewether, Newcastle; Glory Michael, Ernest St., North Sydney; Maureen Martin, Ferro St., Lithgow; R. R. Schulze, Agricultural Experiment Station, Trangie; Lyn Singer, Stevens St., Ermington; Marjorie McLean, P.O., Alectown, via Parkes; Margaret Howey, Scenic Drive, Budgewoi; J. G. Hulme, Lennox St., Gordon; P. Prentice, Cross St., Waverley; R. Parker, 88 Carrington Ave., Hurstville.

In addition to the 10 prizes offered in the competition, the editor of the Daily Telegraph has awarded consolation prizes of £2/2/- each to the following:

J. Lee, Newcastle Boys' High School, Waratah; B. Daniels, Castlereagh Rd., Agnes Banks; J. Hastings, c/o Commonwealth Bank, Bellington; B. Yager, Ryedale Rd., Demistone; P. Goldshaft, Rosslyn St., Bellevue Hill; H. J. Kelly, Bundarra Rd., Inverell; R. Walker, Millar St., Drummoyne; Helen Bowden, Linestone Ave., Aindie; Pam Menzies, Pacific Highway, Belmont; Suzanne McDonald, Carrington St., Mayfield; Nancy Waser, Bishop St., Dubbo; Florence Kell, Anderson Ave., Liverpool.

# Teenagers' summer cruise



TEENAGERS from three States on Arcadia's sports deck are (from left) Annette Bottomley, 17, Anne Wilson, 19, both of Sydney, Carole Pollard, 18, Anne Kelleher, 19, both of Brisbane, Beverley Ingram, 19, of Cairns, Jocelyn Johnston, 20, of Gympie, Qld., Janice Hopkinson, 18, Alma Uhlmann, 20, Nicole Pobjoy, 19, all of Brisbane, Mary Hayward, 19, and Sue Rogers, 18, both of Adelaide.



TABLE TENNIS for brother and sister, Bill, 19, and Jan Pullman, 16, who show how they play the game back home in Fivedock, Sydney.

*IT was the holiday of a lifetime for teenagers on the P. & O. liner Arcadia's recent cruise to Tasmania and New Zealand. They'd worked hard to save the fare (ranging from £91 to super-duper luxury at £291) and had 14 days of wonderful fun.*



DECK TENNIS keeps you fit. Here Anne Kelleher and Annette Bottomley, in the near court, play a fast game with Anne Wilson, Carole Pollard.



BARN DANCES are a good way of mixing round and meeting people. Jan Pullman trips the measure with Leigh McRostie, 21, of Sydney.

DECK QUOITS on the sunny boat-deck for Keith Newton, 18, and Bill Pullman (right), watched by (from left) Leigh McRostie, Jan Pullman, Jacqueline Tripp, 19, Carmel Timothy, 21, and Bill Jordan, 19.



BY THE POOL and all set for a dip are (from left) Sandra Podmore, 17, of Sydney, Alma Uhlmann, Janice Hopkinson, and Nicole Pobjoy. Who'd miss the surf with the pool only minutes from your cabin?

# TEENA BY Lilla Terry



## A GUY on stuck-up girls blasts

# The High and Mighty!

- All too often a boy on an outing, or trying to arrange one, strikes that most annoying date of all—the stuck-up girl.

THIS lass is really a menace. For while other girls may be back-dates in some harmless ways the haughty sort is ten times worse because she's offensive.

Her attitudes cause her often to hold her dates up to ridicule.

Here are some examples of how even a beauty can mar her relationships with boys by being snooty.

A classic example of high-and-mighty behaviour is when a girl makes it clear after a date that a tram, bus, or train isn't good enough for her to travel home on. She has to have a taxi.

Even if it takes her escort's lunch money for the next few days to pay the fare, it doesn't worry her.

What she doesn't think of at the time is that while her wilful whim is driving her home it's driving her date — away!

Remember, girls, only the brave — and the well-behaved — deserve the (taxi) fare!

Another girl who puts on the sort

of dog that isn't a man's best friend is the lass who thinks other people's accents are crass.

She feels obliged to put a treeful of plums into her mouth when she's out.

A thought I hope girls like this will consider is that the jawbone of an ass was a killer in Samson's day — and it still is!

The name-dropper is a date-stopper, too.

She tries to impress her boy — but really only annoys him — by stud-

ding her conversation on a date with references to well-known people.

She usually does this to top some anecdote her escort has just told. Something, in a way, like the oriental "saving face" routine.

Of course, one easier way of saving face that these girls forget is the method of keeping the lower part of the face shut when they get the temptation to mention names purely for snob value.

The Dining-out Duchess is a date tucker-mucker. Because she dreams she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, she thinks that's all she should eat with. A hot-dog dinner would be beneath her dignity.

So she insists on her dates always taking her to eating places where on the bill of fare the fare is okay, but the bill is, for the boy, hard to stomach!

If this girl wants to eat out with boys regularly she ought to look before she leaps for the caviare. If she doesn't she'll find herself eating at home — with her dad instead of a lad.

The girl who puts boys she meets into social "classes" is another whose dignity I don't "dig."

She's the type who always wants to know what a boy's job and home

backgrounds are — not out of any genuine interest in him but just to see if he is socially acceptable by her warped set of values.

You've heard this girl talking about a date. "I was out with Bill," she'll say. "He went to Bloggs College, y'know, and now he works in his father's business. They've got a lovely house — 24 squares — at Smellvue Hill and pots of money..."

And when she lowers her standards and does graciously go out with a "commoner" she makes his nightlife a hell by bragging about her social butterflying and making odious comparisons.

Yes, this lass is very concerned with that dreary "U" (Upper Class) and "Non-U" (not classy) stuff and nonsense.

But while she might be "U" she's not for ME or thousands of other fellows.

If a girl wants to be a hit with guys she ought to watch out for the things I've mentioned and, if she's an offender, correct them.

For, as Mark Antony said when Cleopatra tried to queen it over him: "A girl who puts on dog is barking up the wrong tree!"

— Robin Adair

## No fan club, please

I'M against starting a fan club for Robin A. A fan club makes too much of an idol out of a person. While there are teenagers there'll always be fan clubs—but please don't spoil Robin's unaffected ways and charm by making him an idol. —JANICE IRVINE, Mullumbimby, N.S.W.



## do you dig Mack the Knife?

Not Louis' version of the song! "Mack the Knife" is the nickname given to Britain's Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, by some of the London newsmen. Did you know that? You would if you read the Daily Telegraph! And more and more of the younger set are doing just that — making sure they're equipped to join any conversation by reading the Telegraph's news, views, and features.

Think of the people you know who keep the chatter going easily and entertainingly in any situation—and in any group. Chances are they're regular readers of today's brightest newspaper, the Daily Telegraph.

They're the people who realise that preparation for a vivid, popular personality is just as essential as it is for a beautiful face. How about joining them by placing a regular order for the Daily Telegraph?

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY.

# Daily Telegraph

\* **CONTEST RESULTS!** See page 12.  
for full details of the  
"Be An Editor" competition prize-winners.



**Dig Richards**

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 23, 1959

... requires designed with reinforced-concrete construction to withstand wind

# ES

a new color  
Australian  
settings. Past  
Australian  
e changing  
the air. This  
comprehen-  
at Australia.



**THE LOVELY GARDEN** at "El-dor-moi" (Haven of Rest), the home of Mrs. R. M. O'Brien, of West Street, Toowoomba, Queensland. Mrs. O'Brien began the garden herself 10 years ago, clearing the ground (a big old paddock), laying the lawns, and planting trees, shrubs, and flowers. Mrs. O'Brien "gardens madly" from April to December, then rests the garden and herself in late summer.

Picture by Mrs. E. E. Crook-King, of Toowoomba, Queensland.

**"KIAH LAKE,"** home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Allen, nestles under shelter of Barney's Range, near Berri-dale, N.S.W. Built of stone quarried from the property during the 19th century, the house faces the cold south. Mr. Allen (whose family went to "Kiah Lake" in 1903) says: "Settlers who came to the district in the early days were from England, where 'south' means a warm aspect. They built here as they would have at home."

life of him see her doing anything more strenuous than swinging on a gilt swing. And the turn the conversation next took fairly curled his whiskers!

"I see you've been decorated," said Miss Bianca politely. (She was naturally familiar with medals, and orders, and ribbons.) "May I ask what it is for?"

"Gallantry in Face of Cats," muttered Bernard. First to his chagrin, then to his astonishment, she burst into musical laughter.

"In face of cats? How very droll! I dote on cats!" laughed Miss Bianca. "Or rather," she added sentimentally, "on one particular cat... a most beautiful Persian, white as I am myself, belonging to the Boy's mother. I used to play in his fur; I'm told we made rather a pretty picture... Alas, he is no more," sighed Miss Bianca, "but for his sake all cats will ever be dear to me!"

Bernard was absolutely speechless. He didn't disbelieve Miss Bianca; he could just imagine some pampered lap-cat fat enough and drowsy enough to have lost all natural instincts; but what an appalling thought—a mouse going out into the world alone, on a mission of danger, not afraid of cats!

"My poor playfellow! Ah, me!" sighed Miss Bianca tenderly.

"Look here, you've got to promise—" began Bernard, and gave up. There was a dreamy look in her eyes which warned him, though he didn't know much about women, that it was the wrong moment to run cats down. Instead, he attempted to console her.

"You've got all this," he pointed out, looking round at the swings and the see-saws and the fountain.

"And what trifling it seems!" sighed Miss Bianca. "What trifling it must seem, especially to you, compared with the real and earnest life of a pantry!"

Bernard drew a deep breath. Now or never, he thought!

"Would you like to do something real and earnest, too, Miss Bianca?"

**M**ISS BIANCA hesitated. Her lovely eyes were for a moment veiled.

"No," said Miss Bianca decidedly. "I'm so fond, you see, of the Boy. And he is so attached to me, how many times have I not heard him call me his only friend! I feel so long as I do my duty to the Boy, my existence, however frivolous it may appear, is in fact quite earnest enough."

"That's one way of looking at it," said Bernard glumly. (They should have sent Madam Chairwoman, he thought, not him. Madam Chairwoman could talk about duty quite wonderfully.) "All the same," he persisted, "you're not with the Boy all the time. You're not with him now, for instance." (There was considerable point in this; it is at night that mice most want to be up and doing, and are most bored by inactivity.)

"Actually, now that you've no longer your h'm, playfellow, I really don't see how you occupy yourself."

"Well, as a matter of fact," said Miss Bianca modestly, "I write."

Bernard gaped. He had never met a writer before! Though he was terribly afraid of wasting time, he couldn't

## Continuing . . . THE RESCUERS

from page 27

help asking, "What?"

"Poetry," confessed Miss Bianca.

How Bernard's heart leapt! For so was the Norwegian prisoner a poet!

What a wonderful, fortunate coincidence! The very thing to make Miss Bianca change her mind! Without giving himself time to think, and without any transition, Bernard blurted it all out—all about the Prisoners' Aid Society, all about the great enterprise, all about Miss Bianca's part in it, all about everything.

The result was exactly what might have been expected. Miss Bianca fainted clean away.

Desperately Bernard slapped her hands, fanned her face, leaped to the hidden spring, turned on the fountain, with incredible agility leaped again and caught a drop of water before it subsided, sprinkled Miss Bianca's forehead. Second, passed, a long minute, before the dark eyelashes fluttered and Miss Bianca came to.

"Where am I?" she murmured faintly.

"Here, in your own Porcelain Pagoda," reassured Bernard. "I am Bernard from the Pantry."

"Go away!" shrieked Miss Bianca.

"If you'll only listen quietly—"

"I won't hear any more!" cried Miss Bianca. "I don't want anything to do with you! Go away, go away, go away!"

Greatly daring, Bernard caught both her hands and pressed them between his own. The action seemed to steady her. She stopped trembling.

"Dear, dearest Miss Bianca," said Bernard fervently, "if I could take your place, do you think I wouldn't? To spare you the least inconvenience, I'd walk into cat-baskets! But I can't travel by Diplomatic Bag, I can't get to Norway in twenty-four hours. Nor can anyone else. You, and you alone, can be this poor chap's saviour."

At least she was listening, and at least she didn't push Bernard away. She even left her hands in his.

"And a poet!" went on Bernard. "Only consider, dear Miss Bianca—a poet like yourself! How can you bear to think of him, alone in a deep dark dungeon, when one word from you—"

"Is that really all?" whispered Miss Bianca. "Just one word?"

"Well, of course you've got to say it to the right mouse," admitted Bernard honestly. "And to find him I dare say you'll have to go into pretty rough quarters. I tell you my blood boils when I think of it—"

"Why?" whispered Miss Bianca. "Why does your blood boil?"

"Because you're so beautiful!" cried Bernard recklessly. "It's not fair to ask you to be brave as well! You should be protected and cherished and loved and honored, and I for my part ask nothing better than to lie down and let you walk on me!"

Miss Bianca rested her head lightly against his shoulder.

"You give me such a good opinion of myself," she said softly, "perhaps I could be brave as well . . ."

Poem by Miss Bianca, written that night:  
"Though timid beats the female heart,  
Tempered by only Cupid's fires,  
The touch of an heroic hand  
With unaccustomed bravery inspires."  
M.B.

Three days later Miss Bianca was in Norway.

The journey, as usual, had given her not the least trouble. She travelled as usual in the Diplomatic Bag, where she amused herself by reading secret documents.

Precisely twenty-four hours after departure she was re-installed in her Porcelain Pagoda in the Boy's new schoolroom in Oslo, the capital of Norway.

It was then her mission really began; with, in Miss Bianca's opinion, far too much left to her own initiative. She



was simply to seek out the bravest mouse in Norway! Without the slightest idea where he was to be found—or indeed where any mice were to be found! For Miss Bianca's life had been so remarkably sheltered, she really didn't know anything at all about how other mice lived. Except for Bernard, she had never even spoken to one.

Except for Bernard . . . Miss Bianca's thoughts flew to him so readily, she felt quite angry with herself. Now that the excitement of their midnight meeting was past, she couldn't help recognising that good and brave as Bernard was, he was also completely undistinguished. Yet how kind and resourceful when she faints!

How understanding, when she came to, of all her doubts and fears! And how lost in admiration, how absolutely overcome, when she finally accepted her heroic task!

"I must be worthy," thought Miss Bianca. And mentally added, "Of the Prisoners' Aid Society."

So the very first night in her new quarters, she set out.

No one knew she was so slim that she could squeeze between the gilded palings of her pleasure-ground. Certainly the Boy didn't know it. But she could.

The door of the new schoolroom didn't quite fit.

In the morning no doubt someone would see to it; in the meantime Miss Bianca slipped under. Outside, immediately, she still felt pretty well at home—all Embassies being much of a muckness.

There was first a broad corridor, then a broad landing, then a grand staircase leading down to a great grand entrance-hall.

Miss Bianca, who had an eye for carpets, even recognised everywhere familiar patterns. But she hadn't so far encountered any other mouse. "The pantry!" thought Miss Bianca—remembering Bernard again. "But where on earth are pantries?"

However sheltered, all women have certain domestic instincts. Miss Bianca was pretty sure she ought to get lower down.

She also knew about service-lifts. Passing from the entrance-hall into the dining-room, and observing a gap in its panelling, left open by a careless footman, up Miss Bianca ran to investigate. There inside, sure enough, were the proper ropes.

"Obviously connected with the pantry," thought Miss Bianca, climbing on. When

"Anyone from the Prisoners' Aid, ma'am," he said forthrightly, "finds all here ready and willing at the first tide. Just pick your chap, and he'll put himself under orders."

"How splendid!" said Miss Bianca, greatly encouraged. "Though how can I pick, stranger as I am? You must tell me, who is the bravest?"

"All of 'em," replied the Petty Officer. "All our lads are brave equally. Look about for yourself, ma'am, and count the Tybalt Stars!" (There was one on his own chest, with clasp.) "Some may look a bit rough to a lady—a pipe down there, you by the bar!—but as to being brave, each and all rate A.1. at Lloyd's."

Miss Bianca still felt any decision quite beyond her.

"Won't you choose for me?" she begged. "Of course it should really be a volunteer—but if you could give me any indication—"

The Petty Officer simply reached out a hand and clapped it on the nearest shoulder—only then looking round to see whom he'd got.

"You, Nils!" he snapped.

"You a volunteer?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Nils.

"Not a family man, or anything of that sort?"

"Not me," said Nils. Several of his friends round the bar roared with laughter.

"Willing to put yourself under this lady's orders?"

"Please, under the orders of the Prisoners' Aid Society!" cried Miss Bianca.

"All comes to the same thing," said the Petty Officer.

"You just tell Nils what to do, ma'am, and Nils he will do it."

With that, as though no more had been settled than who was to run into the next room, all returned to singing and shouting and standing each other rounds of beer, and Nils and Miss Bianca were left alone.

She looked at him attentively. He was indeed rough to a degree. His sea-boots smelt of tar, and his stocking-cap had obviously never been washed since it was knitted. But he had good steady eyes, and he appeared quite unperturbed.

As simply as possible, Miss Bianca outlined the situation.

in fact sometimes the moments ran into each other and made hours of repose.)

Even if she shouted she couldn't have made herself heard, and Miss Bianca had never shouted in her life! She stood utterly at a loss, trembling with dismay; until at last a mouse nearby turned and saw her, and immediately uttered a long, low whistle. It was vulgar, but it did the trick. Head after head turned in Miss Bianca's direction; and so spectacular was her fair beauty, silence fell at last like a refreshing dew.

"Forgive me for joining you uninvited," said Miss Bianca nervously, "but I am a delegate from the Prisoners' Aid Society, seeking the bravest mouse in Norway, on behalf of a Norwegian poet imprisoned in our parts."

Simply as she spoke, it was with a touching grace. Several mice at once cuffed one another for want of respect to the lady. Several tankards were kicked under benches. One of the soberest of seafarers, who looked as though he might be a Petty Officer, stepped forward and touched his cap.

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"Please, under the orders of the Prisoners' Aid Society!" cried Miss Bianca.

"All comes to the same thing," said the Petty Officer.

"You just tell Nils what to do, ma'am, and Nils he will do it."

With that, as though no more had been settled than who was to run into the next room, all returned to singing and shouting and standing each other rounds of beer, and Nils and Miss Bianca were left alone.

She looked at him attentively. He was indeed rough to a degree. His sea-boots smelt of tar, and his stocking-cap had obviously never been washed since it was knitted. But he had good steady eyes, and he appeared quite unperturbed.

As simply as possible, Miss Bianca outlined the situation.

She hoped he was taking it all in—he was so very unperturbed!—Also he would keep humming softly under his breath.

"You're quite sure you understand?" she said anxiously. "How you travel in the first place I must leave to you—"

"Why, by ship—o' course," said Nils.

"I believe the capital is some distance from the nearest port," warned Miss Bianca. "Ship and dinghy, then," said Nils. "Wherever there's towns there's water—stands to reason—and wherever there's water, there us Norwegians can go."

"How resourceful you are," exclaimed Miss Bianca admiringly. "As to reaching the Black Castle itself, for that Madam Chairwoman will have a plan. You must get in touch with her immediately, at the Moot-house."

**F**OR the first time, Nils looked uneasy.

"Could you let me have a chart, ma'am? On shore I'm a bit apt to lose my bearings."

"Certainly," said Miss Bianca. "If you will give me the materials, I'll do it now."

After a little searching, Nils produced from one of his boots a paper bag and a stump of red chalk. (He found several other things first, such as half a pair of socks, a box of sticking-plaster, a double six of dominoes, a ball of twine, and a folding corkscrew.) Miss Bianca sat down at a table and smoothed the bag flat.

At the end of ten minutes, all she had produced was a sort of very complicated spider-web.

The Moot-house was in the middle—that was quite clear; but the rest was just a muddle of criss-cross lines. Miss Bianca felt so ashamed, she rapidly sketched a lady's hat—just to show she really could draw—and began again.

"Hadden't you best start with the points of the compass, ma'am?" suggested Nils.

Miss Bianca, alas, had never even heard of compass-points!

"You put them in," she said, turning the paper over. Nils took the chalk and marked top and bottom, then each side, with an N, an S, an E, and a W. Then he gave the chalk back, and Miss Bianca again put a dot in the middle for the Moot-house—and again, out of sheer nervousness, drew a lady's hat round it. (The garden-party sort, with a wide brim and a wreath of roses.) Nils studied it respectfully.

"That I'd call clear as daylight," said he. "You should ha' set your compass first." He laid a finger on one of the roses. "Them, I take it, would be duckponds?"

"Oh, dear!" thought Miss Bianca. She knew perfectly well where the Moot-house stood—Bernard had explained everything so clearly—but she just couldn't, it seemed, put her knowledge on paper. And here was good brave Nils preparing to set forth with no more guide than a garden-party hat!

"Yes," said Miss Bianca recklessly. "Those are duckponds . . ."

An idea was forming in her mind, an idea so extraordinary and thrilling, her heart at once began to beat faster.

To be continued

## Continuing ... THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

and, so we now have his address here in Los Angeles. An apartment at Sixteen-thirty-two Monroe.

Mason pushed back his chair.

"We could at least have the details," Drake pointed out. "Mason shook his head. 'Then I'd be interviewing a witness with liquor on our breaths. You can't tell where this man is into the picture. If he is connected with the studios, he was up there under false pretences, well—'

"You mean you're going to see him a rough time?"

"Kough time? No," Mason said. "I'll make him the murderer before I get done if this thing keeps going the way it's headed. That's why it's absolutely imperative that we get him ahead of the police and that we don't have liquor on our breaths."

They hurried out of the restaurant, redeemed their car, and drove in silence the half mile to the sixteen-hundred block on Delrose Avenue.

Mason eased the car into the parking place. They walked up to the apartment house. Mason consulted the directory in the front and pressed the button opposite the name of Edgar Carlisle.

When there was no answer Mason pressed three or four of the other buttons. Finally someone buzzed the door open. The three of them walked into the lobby.

"What now?" Drake asked.

"Now," Mason said, "we go up to the second floor and go down to apartment two-four-two just to give it a once-over."

They climbed the stairs, then walked on down the hall. A door opened abruptly. A beautiful blonde, attired in a tight-fitting suit, sized Perry Mason up, smiled and said, "Were you the one who buzzed my apartment?"

Mason bowed deferentially. "It was a mistake. Forgive me."

"Oh." Her face showed disappointment, then she slowly

closed the door and they walked on down the corridor.

"Let's hope she didn't recognise you," Paul Drake said.

"Well," Mason said, "she abruptly broke off and said, 'Paul, there's a light in two-four-two. You can see a thread of light through the bottom of the door.'"

"Well," Drake said, "you don't suppose our man is home but not answering the bell, do you? Gosh, Perry, let's not discover another corpse!"

The trio moved on cautiously. Behind the somewhat flimsy door of 242 a typewriter exploded into noise.

Mason raised his hand and tapped gently on the door.

The door was jerked open and a man's angry face confronted them. "How did you get in here?" he demanded. "When I don't answer my bell it's because I don't want to be disturbed! Now beat it!"

"Edgar Carlisle?" Mason asked.

"Yes, I'm Edgar Carlisle, and I'm working."

He started to close the door. Drake eased a shoulder and arm in the door. "Wait a minute, buddy," he said. "Take a look at this." Drake flashed credentials showing that he was a licensed private detective.

"Now wait a minute, wait a minute. What's all this about?" Carlisle asked.

"We have a few questions to ask you."

"Get lost," Carlisle told him. "I'm working against a deadline. Come back when I'm finished."

"How long is it going to take you to finish?" Mason asked.

"A little after midnight."

"Well, then, it won't get finished," Mason told him. "The police will be here before then."

"The police? What are you talking about?"

"Mauvis Meade and murder," Mason said.

Carlisle blinked his eyes. "What are you talking about—Mauvis Meade and murder?"

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"Your weekend at Summit Inn," Mason explained. "Your representation that you were with the publicity department of American States Producers Studios and the murder of an unidentified corpse on the mountain."

"Who—who are you?" "My name's Mason," the lawyer said. "This is my secretary, Miss Street, and Paul Drake. You have already seen Paul Drake's credentials."

Carlisle's face showed that anger was giving way to con-

personate anyone or anything. I simply made a statement, and, as it happens, the statement was true."

Mason walked over to the typewriter, looked down at the sheet of paper.

"It will only cost you twenty-five cents to read that in Pacific Coast Personalities," Carlisle said.

Mason paid no attention to him, but stood looking down at the paper in the typewriter. When he had finished reading he sat down and said, "So you're doing an article on Mauvis Niles Meade. And you

"And what did she say?"

"She said she'd be there."

"But she didn't show up."

"She didn't show up. She sent her secretary, Gladys Doyle."

"And from Gladys Doyle you got enough information for an article?"

"That's right."

"What makes you think Pacific Coast Personalities is interested in such an article?"

Carlisle said angrily, "Because I'm a professional writer, because the article has been bought and paid for, and I have a deadline delivery date of tomorrow noon, in case that means anything to you. Now I'd like to know by what right you come barging in here asking questions."

Mason said, "As I told you, my name is Mason. I'm an attorney. I'm—"

"Wait a minute!" Carlisle exclaimed. "You're not Perry Mason?"

Mason nodded.

"Heavens!" Carlisle said. "Of course you are! I should have recognised you."

"Wait a minute!" Carlisle said. "I should have recognised you."

PERRY said, "All right, I'll assume for the moment that you're acting in good faith as a freelance writer. Now suppose you tell us about that trip to Summit Inn."

"Why?" Carlisle asked.

"Because," Mason said, "after leaving Summit Inn, Miss Doyle lost her way. She got stuck in a deep mudhole, spent the night in a strange cabin, woke up in the morning, and found a murdered man in the bedroom. There's every reason to believe that you were instrumental in getting her up on the mountain, and there's a distinct possibility that Mauvis Meade was the person who was to have been trapped, or perhaps the person who was to have been murdered."

"No!" Carlisle exclaimed.

"Now then, you say that you are working for Pacific Coast Personalities?"

Carlisle nodded.

"You have an order for an article?"

"From Dale Robbins himself. He's the editor and publisher."

"You were commissioned personally?"

"That's right."

"You talked with Mr. Robbins personally?"

"Well, it was personally," Carlisle said, "but the conversation took place on the telephone."

"Do you know Robbins when you see him?"

"Sure—that is, I've met him. He probably wouldn't remember me. I met him at a writers' club meeting."

"Tell me exactly what happened."

"Well, it was Thursday afternoon. The telephone rang and it was Dale Robbins on the line. He congratulated me on an article I'd had published in Television Personalities of the Day. He said that as soon as he read it he felt that I could do an article on Mauvis Meade."

"Well, he told me that he'd give me a firm order for such an article and that he'd pay a thousand dollars for thirty-five hundred words."

"He suggested that I meet her up at the Summit Inn. He said she had a room up there that she kept on a monthly basis, that she was up every weekend, that I could call her and make an appointment to meet her there. He suggested that I explain to her I was getting publicity for something in connection with the sale of her book or her picture and get her to co-operate with me on that basis."

"He said Mauvis Meade was good copy because her book was filled with sex and that she was a sultry babe herself. He said he wanted a catchy title like A Weekend With Mauvis Meade."

"What did you do after talking with him?" Mason asked.

"Well, in the first place, I told him that I'd have to have some expense money, and he said that would be no obstacle. He asked me how much I needed, and I told him he'd better send me three hundred

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sternation. At length he said with poor grace, "Well, come on in. Just what are you folks trying to put across?"

Mason said, "You represented yourself as being connected with the publicity department of American States Producers Studios."

"I did no such thing, I said I was getting publicity for the studios and I am! I didn't im-

rang her up and told her you were representing American States Producers Studios?"

"I told her nothing of the sort. I rang her up and told her I was getting some publicity for the studios, that I understood she spent her weekends at the Summit Inn, that I was going to be up at the Summit Inn and I wanted an interview."

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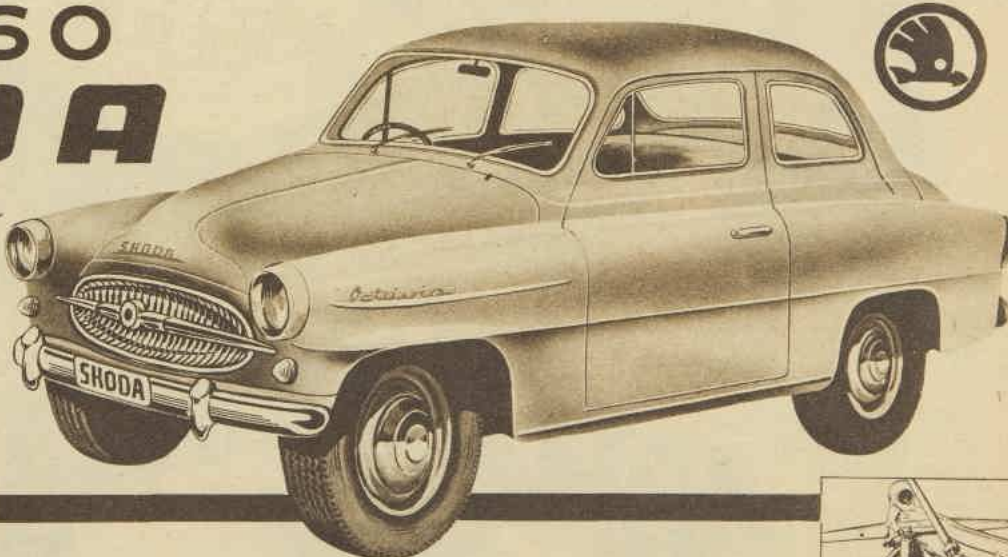
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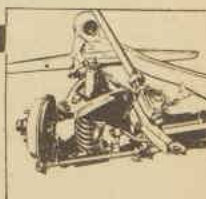
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and fifty dollars to bind the bargain and give me some expense money."

"That was satisfactory?"

"That was satisfactory."

"And he sent over the money?"

"He said he'd have a messenger on the way with the money inside of an hour and he was as good as his word. I didn't make a move until after the messenger arrived."

"With a cheque?" Mason asked.

"With an envelope containing three one-hundred-dollar bills and one fifty-dollar bill."

Mason's face showed scepticism.

Carlisle said suddenly, "When you stop to think of it, that was a funny way for them to do business. I — I guess they wanted me to get busy right away."

"Undoubtedly," Mason said. "So what did you do?"

"I got in touch with Mauvis Niles Meade and I made a date with her for the weekend at the Summit Inn."

"Then what?"

"After I got up there I got a phone call from her. She said that she couldn't make it, but that she was sending her confidential secretary, Gladys Doyle, up there, and that Miss Doyle would co-operate with me on any information that I needed."

"Well?" Mason asked.

"At first I was sore," Carlisle said. "I saw my chance at the article I wanted going out the window. Then all of a sudden the idea hit me right between the eyes. It was made to order. I'd write an article entitled A Weekend With Mauvis Meade's Secretary. They said the secretary was some dish, and I took along my camera and got some swell art. At least I think I did. The films are being developed."

Mason said, "If your story is true, it's interesting. And if it isn't true, you're up to your neck in murder."

"It's true."

"How can I verify it?"

"Call Dale Robbins."

"You call him," Mason said. "I'll talk with him."

"I don't know where I can get him at this hour, but I'll try."

Mason said, "It happens that I have done some work for Dale Robbins. . . . Do we have his phone number, Della?"

She nodded and, taking a notebook from her purse, crossed over to the telephone. Edgar Carlisle was at her side instantly. He seated Della Street, stood by her shoulder looking down at the telephone.

Della Street waited, her hand held over the telephone.

"Did you get a worthwhile story out of Gladys Doyle?" Mason asked Carlisle.

"Did it?" Carlisle said, turning to Mason. "I talked to that girl about Mauvis Meade on a day-to-day basis, and really turned her inside out without her knowing it. She —"

He broke off and whirled back as he heard the whirr of the dial of the telephone, but by that time Della Street had completed half the number and was holding her left hand so that it obscured his view of the dial of the telephone.

After a moment Della Street said, "Hello, this is Della Street, Mr. Mason's secretary, speaking. I'd like to — Yes, that's right, Mr. Robbins. Mr. Mason wants to talk with you. He wants to ask a question. Just a moment, please." She handed the telephone to Mason.

Mason said, "Hello, Mr. Robbins. I wanted to ask you a question about the magazine."

"Well, hello, Mason," Robbins said. "This is indeed a pleasure. What can I tell you about the magazine?"

"I want to know about a man named Edgar Carlisle," Mason said.

There was a moment's hesitation, then Robbins said, "Well, I can't tell you very much about him. He's a writer who does some pieces on personalities. It just happens he's

## Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

never done anything for us. He's considered a fair writer in his particular field, but I don't know a great deal about him. I can find out a good deal by tomorrow night if it's important."

"You haven't commissioned him to write an article for your magazine within the past few days?"

"No. Definitely not."

"How about any of your assistants? Would they have —"

"Not without my knowing it, Mason."

Edgar Carlisle came pushing forward. "Here, let me talk with him," he said.

"Just a moment," Mason interrupted. "I'm here with Mr. Carlisle at the moment. He tells rather an interesting story which may have some bearing on an investigation I'm conducting. He wants to talk with you personally."

"Then what?"

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"Would you know the man if you saw him again?"

"Sure I would. I think you'll find it was a regular messenger service, though. He had a book for me to sign, and I noticed that the book simply called for one envelope, so I signed the receipt and he handed me the envelope."

"How old was he?"

"I would say he was somewhere in the fifties. A short fellow — looked something as though he might have been a former jockey — one of those leathery faces, small but strong, if you know what I mean."

"Well, I guess that's it," Mason said. "That disposes of one phase of the case."

"Can you tell me what this is all about?" Carlisle asked.

Mason shook his head. "Not right now, I can't."

"Is there any objection to my getting hold of Gladys Doyle and asking her?"

"Not in the least," Mason said. "If you can locate her."

"She's still working for Mauvis Meade, isn't she?"

"I believe she is still an employee of Miss Meade," Mason said.

"This is a great disappointment to me," Carlisle said. "I thought I had a whale of a story. Now you come along and ruin it."

Mason smiled. "Your story isn't ruined. You'll find you can sell it to a newspaper and then to a magazine later on."

"Are you crazy?" Carlisle asked.

Mason walked over to the

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"What?" Della Street asked.

"Do you remember the copy of 'Chop the Man Down' that you got for me?"

She nodded.

"And the photograph on the dust jacket, the photograph of Mauvis Meade standing at the rail of a yacht?"

"In a typical pose," Della Street said to Paul Drake by way of explanation. "Lots of wind and very little restraint."

"Yes, yes, I remember," Drake said, wolfing his steak.

"It doesn't affect your appetite any."

"Certainly not. It increases it," Drake mumbled, pushing food into his mouth. "That guy's getting ready to take off, Della. We'd better load up with groceries."

Abruptly Mason shoved his plate away, pushed his chair back from the table. "Will you take care of the check, Della? Take my car and go home. I'll take a taxi. You can drop Paul at his office. Paul, I want men working on Manly. Find out everything you can about him. Check in Tucson and Phoenix. See if you can pick up a trail there at all."

"What about the dust jacket on the book?" Drake asked.

"It was all legs and eyes," Della Street said. "That girl tried so hard to be a vamp — I guess that was supposed to be a private yacht she was on, wasn't it? Her skirts were blow-

"I won't impersonate an officer," Mason said. "But I'll amble along, not too fast and not too slow, acting as though I were doing a job. And nobody's going to stop me. It's a crime to impersonate an officer. It's not a crime to act like one. I'll get up to the apartment and — well, then we'll see what happens."

"She may be in bed," Della Street said.

Mason put his hand in his pocket. "Paul," he said, "you take charge of this scarf and the box of shells — remember that at some time we may have to introduce these articles in evidence, in which event we must be able to account for possession so we can furnish a chain of identification. Take these articles up to the office, lock them in the safe, and —"

Drake vehemently shook his head. "I was willing to stand by while you took that, Perry, but I'm not going to touch that evidence with a ten-foot pole. I don't want it in my custody."

"Why?"

"Why?" Drake exploded. "Good heavens, the stuff is evidence, and we've taken it into our possession. We're concealing it from the police."

"Evidence of what?" Mason asked.

"Evidence of the identity of the person who committed the murder, of course."

"We don't know that."

"Well, it's a reasonable assumption."

"But don't you think we'd better wait until we know it before we turn it over to the police?"

"That's just an excuse," Drake said.

"Nobody knows we have it," Mason said. "Just the four of us — you, Della, Kelton, and myself."

"And four is too many to know a thing like that," Drake said. "We're monkeying with dynamite. Suppose the police get wise to the fact that we're holding this before your plans mature. Then where does that leave us?"

"It leaves us in a most embarrassing situation," Mason admitted.

"Exactly," Drake said, "and it's that situation I don't want to get caught in. You keep your scarf and shells."

Della Street said quietly, "I'll take them, chief."

Mason hesitated a moment; then handed them over to her. "I hate to drag you into it, Della, but I don't want to take those things up to Mauvis Meade's apartment with me. I might get accused of trying to steal the scarf and plant the shells, and there's always a possibility that I may be stopped and searched."

"I understand," she said.

LEAVING the Golden Fleece, Mason hailed a taxicab and went to Mauvis Niles Meade's apartment house.

"Put the meter on waiting time," he told the cab driver.

"I may be in there anywhere from two minutes to an hour."

"I'll be here," the cab driver said.

Mason entered the apartment house and walked at a steady, even gait towards the elevator. The night clerk at the desk looked up expectantly. Mason didn't even vouchsafe him a glance, but walked over to the elevator.

The clerk hesitated for a moment, then, with an almost imperceptible shrug of his shoulders, turned back to the work he was doing at the desk.

Mason entered the elevator and said to the operator, "Up — all the way."

The operator said, "Yes, sir," and the cage shot upward.

Mason tapped on the door of Mauvis Meade's apartment, waited a moment, then tapped again.

The door was flung open. "Well, it's about time you got here," Mauvis Meade said. "We . . ." Her voice trailed away into dismayed silence as she saw Perry Mason. "You again!" she said.

"In person," Mason said. "I want to talk with you."

"Why?"

"For one thing," Mason said, "I want to get you straight. You've found that it's good business to adopt the pose of the sophisticated woman-of-the-world, the babe who has all the curves and knows all the angles, and somehow or other I have an idea that it's pretty much of a pose with you, that you decided you could make money by writing a daring book and then giving the impression of having a sultry personality."

"Indeed," she said.

"And I think that's why you've been somewhat difficult on publicity interviews," Mason said. "You're afraid you'll betray your true character. You're not the sort of girl you'd like to have the book reviewers think you are."

"How interesting," she said.

"Isn't it?" Mason said. "Do I come in and talk it over, or do we discuss it here in the hallway?"

"You come in and we talk it over," she said, standing to one side and holding the door open.

She had taken off the lounging pyjamas and was dressed in a low-cut, strapless gown that seemed held in place by a miracle of mechanical ingenuity.

She said nervously, "I am a little jumpy tonight. Newspaper reporters and police officers have been wearing out the carpet."

She seated herself on the davenport and indicated that Mason was to take a seat beside her. As Mason seated himself, she looked up at him and gave that characteristic slow raising and lowering of the eyelids.

"Now look," Mason said, "it's going to help a lot if you get over the idea that you have the only curves in captivity."

She moved closer.

Mason made a gesture of impatience. "Do you," he asked, "happen to have a copy of your book handy?"

Her laugh was throaty.

"That's like asking a salesman if, by any chance, he happens to have his samples in that leather bag he's carrying."

"I want to look at it," Mason said.

She sulked for a moment, then got up, crossed over to a bookcase, pulled out a book, and all but tossed it in Mason's lap.

Mason took the book, turned it over to the photograph on the dust jacket.

"Oh," she said, as she saw him studying the photograph, "then you are interested. That's better. The legs are nice, don't you think?"

"This scarf," Mason said; "it's very interesting — is that a monkey shown on the scarf?"

"That's right. That's a printed silk scarf I got in Japan. It has the three monkeys — see no evil, hear no evil, and speak no evil." She laughed again and said, "I thought it was particularly appropriate for a woman author who had seen all, heard all, and was telling almost everything."

"That scarf interests me a lot," Mason said. "I wonder if I could look at it."

"Why?"

"I want to see the scarf."

"I heard you the first time. But why do you want to look at it?"

"There's something about it that interests me. It may be — well, I'd like to see if there's anything on it showing anything about its manufacture,



door, held it open for Della Street and Paul Drake, and said, "I don't think so. You'd better finish your story. Gladys Doyle has become very newsworthy." He held the door open and they walked out, leaving Carlisle standing in the doorway, watching them as they walked down the hall.

"Well," Drake said, as they got into Mason's car, "we seem to be making headway."

Mason said thoughtfully, "I feel like a horse on a treadmill. We get going faster and faster, and yet we're no nearer our objectives. Right now we need to know why Manly was killed, and then we have to know who killed him. The more information we get, the more complicated the thing becomes."

"But we eat?" Della Street asked anxiously.

"We eat," Mason said. "After all, there's only so much we can do on an empty stomach."

They returned to the Golden Fleece, had their cocktails and ordered dinner. It was as Mason was cutting into his steak that he became thoughtfully silent.

"Go ahead and finish it," Della Street said.

"Huh?" Drake asked, looking up from his steak. "What's the matter?"

"The boss," Della Street said, "is getting an idea. He's thinking he should be someplace else at the moment."

"Where?" Drake asked.

"Mauvis Meade," Mason said. "I have just thought of something."

LEAVING the

Golden Fleece, Mason hailed a

taxicab and went to Mauvis

Niles Meade's apartment house.

"Put the meter on waiting

time," he told the cab driver.

"I may be in there anywhere

from two minutes to an hour."

"I'll be here," the cab driver

said.

Mason entered the apartment

house and walked at a steady,

even gait towards the elevator.

The night clerk at the desk

looked up expectantly. Mason

didn't even vouchsafe him a

glance, but walked over to the

elevator.

The clerk hesitated for a

moment, then, with an almost

imperceptible shrug of his

shoulders, turned back to the

work he was doing at the desk.

Mason entered the elevator

and said to the operator, "Up

— all the way."

The operator said, "Yes,

sir," and the cage shot upward.

Mason tapped on the door of

Mauvis Meade's apartment,

waited a moment, then tapped

again.

To page 39

# CHRISTMAS BUFFETS — SERVED HOT OR COLD

Add a new touch to your Christmas dinner by arranging it on a buffet so people can help themselves.

IN the menus for hot and cold Christmas buffet dinners on these pages we have combined traditional dishes with modern-style cookery. Both menus are planned to allow as much preparation as possible beforehand so that the housewife has time to enjoy Christmas morning with her family.

For the cold menu, the ham could be boned, rolled, and cooked as much as 8 to 10 days ahead, also the fruit-cake base made for the dessert. The chicken mould could be made a day or two ahead and all salad accessories prepared so only a last-minute arranging is necessary. If kept wrapped in aluminium foil, the cheese gems need only brushing with melted butter and reheating to freshen. Preparation of the meringue dessert is a quick last-minute task.

Both menus are sufficient for a family of 6 to 7 persons, spoon measurements are level, and the standard 8-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

## GLAZED ROLLED HAM

Eight to 10lb. leg of ham (uncooked), few cloves and peppercorns, 2 bay leaves, 1 large onion, 1 dessertspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon allspice, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup orange marmalade,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, home-made or bought marzipan fruits, parsley.

Soak ham overnight in cold water, remove, wipe off moisture, and carefully remove bones (same method as for boning a leg of lamb). Shape into roll and tie at frequent intervals with string. Place in large container, add cloves, peppercorns, bay leaves, and coarsely chopped onion. Cover with tepid water, bring to boil slowly, and simmer until cooked (allow approximately 15 minutes per pound of meat). When cool remove, allow to become quite cold, and carefully peel off skin. Rub all over with mixture of the mustard, allspice, and tomato sauce. Place in moderate oven for 15 minutes. Spread all over with half the combined marmalade, brown

sugar, and melted butter. Return to oven, cook further 30 minutes, basting with remaining marmalade frequently.

Ham cuts better if cooked a few days ahead and allowed to firm before using. Decorate with marzipan fruits and parsley, cut into slices to serve.

## GOURMET BEANS

**French Beans:** String 1lb. French beans, cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths. Drop into saucepan of boiling salted water to which 1 chicken-broth cube has been added. Cook 15 minutes or until beans are just tender. Drain; add 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and pinch of pepper, shake pan to mix.

**Lima Beans:** Soak 1lb. lima beans in sufficient boiling water to cover. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon green food coloring and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon bicarb soda. Stand overnight. Next day place beans in saucepan of boiling salted water with 1 chicken-broth cube and cook 30 minutes or until beans are soft. Drain, season with butter, lemon juice, and pepper as for French beans. Serve hot or cold mixed lightly with mayonnaise.

## POINSETTIA POTATO MEDLEY

One and a half cups diced celery, 1 cup diced cucumber, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 cups mashed potato, 1 tablespoon grated onion, salt, pepper, tomato or

red pepper slices.

Arrange celery and cucumber in serving-dish, sprinkle with mint, salt and pepper. Spread with mayonnaise, top with layer of potato mixed with onion. Decorate with tomato or red-pepper wedges to represent poinsettia. Chill well before serving.

## CHICKEN BEETROOT MOULD

**First Layer:** One and a half cups finely diced cooked beetroot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped cooked white onion,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups beetroot liquid,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup onion liquid,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar, salt, pepper, 3 dessertspoons gelatine softened in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

*Continued overleaf*



**HOT BUFFET** (above) has the traditional Christmas dinner served in the modern informal help-yourself style that should appeal to young and old.

**COLD BUFFET** (left) with its appetising and colorful selection of festive foods is specially suitable for an Australian summertime Christmas dinner.



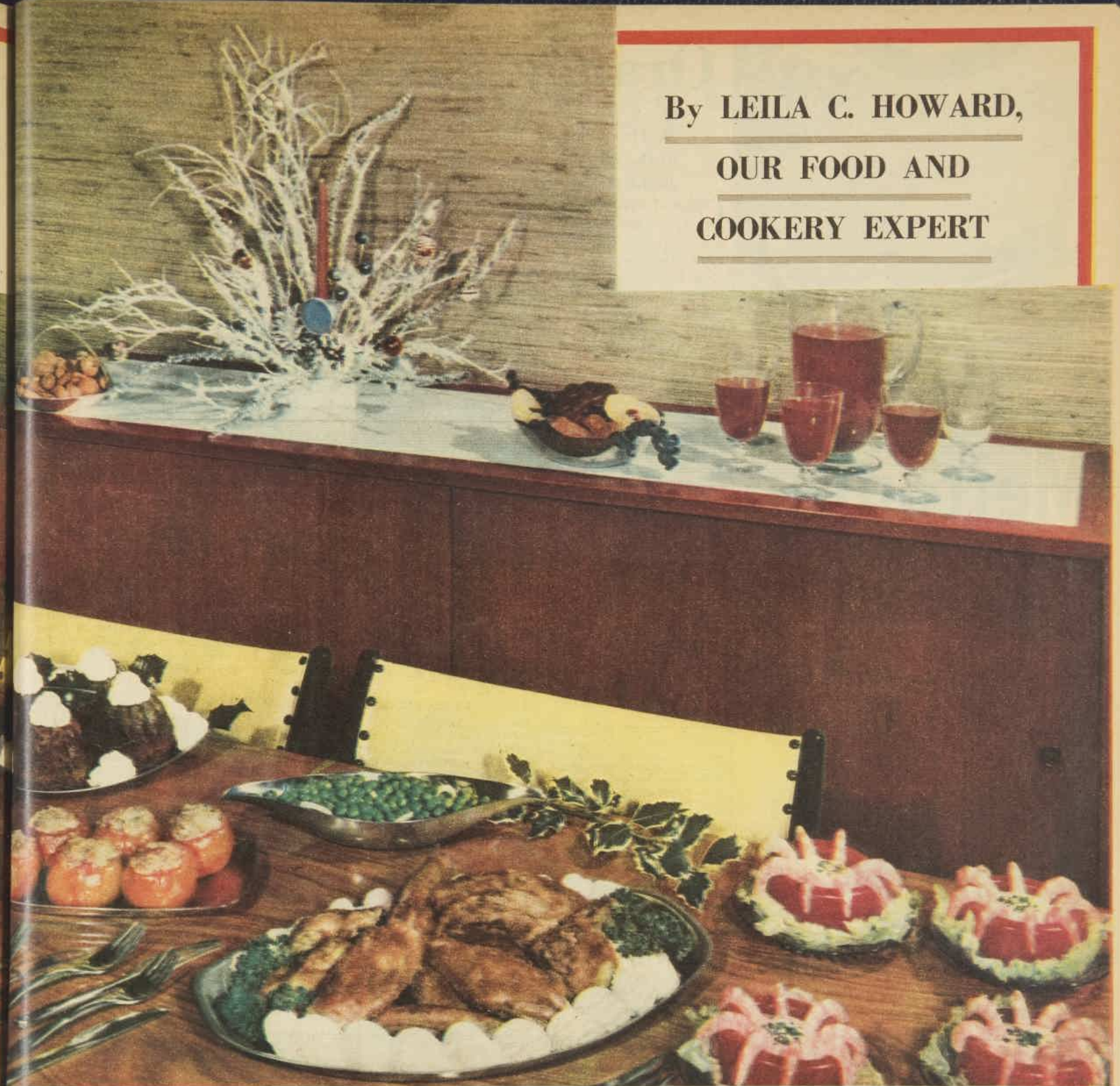
FOR the hot menu, partly cooking turkey a day or so ahead, then early sectioning and coating of the pieces and the filling of the tomato cases help eliminate the Christmas morning rush. The prawn appetisers could be fully prepared the day before, the pudding mixture made, and the hard sauce finished. Final-hour cooking has thus been reduced considerably.

## PRAWN AND TOMATO APPETISER

Two and a half cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 cloves, 1 dessertspoon sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons gelatine softened in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns, lettuce, parsley to garnish.

Combine tomato juice, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, sauce, cloves, and sugar in saucepan, stir over heat until mixed.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**  
**OUR FOOD AND**  
**COOKERY EXPERT**



Remove cloves, add softened gelatine, and continue stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Fill mixture into 6 individual moulds (which have been oiled or wetted) and chill until set. Unmould on to bed of lettuce on serving-dishes, place shelled prawns around top. Garnish with parsley.

#### DEVILLED TURKEY

One 8lb. to 9lb. turkey, 5 to 6 cups soft breadcrumbs, ½lb. sausage mince, 2oz. or 3oz. chopped ham (optional), 1oz. melted butter, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 chopped onion, grated rind 1 lemon, pinch nutmeg, salt, pepper.

Devil Coating: Two ounces flour, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, fine breadcrumbs, butter or substitute.

Wash and dry turkey; prepare stuffing. Combine all re-

maining ingredients; mix well. Fill into cavity of turkey, secure opening with small skewers or coarse thread. Wrap turkey in well-greased aluminium foil or thick brown paper; stand in baking-dish. Place in moderate oven and

bake, allowing 15 to 20 minutes per pound. When cooked the meat should feel soft or leg joint should move easily up and down. Allow to cool thoroughly, preferably stand overnight. Cut into service-sized pieces. Combine flour, mustard, curry powder, and sauces for coating, mix to smooth paste with vinegar. Spread mixture lightly over turkey pieces, toss in breadcrumbs. Arrange in thickly greased baking-

dish, dot with little butter. Cover with aluminium foil or brown paper, and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until thoroughly reheated. Serve on large platter with border of piped creamed potato.

#### HOT BUFFET

*Prawn and Tomato Appetiser*  
*Devilled Turkey*  
*Seasoned Tomatoes*    *Savory Peas*  
*Individual Christmas Puddings*  
*Hard Rum Butter*  
*Mixed Nuts*            *Glaze Fruits*

#### SEASONED TOMATO CASES

Six medium-sized tomatoes, salt, pepper, 2 cups turkey seasoning, butter.

Cut slice from top of each tomato, scoop out pulp. Sprinkle inside of cases lightly with salt and pepper. Combine turkey seasoning with ½ cup chopped tomato pulp (use remainder for sauces, gravies, etc.), mix well. Fill into cases, dot tops with butter. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

#### SAVORY PEAS

Two pounds peas, 2 sprigs mint, 2 sliced onions, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper. Shell peas, place in ovenware dish with onion, mint, butter, salt, and pepper, pour over water. Cover with lid, cook in moderate oven 1 hour or until peas are tender and water has evaporated. Remove mint sprigs and serve.

Variations: Saute ½lb. sliced mushrooms, add to peas after removing mint.

Add 2 or 3 slices bacon (diced) with onion before cooking.

*Continued overleaf*



**ORANGE CREAM CAKE** is light both in color and texture, and is filled and topped with a tangy orange-butter cream. See recipe on this page.

# Meltonian

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**WHITE  
SHOES**  
NEVER CAKES  
NEVER FLAKES



IT'S A SPECIAL SPIRIT WHITE...

- ★ Gives a flawless, frost-white finish
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**MELTONIAN Creams**  
FOR EVERY SHADE OF SHOE

Smooth creams that take special care of good shoes... impart a lovely lasting lustre

Nourishing! Protective! Beautifying!

## Orange cake wins

● The delicious, fine-textured orange cake, winner of the £5 prize this week, makes a welcome contrast to the richer cakes served at this time of the year.

**CONSOLATION** prizes of £1 each are awarded to recipes for pineapple ham savory, an ideal luncheon dish, and Brazil nut pudding, a new version of the popular baked custard.

Spoon measurements are level.

### ORANGE CREAM CAKE

Two cups plain flour, 1½ cups sugar, pinch salt, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, 3 egg-whites, 1 cup cream, ½ cup strained chilled orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Sift flour, measure then sift again with sugar, salt, and baking-powder. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in whipped cream, then orange rind and juice. Sprinkle sifted dry ingredients over cream mixture, fold in lightly but thoroughly. Fill mixture into 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in a moderately slow oven 30 to 40 minutes. When cooked turn cakes out on to cake-cooler; allow to cool.

**Orange Butter Cream:** Two ounces butter, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add half the icing-sugar and the salt. Add remaining icing-sugar alternately with orange rind and juice and egg-yolk, beating well after each addition. A

little extra orange juice can be added to make a smooth spreading consistency. Spread half between layers of cake, spread remainder over top.

**First Prize of £5 to Miss M. O'Brien, 5 Bank Street, Meadowbank, N.S.W.**

### PINEAPPLE SAVORY

Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, ½ teaspoon mustard, 5 slices fresh or tinned pineapple, 1lb. minced ham (or use a mixture of ham and bacon), 1lb. minced pork, ½ cup rolled oats, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, salt, pepper.

Cream butter with brown sugar and mustard, spread over base and sides of ovenware dish. Arrange pineapple slices in a pattern in dish, press into creamed butter lining. Combine ham, pork, rolled oats, beaten eggs and milk in basin, season to taste with salt and pepper, mix thoroughly. Fill mixture into lined dish, cover with a sheet of greased paper, bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Brogden, Flat 16A Bedford Street, Parnell, Auckland C.4, N.Z.**

### BRAZIL NUT PUDDING

Four slices buttered bread, 1-3rd cup sliced Brazil nuts, 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups milk.

Cut buttered bread into finger-lengths, arrange in

layers in greased ovenware dish; sprinkle each layer with Brazil nuts. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, salt, vanilla, and milk. Mix well and pour over bread in dish. Top with any remaining Brazil nuts, stand dish in pan of warm water and bake in a slow oven 1 hour or until set.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Wilkinson, Flat 90C, Light Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.**

## New edition of parents' book

A NEW edition — the sixth — of the parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., our mothercraft nurse, has just been published.

This enlarged and revised edition of the book would make an ideal gift for the mother-to-be and young mother. It contains much helpful and practical advice on mothercraft, including suggestions for the diet and management of the pre-school child.

The book is obtainable at booksellers in all capital cities and by post from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/-, plus 10d. postage.

## CHRISTMAS BUFFETS — SERVED HOT OR COLD

Continued from previous page

### Cold buffet

**Second Layer:** Two cups shredded cooked chicken, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds, 3 cups medium-thickness white sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 4 dessert-spoons gelatine dissolved in ½ cup water.

Combine beetroot and onion liquids and vinegar in saucepan, add sifted gelatine, and stir over heat until gelatine is dissolved. Remove from heat, allow to cool, add beetroot and onion, season to taste with salt and pepper. When beginning to thicken, fill into wetted mould. Chill while preparing chicken mixture. Combine chicken, almonds, sauce, salt, cayenne, and mayonnaise; add dissolved gelatine, mix well. Fill into mould over beetroot layer, chill in refrigerator until quite firm. Unmould on to serving platter, garnish with lettuce or endive, almonds, apple rings, and white grapes.

Serve with an attractive selection of pickled black olives, dill or cucumber slices, and preserved whole cumquats arranged in large glass dish.

### CHEESE GEMS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup grated tasty cheese, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, extra milk or butter and grated cheese.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter until mixture resembles fine crumbs; add cheese. Beat egg and milk together, add to dry ingredients, mix to soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Cut into 2in. rounds with pastry cutter, slash cross on top with sharp knife, place on greased oven-tray. Brush tops with little extra milk or melted butter, sprinkle with extra cheese. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve buttered.

### ALASKA NOEL

One lin-thick slice Christmas cake or pudding 7 or 8 inches across, 1 tray home-made or bought ice-cream, 3 egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place cake or pudding slice on thick wooden board. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar and beat until sugar dissolves. Fold in vanilla and cream of tartar. Mould ice-cream on to cake slice, and cover completely with meringue, working quickly and drawing meringue well down on to cake to make it completely airtight. Place in hot oven 3 or 4 minutes to brown meringue lightly. Serve immediately.

### Hot buffet

#### INDIVIDUAL PUDDINGS

Six ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup raisins, 2oz. shredded peel, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup warm water, 3oz. butter or substitute, few drops almond essence, ½ cup brandy.

Sift flour, salt, and spice into basin, add sugar and fruits. Dissolve soda in warm water, add melted shortening and almond essence. Pour on to dry ingredients. Add brandy; mix well. Fill mixture into 6 well-greased individual pudding moulds, cover with greased paper, steam 1 to 1½ hours. Unmould, serve with rum butter.

Pudding mixture can be prepared the day before and placed overnight in refrigerator before cooking.

### HARD RUM BUTTER

Four ounces butter, 6oz. icing-sugar, ½ cup rum.

Cream butter until soft and white, gradually add icing-sugar, and continue beating until mixture is consistency of whipped cream. Add rum a little at a time, chill thoroughly until ready to serve.

## DRESS SENSE PATTERN

By BETTY KEEP

● Chic tunic blouse to wear with a separate skirt. Make two — one in print, one plain.



**DS385:—Versatile flower-printed over-blouse designed with a peak collar and surplice closing is a true figure-flatterer. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**



# Christmas gift surprises



**Nile Boxed Handkerchiefs.** The famous colourful Nile handkerchiefs in attractive gift boxes. 1 doz. box, 21/-; 1 doz. box, 10/6 ... or 3/6 each.



**Nile "Aero" Briefs,** eyelet knit rib cotton ... cool for summer! Elastic waistband and unbelievable comfort. Sizes 30 to 44, 9/9.



**"Aero" Athletic Singlets,** eyelet knit rib cotton that's so cool! Sizes 34 to 44, 9/3.



**Sahara and Cavalcade Handkerchiefs.** Popular designs, gay colours. Cavalcade, 2/6 each ... Sahara, 2/11 or 8/9 boxed.

**Nile Initialed Handkerchiefs.** What better present than handkerchiefs with his own initial! 1 doz. boxes, 11/3 ... or 3/9 each.



**Nile "Aero" T-Singlet.** Can be worn as a singlet or T-shirt and has "Aero's" eyelet knit cotton ... it breathes! Sizes 34 to 44, 12/- each.

Surprise! Surprise! when you shop for NILE ... such a large range of his and her gift suggestions to choose from ... and at prices that make NILE just the most wonderful Christmas gifts you could buy! Look for and buy these NILE products at your favourite store, and remember they're backed by half a century of skilled NILE craftsmanship.



**Her's**



**Flora Handkerchiefs.** Special prints, gay colours, 1/6 each. Also Gaiety ... 1/3, Fiesta ... 1/- each.



**Nile Luxuree Sheets and Pillowcases.** Top-quality white sheets with coloured embroidered edges. Pink, blue, green, lemon. 63" x 99", 70" x 99", 80" x 99", 90" x 99".



**Nile Vests.** All cotton, Swiss rib knit, bra front, in peach and white. Sizes SSW, SW, W, OS.

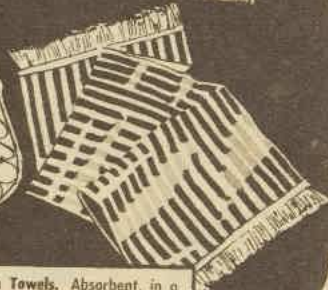


**Nile Handkerchiefs.** Coloured borders, fancy checks, coloured grounds. 2/- each, 1 doz. box ... 6/-.

**Their's**



**Nile "His" and "Hers" Bath Towels.** Nile jacquard towels with special designs. Pink, green, gold, and blue. 24" x 48".



**Nile Beach Towels.** Absorbent, in a large range of modern, attractive colours and designs. 30" x 60" and 36" x 72".



**Fantasy Handkerchiefs.** Exclusive Swiss novelty prints. Large size ... 1/11.

For wear and style-insist on

# NILE

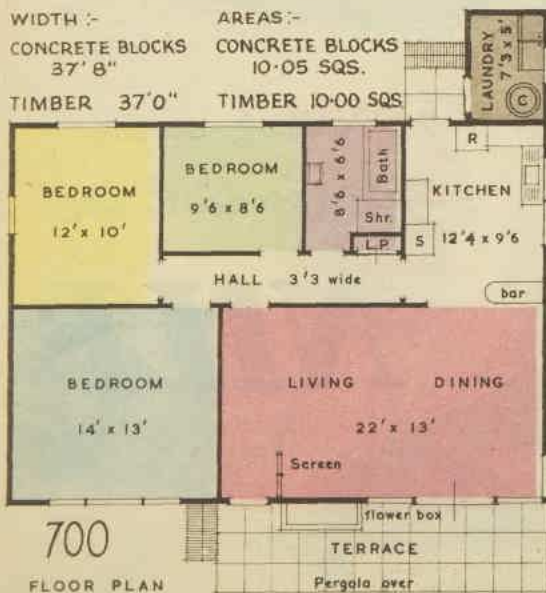
# TWO CONTEMPORARY HOUSES

699



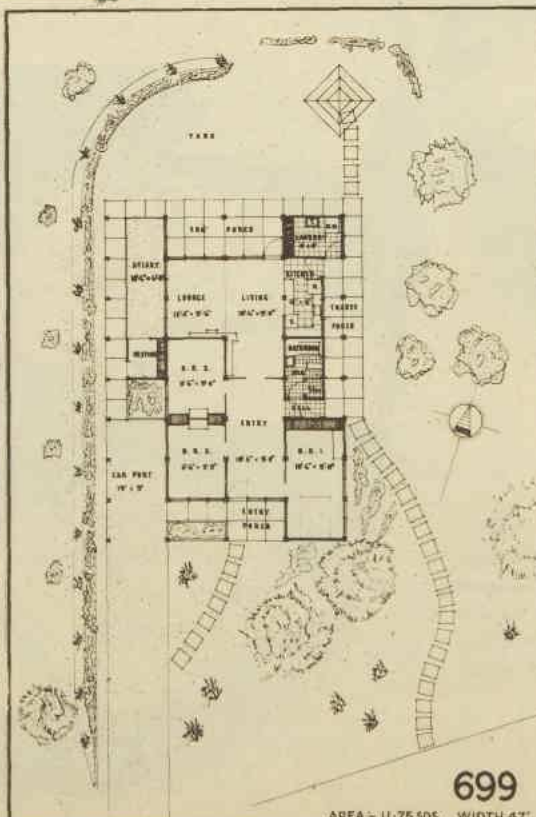
700

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for plan No. 700 on Lot 81. Carport and swimming-pool are extras. Concrete blocks have been used for construction.



ABOVE: Floor plan of home No. 700. Laundry is placed near kitchen so work can be supervised in both areas at once.

RIGHT: Floor plan of home No. 699 shows position of house on site. Living-room leads on to large sun-porch at rear.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Home Plan No. 699, which will be shown on Lot 44 at the Parade of Homes. Its timber exterior blends with the general woodland setting of the site. Aviary is behind carport on left.

Home buying or building will be made easy at the Parade of Homes on Sydney's North Shore, where nearly 40 homes are being built for public inspection next month. All of them will be fully furnished.

The two houses shown on this page will be erected on Lots 44 and 81 at the exhibition, which is being promoted by the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W.

PLANS for both these houses can be bought for £9/9/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are listed below.

The Parade of Homes, which opens in January for one month, will occupy more than 20 acres at Cherrybrook Gardens Estate, north of Sydney.

It will be the biggest exhibition of its kind held in the Southern Hemisphere.

Visitors can inspect all the houses, which will be fully furnished and have landscape gardens.

In fact, it will be like shopping for a home in a convenient supermarket. Houses of all types, sizes, and prices will be on view for visitors to buy or order similar designs on their own blocks of land.

The house shown above, which is No. 699 in our series of Standard Home Plans, is being built on Lot 44 — an almost triangular-shaped site with a wide frontage of 111ft. From it there is a pleasant view of surrounding woodland.

The house has been designed by architect Mr. Ross I. Avnsley and is being erected by master builder Mr. T. Anderson. It is built in timber.

## Three bedrooms

This modern home, which covers an area of 11.75 squares, includes three bedrooms, spacious entrance hall, L-shaped living area, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry.

In addition there is a carport with sheltered access to the house, and an aviary.

The aviary adds tremendous charm to the living-room, because the birds can be seen through windows which form the entire wall between these two areas.

The width, including the carport, is 47ft.

Cost to build this house without the land is approximately £4900, but for more accurate costing on your own site please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

The house we show on the left, Home Plan No. 700, is a three-bedroom "Craftsman" home, which can be seen at the Parade of Homes on Lot 81.

The cost of this house, if built in concrete blocks on a

level site and excluding the price of the land, paths, and fences, is only £3044.

This price includes a modern built-in kitchen, tiled bathroom, three-phase electric stove with glass oven door, and a hot-water service throughout.

In timber it is £2925, but this does not include tiled walls in the bathroom.

For accurate costing on your own land, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

Extras included in the illustration are a carport, which costs £150, and a 27ft. swimming-pool, complete with filter system, which costs £900.

This low-cost luxury home, like all "Craftsman" homes, caters for comfortable modern living. The well-equipped kitchen has an abundance of storage space in floor and overhead cupboards, and plenty of easy-to-clean working tops.

There is instantaneous hot water to all points in the kitchen, bathroom, and laundry. The bathroom has a mosaic tiled floor, shower recess, linen bath, and pedestal-basin.

Plans for both these houses and all our other Standard Home Plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated.

Addresses of the Centres are:

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co.  
BRISBANE: McWhirter's  
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's  
HOBART: FitzGerald's  
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

# Continuing... THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 33

"You're representing Gladys Doyle in this thing. Now, you're pretty smooth and pretty resourceful. Once you start, there's no telling where you're going to stop."

"I usually try to get at the truth before I stop," Mason said. "I find the truth is rather a powerful weapon."

"It depends who's using it," Dunkirk said. "The trouble with these powerful weapons is that a great deal depends on which way they're pointed. I'm taking over here. I'm going to give Mauvis a little protection."

**B**EFORE Mason could say anything, there was a quick knock at the door. Mauvis Meade looked at Gregory Dunkirk, a glance of swift interrogation. Then, at some invisible signal she received, she hurried to the door and opened it.

A big, grinning, bull-necked individual with a cauliflower ear, a broken nose, and smiling eyes set beneath beetling brows said, "Hi, Mauvis."

"Well, it took you long enough to get here," Mauvis Meade said.

"I came as quick as I could," The big man moved easily into the room. "Hi," he said to Dunkirk.

"How are you, Dukes?"

"Pretty good," the man said.

Dunkirk said to Mason, "Meet Dukes, Mason. I think his last name is Lawton, but everybody calls him Dukes."

"How are you," Mason said, getting to his feet and extending his hand.

Dukes reached out a big paw and scooped up Mason's hand. His lips twisted into a grin. "Hi, counsellor," he said, and exerted pressure.

Mason fought back against the crushing fingers until he reached a point when he seemed to have used his last ounce of strength. The grinning Dukes abruptly released his hand.

"And who, may I ask, is Dukes? And how does he fit into this picture?" Mason asked.

Dunkirk said, "Dukes is a bodyguard. He's going to take care of Miss Meade for a while and see that she doesn't have a lot of unpleasant interruptions. You'll pardon me for being personal, Mr. Mason, but you're classified as an unpleasant interruption."

"Indeed," Mason said.

"No hard feelings personally," Dukes Lawton's face lit up.

"You want him out?" he asked, jerking his thumb towards the door.

"No, no," Dunkirk said. "He's leaving. No rough stuff."

"O.K. Anything you say," Dukes said good-naturedly, and walked over and held the door open.

Mason said to Mauvis Meade, "I'm sure you're going to be well taken care of, Miss Meade."

"Thank you," she said demurely.

"And all that reasoning about that person making the search," Dunkirk said to Mason, "you know you could be awfully wrong about that."

"And I could be awfully right," Mason said.

"I wouldn't bank on it," Dunkirk said. He turned and said, "Dukes," He said it with quiet authority, as one would talk to a well-trained dog.

Dukes Lawton snapped to alert interest. "Yeah," he said.

"Mr. Mason is leaving," Dunkirk said. "He isn't coming back any more unless I'm here, or unless Miss Meade's lawyer is here. Do you understand that?"

"Sure."

"And I hope you understand it," Dunkirk said to Mason, his eyes hard.

Mason bowed. "I take it, then, that Miss Meade is mixed

up in this a lot deeper than appears on the surface."

"She will be by the time you get done trying to get your babe out of it," Dunkirk said. "Now get this, Mason. I've always had a lot of respect for you. You don't handle my kind of stuff or you'd have been my mouthpiece. But you and I could have trouble. You stay away from Mauvis Meade, and you and I'll get along all right."

"Did it ever occur to you," Mason said, "that you are taking the exact course which inevitably will direct suspicion to Miss Meade? Did it ever occur to you that if, for any reason, I wanted to pull her into this, you have given me the most beautiful build-up in the world? Did it ever occur to you that I was trying to give her a break and now you've spoiled it?"

Dunkirk said, "Don't pay any attention to him, Mauvis. What he's saying is not for my ears but for yours. He's using me as a sounding board." Once more Dunkirk said, "Dukes."

"Uh-huh," Dukes said.

Dunkirk motioned with his thumb.

The grinning Dukes placed a hamlike hand between Mason's shoulder blades and exerted gentle pressure. "Good-night, Mr. Mason," he said.

The pressure increased.



Mason had to move quickly to keep from being pushed. The door slammed and a bolt shot into place.

Perry Mason sat in the visitors' room at the gaol next morning and surveyed Gladys Doyle. "I want you to tell me the truth," he said.

"An attorney is confronted with a lot of alternatives in a situation of this sort. For instance, I could sit tight, hoping that you'd answer questions and persuade the officers that you were innocent."

"On the other hand, I could have advised you not to answer any questions and trusted to luck and the fact that the officers couldn't uncover enough evidence against you to justify them in bringing a charge against you. You understand that?"

She nodded.

"All right," Mason said. "Now I had a third alternative, and it's the one I elected to use. I'm trying to force their hand. I filed an application for a writ of habeas corpus. The judge issued an order of habeas corpus, which means that the police have to produce you in court and show cause why they're holding you. If they can't show cause, you're released."

"Therefore," Mason went on, "the police will probably see that a complaint is filed charging you with a first-degree murder. They won't wait for a grand-jury indictment. The advantage of that course is that when the case comes on for a preliminary hearing, I have an opportunity to see what the

evidence against you really is, to cross-examine witnesses before anyone knows just how their testimony is going to fit in with other testimony. In other words, before anyone has had a chance to coach them so that the case against you is airtight. I hope you have enough confidence in me to agree that it was the proper thing to do."

"Anything you say, Mr. Mason."

"Have you seen the morning paper?"

"No."

"There's a photograph of the victim in the morning paper," Mason said. "They've photographed the features and retouched the eyes so as to give the corpse a lifelike appearance. They feel that someone is certain to recognise him."

Mason unfolded the newspaper and held it up against the heavy plate-glass through which the interview was taking place.

Gladys Doyle looked at the newspaper picture with considerable interest.

"Do you recognise the man?"

Mason asked.

She shook her head.

"All right," Mason said.

"Now I'm going to approach you from another angle. I want you to think carefully before you say anything. Does the name Joseph H. Manly mean anything to you?"

Her face was completely impassive. She slowly shook her

original pages of notes which you made, giving directions, and it shows that you were to turn to the right at the forks in the road."

Gladys Doyle's face suddenly showed consternation.

"Yes?" Mason prompted.

"She did, Mr. Mason. I remember now. She did tell me to turn to the right there at that last intersection, but — well, when I wanted to get my directions I went to my notebook and found the page was gone. Someone had torn it out, so then I went to the writing desk where she had the map, took the map out, and made notes of the route I was to follow from the route that was shown on the map. And I'm willing to stake my life that the map showed the road to the left—that is, the arrows on the map showed the left-hand road was the one to be followed."

"You are staking your life on it," Mason said. "Would you know that map if you saw it again?"

"Certainly I would. It was in Mauvis Meade's handwriting. It was in ink, and I made notes from it, just brief notes of the distances and the turn as shown by the arrows."

"You are completely positive that the arrow on that map showed you were to take the left-hand fork in the road, the one that goes down Pine Glen road, down to the cabin where you spent the night?"

"I'm absolutely positive."

"Here's something else I want to ask you," Mason said. "Was there anything in your bedroom there at the apartment in the penthouse that might have been of particular interest to some person who was trying to get an intimate line on Mauvis Meade?"

She started to shake her head.

"No, wait a minute," Mason said, "before you answer that question, do some thinking."

"Well," she said, "this may or may not be important. Last week — let's see, it was Wednesday, I think — Wednesday of last week, Mauvis handed me a sealed envelope. It was addressed to me and was in her handwriting and it had on the envelope, PERSONAL AND PRIVATE PROPERTY OF GLADYS DOYLE."

"A will?" Mason asked.

"She didn't say. She told me that if anything happened to change my status I was to open that letter."

Mason thought that over, then said, "Did you look for that envelope when you went back to the apartment after you had returned from the mountains?"

She shook her head.

"Or when you returned the next time after you had borrowed Della Street's clothes?"

"No," she said.

"You haven't told the police about it, or —"

"No."

"All right, then," Mason said, "don't think of it. Forget it. Say nothing about it, nothing to anyone. Understand?"

Gladys nodded.

"All right," Mason told her, "that's all we can do at the present time. I'm going to demand that you be given a preliminary hearing, and I'll let them bind you over to the superior court for trial. I'm using that strategy to find out what evidence they have against you."

Mason got up, nodding to the matron that the interview was over, and took a taxicab back to his office.

Della Street was waiting for him. "You have an anonymous letter," she said. "It came special delivery."

Mason raised his eyebrows. "A letter," she said, "which encloses a map. The map purports to be the work of Mauvis Niles Meade, and it is claimed the lettering is in her hand-

writing. The map shows the road to the murder cabin."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Let's take a look, Della."

She brought him the envelope which had been addressed on a typewriter. The message on the inside read:

Dear Mr. Mason: If you are going to represent Gladys, you had better have this map. It was made over a year ago by Mauvis Meade, when she first began to take an interest in the cabin above Pine Glen. All of the lettering is in her handwriting.

We're sending you this map because you may want to use it on cross-examination.

Don't be misled by nylon stockings, curves, and tears. Go in there fighting and you'll be surprised what you uncover.

Mason regarded the envelope, the letter, and the enclosed map thoughtfully. "Get Paul to come over right away."

Mason was still studying the letter when Paul tapped on the door to the private office.

"Hi, Perry," Drake said.

"Did you do any good with Mauvis last night?"

"It depends on what you mean by doing good," Mason said. "She's becoming pretty well entrenched, what with a professional wrestler and fighter for a bodyguard and Gregory Alton Dunkirk in the background."

"Dunkirk!" Drake exclaimed. "Evidently he's the prototype of the big shot Mauvis Meade's heroine got tangled up with in 'Chop the Man Down'."

Mason said, "Also I identified the scarf all right. It's not only the one pictured on the dust jacket of the book, but Mauvis Meade said she purchased her scarf in Japan and that she doesn't think any more of them are in this country."

"Oh-oh," Drake said.

"Just how much do you know about Gregory Alton Dunkirk?" Mason asked.

"Not much," Drake said. "About what everybody else knows. He's dynamite, he's poison, he's powerful politically, he's unscrupulous, he's rich and he's clever. I understand the income-tax people have never been able to get anything on him — believe it or not, people make him gifts. They pay the gift tax, and they're very reticent about their reasons for making the gift later on. But it's all regular, as far as a book-keeping transaction is concerned."

"Well, he's taken charge," Mason said, "and he's hired a bodyguard. From now on, I don't think people are just going to barge in on Mauvis Niles Meade. Now here's something that came in the mail today. A very nice anonymous letter containing a document in which I think you'll be interested. Be careful about fingerprints, Paul, because I want to have you examine the document for prints by iodine fumes."

"What about the map?" Drake asked.

Mason shook his head. "We're sitting tight on the map, Paul."

"When you spring it at the hearing, if your client's fingerprints are on there, the police will dig them out."

"Let the police dig them out, then," Mason said, and then added, "I could play it dumb, you know."

"How do you mean?" Drake asked.

Mason grinned. "I could put the defendant on the stand and get her to tell about the map that gave her directions down the mountain, and then say to her, 'Is this the map you saw?' and hand it to her before anyone could recover from their startled surprise. Then Hamilton Burger would say he wanted to see it, and she'd hand it to him, and then her fingerprints would be all over it and Burger's as well."

Drake's face was concerned.

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## Continuing ... THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

"Perry, I wish you'd get in touch with the police on that scarf and that box of shells."

"Why?"

"Because I'm scared," Drake said.

"Sit tight," Mason told him. "You haven't seen anything yet. Now, Paul, I want to find out what typewriter was used in writing this letter. Call in an expert."

"That's easy," Drake said. "A good expert can look at that document and tell you right away what make of typewriter and what model of typewriter was used."

"O.K., got busy, Paul."

"And you'll tell Tragg about that scarf and the box of shells?"

Mason shook his head. "I can't tell him now, Paul, or he would haul us over the coals for withholding evidence. The minute I let it appear that I think it's evidence I've crucified myself. As long as I play dumb and pretend I didn't think it could possibly be evidence, they have to prove that I knew it was evidence."

"Well, I am just looking forward to hearing District Attorney Hamilton Burger examine you on the witness stand when you try to play innocent."

"You get busy on that letter," Mason told him, "and forget hanging crepe all over the office walls."

Mason returned to his work as Paul Drake, carrying the typed letter, left the office.

Later that afternoon Drake called Mason. "No fingerprints on the letter, Perry. It was written on a typewriter model that was first put out five years ago."

"No prints at all?"

"None at all, Perry, which was surprising in a way because a new ribbon had been put on the machine just before the letter was written. Ordinarily the new ribbon would have rubbed off on the operator's fingertips."

"Here's something else about the machine. It's probably not a machine in a business office because it's rather badly out of alignment. It's evidently used by someone who bangs away at high speed and may occasionally pile up the type, but this particular letter was probably written by a professional, because the touch is remarkably uniform."

"O.K., Paul," Mason said, "we'll have to take it from there and carry on."

Judge Arvis Bagby took his place on the bench and said, "This is the time heretofore fixed for the preliminary hearing in the case of the people of the State of California versus Gladys Doyle. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"The defence is ready," Mason said.

Harvey Ellington, one of the more promising young attorneys in the district attorney's office, said, "The people are always ready, your honor."

"Very well. Proceed with the case," Judge Bagby said. "Now I want to call to the attention of counsel that we are getting a tremendous backlog of cases here. Now then, gentlemen, in view of that situation, are there any matters on which we can have a stipulation which will save time and eliminate the necessity of proof?"

"I'm quite certain we can save time with several stipulations, your honor," Ellington said. "I have here some maps, a small-scale map showing the road going up Pine Glen Canyon from the last paved highway; I have larger-scale maps showing the location of the cabin; I have photographs of the cabin, both of the interior and the exterior; and I have a map of the cabin."

"The photographs were all taken under police supervision

by a police photographer, and we can vouch for their accuracy. The large-scale maps were prepared in the office of the county surveyor, and the small-scale maps were taken from the official records. I take it there will be no objection to introducing these various documents in evidence, and that it will not be necessary to put the individuals on the stand who can testify to the authenticity of those maps."

"That's quite all right," Mason said. "On the strength of counsel's assurance, I will stipulate those documents may go into evidence."

"Now then," Ellington said, "the cabin in which the murder was committed is owned by Morrison Findlay. Some months ago, Mr. Findlay received an offer to rent that cabin for a hundred dollars a month. He rented the cabin and thereafter received a hundred dollars on the first of each and every month, so that the rental was always paid up in advance. After the lease was made, Mr. Findlay did not go to the cabin at all. Therefore, he can shed no light on the crime except to give us a background as to the ownership of the cabin, the fact that it was leased, and that the rental money was paid regularly. I will state further that the cabin was rented by a person giving the name G. C. Challis, that the rental deal was made over the telephone, that Mr. Findlay was busy at the time, that he made no attempt to get in touch with the person renting the cabin."

"I can assure counsel that we have investigated those facts and they are true, and I will ask counsel to so stipulate."

Mason said, "Before I make a stipulation, I will ask counsel if Mr. Findlay made any attempt to get in touch with Mr. Challis in person."

"I don't think Mr. Findlay made any attempt to get in touch with the person renting the cabin," Ellington said.

"Does he have the address of Mr. Challis?"

"He has an address which came on envelopes in which the rental was mailed," Ellington said. "The address was that of a secretarial agency which furnishes office space to persons who wish a mailing address."

"You have investigated that address?" Mason asked.

"Of course. The police have made an investigation."

**P**ERRY asked, "And have talked with Mr. Challis?"

"It has been impossible, so far, to find the person who paid rental on the cabin," Ellington said. "I fail to see that it is particularly important for the purposes of this preliminary hearing. As court and counsel both realise, it is only necessary to show that a crime was committed and that there is reasonable ground to believe that the defendant perpetrated the crime."

"I take it counsel will be willing to stipulate as to the matters outlined by the deputy district attorney," Judge Bagby said.

"I will stipulate that Morrison Findlay is the owner of the cabin, if I am assured that such is the case."

"I can assure you such is the case," Ellington said.

"I will further stipulate that it may be deemed that Morrison Findlay was on the stand and testified, on direct examination, to all the facts set forth in the deputy district attorney's statement," Mason said.

A look of quick relief flashed over Ellington's face. "Very well," he said, "that disposes of the ownership of the cabin then, and —"

"Wait a minute," Mason interrupted. "I don't think you

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were listening very closely, counsellor. I stated that I would stipulate that Findlay could be deemed to have been on the stand and testified to these facts in direct examination. Now then, I have the right to cross-examination. I want to ask Mr. Findlay a few questions."

Ellington frowned. "But we've given you all the information, and —"

"That's my stipulation," Mason said.

"Very well," Judge Bagby said. "Mr. Findlay will be deemed to have given the testimony contained in your statement, subject to cross-examination by the defence. Now, Mr. Findlay is in court?"

"He is."

"Then let him take the stand for cross-examination," Judge Bagby said.

Morrison Findlay, a middle-aged, sharp-eyed man with bushy eyebrows, took the witness stand and looked expectantly at Ellington.

"Mr. Mason will question you on cross-examination," Ellington said.

Mason rose to face Findlay.

**ICELAND POPPIES**  
need a good long start if they are to flower in July for a good August showing. Sow the seed in boxes now, and when the plants begin to stool out (produce leafy rosettes) spray weekly with DDT. The seed, being small, should be sown thinly.



**SOW NOW**

"Mr. Findlay, my first question on cross-examination is whether the G. C. Challis who rented the cabin from you was a man or a woman."

Findlay glanced swiftly at Ellington, then said, "It was a woman."

"Did she give you any first name?"

"No, just the initials — G. C. Challis."

"Wasn't that rather an unusual way to rent a cabin?"

"Very unusual, Mr. Mason."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because the cabin was worth, at the outside, perhaps thirty dollars a month. Under the circumstances, a hundred dollars a month was very, very satisfactory to me."

"And you received the money each month?"

"Yes, sir."

"By cheque?"

"No, sir. I received it in the form of cash."

"How did you receive it?"

"Each month I received a letter bearing the return address of G. C. Challis. In the letter was invariably one one-hundred-dollar bill and a brief note stating rental of cabin for whatever the month was."

"The rent was in advance?"

"In advance."

"Did you make an attempt to trace this mysterious tenant?"

"Only to the extent of looking up the address that was on the letter."

"And you found what?"

"That the address was that of a secretarial service which rented out office space and furnished a mailing address to persons who wished to receive mail. In view of the fact that the rental was coming in promptly every month, I made no attempt to get any further information."

"The first remittance contained two hundred dollars?"

"That is right. Two one-hundred-dollar bills, with a notation stating that the bills covered the first month's rent, which I believe was the month of September, and the last month's rent."

"Then you rented the cabin on September of last year?"

"No, sir. It was the year before."

Mason's eyebrows raised in surprise. "This has been going on for more than a year, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How were the notations on these letters made? In feminine handwriting?"

"No, sir, on a typewriter."

"And you saved those letters?"

"Certainly."

"Did you ever send any receipts?"

"I did the first two months. I acknowledged receipt of the money and then received a telephone call stating that that wouldn't be at all necessary."

"The whole situation was rather mysterious," Mason said. "Now, have you brought those typewritten notes which accompanied the rental remittances to court with you?"

"I have."

"Produce them, please, and I

wish to have them introduced in evidence."

"No objection," Ellington said.

Findlay handed the clerk of the court the documents, fastened with a rubber band.

Mason took advantage of the delay to bend over Paul Drake, "Paul, get your handwriting expert up here. See if the typewriter is the same one that typed the anonymous letter."

Mason straightened and turned to the witness, "Have you," he asked, "ever heard the defendant, Gladys Doyle, talk?"

Findlay hesitated a moment, then said, "Yes."

"It was arranged by the police that you would hear her talk?"

"Yes."

"Was her voice the voice you heard over the telephone?"

"I don't think so."

"That's all," Mason said. "I have no further questions on cross-examination at this time. I do state to the court, however, that before the case is concluded I may want to test Findlay's recollection of the voice he heard over the telephone by asking him to listen to other feminine voices."

"You can make him your own witness if you want to do that," Ellington said. "We would like to have your cross-examination concluded at this time."

"Under the peculiar circumstances of this case," Mason said, "we feel that we are entitled to ask Mr. Findlay on cross-examination to listen to the voices of every female witness who may be called to the stand and determine whether the voice he heard over the telephone was the voice of such witness. I am going to ask Mr. Findlay this question."

Mason turned to the witness. "Will you be willing to remain in court during the hearing of this case and listen to the voices

of the female witnesses? If you hear any voice that impresses you as being the voice of the person with whom you talked over the telephone, will you then advise me?"

"That's objected to as not proper cross-examination," Ellington said.

"It may not be proper cross-examination for the purpose of proving the identity of the voices," Mason said, "but it's proper cross-examination to show bias or interest on the part of this witness, and I'm going to insist that I have the right to do this."

**J**UDGE BAGBY

said: "I'm going to let the witness answer the question the way you have asked it, because this quite obviously is a rather peculiar and very interesting situation. As far as the court can tell at the present time, it may have some very significant bearing on the issues in the case, and the court, of course, realises that in a case of this sort the defence is proceeding blind. The prosecution knows generally what its case is and what evidence it has to produce."

"Very well, your honor," Ellington said with poor grace, "I will withdraw my objection to the question."

"Are you willing to do that?" Mason asked Findlay.

"I'm willing to do it, if necessary," Findlay said, "although I am a rather busy man and I dislike to spend more time than I have to in the courtroom. Because the question has been raised as to my bias or interest, Mr. Mason, I will state that I think you should know the prosecution had me listen to —"

"Now just a minute, just a minute," Ellington interrupted, jumping to his feet. "We feel that the witness should be instructed, your honor, not to volunteer information, but only to answer questions. We move to strike out any rambling dissertation as to conversations which took place with the prosecution, and, incidentally, we object to this part of the witness' answer on the ground that he quite obviously was on the point of repeating hearsay evidence."

Judge Bagby looked at Mason with a twinkle in his eye and said, "The court will sustain the position of the deputy district attorney, at least at this time, on the grounds that the witness was about to volunteer a statement not called for in a question and that that statement quite obviously related to hearsay evidence."

"Yes, your honor," Mason said, smiling faintly. "Let me ask you this specific question, Mr. Findlay. You listened to the defendant's voice for the purpose of deciding whether her voice was that of the person giving the name of G. C. Challis over the telephone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you listen to anyone else?"

"Yes, sir. To a Mrs. Joseph Manly."

"Anyone else?"

"To the voice of Mauvis Meade."

"Anyone else?"

"No. Those were the only voices."

"And did you recognise the voice of any of those persons as being the voice of the person giving the name of G. C. Challis over the telephone?"

Findlay crossed his legs and shifted his position on the witness stand. "I will state this," he said, "that I was unable to make any positive identification of any of the voices."

"But short of a positive identification," Mason said, "did any of the voices sound familiar to you?"

"Well, yea."

"Whose voice?"

"That of Mauvis Meade."

"That sounded like the voice of the woman who called you and gave the name of G. C. Challis?"

"Well, I couldn't be positive. I am not sure that it was Mauvis Meade who called me on the telephone and gave the name of G. C. Challis. On the other hand, I am not at all sure that she was not the person."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all." The lawyer turned to Ellington and said, "And in view of the circumstances, the defence feels that even in the interest of expediting matters, it cannot enter into any further stipulations in regard to testimony."

Ellington flushed. "Call Mrs. Manly to the stand."

Mrs. Manly took the witness stand and was sworn.

"You are the widow of Joseph H. Manly?" Ellington asked.

"Yes."

"Your husband is dead?"

"Yes."

"When did you last see your husband alive?"

"It was, I think, on the fourth of this month."

"Did you subsequently see his body?"

"I did."

"And when was that?"

"That was on the following Tuesday."

"Did you identify that body?"

"I did."

"What body was it?"

"It was the body of my husband, Joseph H. Manly."

"I show you a photograph. Can you identify it?"

"It is a photograph of my husband."

"We ask this photograph be received in evidence," Ellington said.

"No objection, your honor."

"Very well," Judge Bagby ruled, "it may be received in evidence."

"Cross-examine," Ellington said.

Mrs. Manly turned to face Perry Mason as he arose. "You told me that your husband was in Tucson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know that he was not in Tucson?"

"At the time I made that statement to you, Mr. Mason, I was quite positive my husband was in Tucson, Arizona."

"You had no reason to believe he was elsewhere?"

"No."

"In view of the fact that you told me he was in Tucson, I will ask you if you have subsequently uncovered any information which accounts for the fact that he was not in Tucson, but was in a cabin within a relatively short distance of your residence?"

"I don't know what in the world he was doing there," she said. "I have absolutely no idea what caused him to go to that cabin."

"No further questions," Mason said.

"Call Dr. Samuel G. Cleveland," Ellington said.

Doctor Cleveland came forward, qualified himself as an autopsy surgeon in the office of the county coroner, stated that he had performed an autopsy on a body which he identified as that of the body taken from the mountain cabin in Pine Glen and which, he stated, was the same body which had been viewed and identified by Mrs. Manly, the witness who had just testified.

"How did that man meet his death?" Ellington asked.

"He met his death by a gunshot."

"What kind of gun, if you know?"

"A twenty-two-calibre, high-velocity bullet of the type known as a long-rifle."

"Where was the wound, doctor?"

"He was hit in the left temple. The bullet ranged slightly upward. There was some considerable haemorrhage

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## Civil War film drama

★ "The Horse Soldiers," directed by John Ford and filmed in color, stars John Wayne, William Holden, and Constance Towers in a costly epic of the American Civil War (1861-1865) between the North and the rebel South.

◀ *ATTRACTION of opposites? Northern cavalry commander Wayne in a scene with Southern girl, pretty Constance Towers.*

*HISTORIC march through the Southern States is re-enacted in the United Artists' film. Below, Wayne is shown conferring with some of his men during a halt.* ▶



# Coward joins cast of "The Billionaire"



MARILYN: She's a clergyman's daughter — and a chorus girl — in "The Billionaire."

● "The Billionaire" looks like mushrooming into a tremendous movie, with Noel Coward the latest to join a cast starring Marilyn Monroe and Greg Peck. Coward will play a songwriter who coaches Peck.

FRANK SINATRA and Jack Benny have already agreed to do cameo roles in the comedy and other top personalities are expected to join them.

This idea of big star casts could set the pattern for future movies hoping to fight off the onslaught of TV.

Film-makers at first thought epic spectacles were the answer, but have lately become aware that to audiences one epic spectacular is very like another.

So the trend now is moving towards out-and-out personality appeal and away from huge vistas and crowds.

Following the example of the late Mike Todd, who paid his office stars relatively

meagre salaries to play tiny cameo roles in "Around the World," producer-director George Sidney is trying to line up 20 big names to make brief appearances in "Pepe," which will star Mexican comedian Cantinflas.

Dean Martin, Tony Curtis, and Debbie Reynolds have already agreed to be seen briefly as themselves in this film.



LADY IN THE HAT accompanying popular Kenneth More is hat-conscious actress Eva Bartok. She is pausing to say a few words into a tape-recorder at a recent London movie premiere.

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Ansell GREEN "SUEDEES"

## New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★ HELL BENT FOR GLORY

War drama, with Tab Hunter, Etchika Choureau. Equire, Sydney.

THIS rather muddled film follows the adventures of a young American, Thad Walker, who joins the French Air Corps in the early stages of World War I.

After knocking down his French commanding officer he deserts, and hides out in Paris with Renee, a girl he'd fallen in love with before going into training.

Tab Hunter, who plays the leading role, has never been noted for emotional screen performances, and is more than usually vacant and stolid here. Etchika Choureau, whose name has often been linked with Tab's in real life, brings a sweet sincerity to the part of his fallen-angel sweetheart.—C.P.

In a word... DULL.

### ★ A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR

Romantic comedy, with Sal Mineo, Christine Carere, Barry Coe, Barbara Eden, Gary Crosby, Terry Moore. In color. Regent, Sydney.

WITH its line-up of youthful names this promises a good deal more than it delivers in the way of bright, light entertainment.

The acting is elementary, the story wobbly, and the color weak. However it has its moments, and the overall effect is one of good intentions gone astray.

The story concerns three Army trainees (Mineo, Coe, and Crosby) who work up a musical act which is chosen to go on a Services TV show.

A fantastic sub-plot, in which Coe, while under sleeping drugs in the camp hospital, is married to the elderly

female Assistant Minister of the Army, turns out to provide most of the comedy—mainly through the work of Alan Hewitt, as the psychologist.

Coe's girl, Christine Carere, looks delightful; Crosby's girl, Barbara Eden, handles her role of public relations officer with crisp efficiency; Terry Moore, drawn by Mineo in the love lottery, just stands about. In a word... YOUTHFUL.

### ★ SOLOMON AND SHEBA

Biblical spectacular, with Yul Brynner, Gina Lollobrigida. In Super Technirama-70 and color. Paris, Sydney.

VIVIDLY spectacular and a triumph of organisation in its three great battle scenes, this is a film whose massiveness somewhat dwarfs its actors.

But those with a taste for bigger-than-ever screen entertainment will enjoy it for its scope and pictorial richness, colorful costumes, sinuous dancing girls, and its big-scale, orgiastic ritual to pagan gods.

A political ally of Pharaoh (David Farrar), the cunning and ambitious Queen of Sheba (Lollobrigida) pays what is the early equivalent of a State visit to Pharaoh's enemy, King Solomon of the Israelites (Brynner).

But instead of bringing off the intended metaphorical stab in the back, Sheba falls in love.

Unprepared for the role he stepped into at short notice after Tyrone Power's death, Brynner is considerably less effective than usual, and the historic romance turns out to be a fairly tame affair.

The most enjoyable performance comes from George Sanders as Solomon's treacherous brother, Adonijah.

In a word... SPECTACULAR.



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**VAN  
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**TAB  
HUNTER**



**RICHARD  
CONTE**



**DICK  
YORK**



**MICHAEL  
CALLAN**



*It tells of the good in the worst of women. It tells of the bad in the best of men.  
It tells of a coward who sought courage and found it where he least expected it —  
in himself . . . on the road to Cordura.*

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COMMENCING SYDNEY, STATE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18**

# Wacky Joanne Woodward

● She canvasses in political campaigns . . . gets Marlon Brando to baby-sit . . . plays baseball . . . makes her own clothes . . . and once had a guest in her house for days without noticing him.

**H**OLLYWOOD actresses get away with pretty well any crazy gimmick these days.

Gone are the grand old times when they never appeared in public unless ravishingly gowned; when they never even admitted that they had babies, much less that they fed them; when they'd get up even from a sick-bed to attend a press interview.

Typical of the new era is wacky star Joanne Woodward, aged 27.

Joanne recently kept a group of important magazine writers waiting for three hours to interview her in New York.

And where was she? Out in the city's picturesque bohemian quarter, Greenwich Village, canvassing, if you please, for a political candidate in a municipal election!

In a house-to-house campaign, she rang doorbells, shook hands, climbed hundreds of flights of stairs, took her lunch at a hot-dog stand

● Joanne Woodward went blond for "The Fugitive Kind," based on Tennessee Williams' play "Orpheus Descending."

— and got her man thousands of votes.

Later, she explained to the waiting journalists: "I simply forgot the time."

Late for another press appointment, Joanne turned up in a shabby skirt and a man's dirty dress shirt (borrowed from husband Paul Newman) and told the writers:

"I got up at six o'clock this morning to feed my little daughter — and I didn't have time to change."

Joanne, who won an Oscar for her third film, "The Three Faces of Eve," went on:

"And I don't think it detracts one whit from my personality as an actress if I don't always appear dressed to kill."

Joanne's daughter, Elinor Theresa Newman, will be two next April.

Now, the person who would be voted least likely to succeed as a baby-sitter is surely Marlon Brando. But Marlon once baby-sat with Elinor, to let

Joanne and Paul go to a political rally.

Joanne spent her days off from the set of her latest film, "The Fugitive Kind," sewing clothes for her new-season wardrobe. Yes, she makes her own clothes, even though she averages £50,000 a picture.

"I love sewing," she explained. "Besides, why should I pay all the money New York stores charge for clothes?"

Once, when Joanne and Paul were in Hollywood, a New York actor friend spent several days in their home before she realised he was there.

Joanne said, "We just didn't notice our guest had arrived."

"After all, a house is a home — not a hotel where you have to question everybody."

Joanne also persuaded a children's baseball team in Greenwich Village, where she and Paul now live, to let her play with their team on Sundays — to enable her to discuss baseball with Paul's two sons (of a previous marriage).

Since "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne has had a run of Southern heroine roles. Now comes the soon-to-be-released "The Fugitive Kind," in which she co-stars with Brando and Anna Magnani.



● Marlon Brando, who co-stars with Joanne in "The Fugitive Kind," rehearses a love scene with her.

and, in my opinion, death was virtually instantaneous."

"What was the time of death?"

"The man died within one hour of the time he ingested a meal consisting of meat, which was beef of some sort, probably a steak, and French-fried potatoes. I place death within not more than one hour and within not less than forty-five minutes of the time such meal was ingested."

"You, of course, don't know of your own knowledge what time the meal was ingested?"

"No, sir. I only know that death occurred within those time limits."

"Cross-examine," Ellington said to Perry Mason.

Mason arose to cross-examine the doctor. "Doctor," he said, "do you have perhaps in the back of your mind an idea or an opinion as to the exact time of death?"

"Well — yes, I do."

"What time is that?"

"Now, just a moment," Ellington said. "I object to that, if the court please. The question has already been asked and answered by the doctor. He has placed the time within forty-five minutes or an hour of the time the last meal was ingested, and he certainly can't place it any closer than that."

Mason said, "I object, if the court please, to the deputy district attorney rushing to the assistance of the witness and calling his attention to the way the prosecution would like to have the question answered."

"I'm not rushing to his assistance," Ellington shouted.

Mason grinned. "Then why didn't you let the doctor answer the question in his own way?"

Judge Bagby said, "Gentlemen, let's abstain from person-

alities. Doctor Cleveland, you can answer that question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Answer it, then."

"I think the decedent met his death at a period of from forty-five minutes to an hour after he ingested the last meal," the witness answered.

"Now, then, doctor," Mason said, smiling and urbane, "do you also have in mind right now some opinion as to the exact hour of the day that the decedent met his death?"

"Well, of course, I don't have any evidence—that is, any evidence that could be presented in a court of law that would enable me to answer the question."

"I'm not asking you about where the evidence came from or anything," Mason said. "I'm simply asking you if in your own mind, at the present time, you have an idea or an opinion as to the hour of the day at which the decedent met his death."

"That's objected to as not proper cross-examination," Ellington said.

"Overruled," Judge Bagby said.

"It's further objected to in that it calls for evidence as to the state of mind of the witness, which is something with which we are not concerned. It calls for a conclusion, and quite obviously, the way the question is framed, that conclusion can be based upon hearsay evidence."

"This is cross-examination, your honor," Mason said. "I have the right to probe the mind of the witness. He has given an opinion. I have the right to ask him what is his foundation for that opinion and whether or not he has an idea at the present time as to the exact hour the decedent met his death."

"I think that's correct,"

Judge Bagby said. "I think you have a right to ask that question in that way. The objection is overruled."

"Well," Doctor Cleveland said, hesitating, "I—I think that — well, probably around three o'clock in the morning."

"You found evidence indicating that the decedent could well have met his death at about that hour?"

"Yes."

"And no evidence to contradict that?"

"No."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all, doctor."

"My next witness," Ellington said, "is Dorothy Selma."

The young woman who came

hip-swaying to the witness stand had large, limpid eyes, curves of which she was only too conscious, and a completely innocuous countenance, as though her face were disclaiming all responsibility for the spectacle of her body. She took the oath, seated herself on the witness stand and regarded Ellington with wide, innocent eyes.

"Your name is Dorothy Selma," Ellington said. "What's your occupation?"

"I work in an all-night luncheon service."

"A drive-in?"

"That's right."

"You're what is known as a car hop?"

"If you wish to call it that."

"I show you a photograph which has previously been identified as a photograph of Joseph H. Manly. I ask you if

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you have seen that individual before."

"I have."

"Where?"

"Early in the morning of the ninth—that is, it was early on a Monday morning at a little before two o'clock — oh, say around twenty minutes before two. He drove in to the place where I work."

"Did he order?"

"He did."

"What did he order, Miss Selma?"

"We have a special at that hour in the morning, a beef-steak sandwich with French-fried potatoes."

"You served him that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then what?"

"He paid his bill, left a tip, and drove away."

"Do you know what kind of a car he was driving?"

"I do."

"What kind was it?"

"A jeep, with four-wheel drive."

"And you are positive that the man indicated in this photograph is the man on whom you waited?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean that he was a regular customer?"

"That's right."

"How many times had you seen him before, Miss Selma?"

"Heavens, I don't know. He'd drive in there — well, sometimes he'd drive in two or three nights running, and then we wouldn't see him for a week or ten days, and then he'd come in again."

"Did you know him well enough to speak to?"

She laughed and said, "Heavens, I don't have to know them well in order to speak to them."

"Did you know his name?"

"We called him Joe. That was the only name we had. We girls have our first name on a badge on our blouse right — right here." She turned to face the judge, pulled the blouse tight over her left side, and indicated with her forefinger the place where the badge went.

"I see," Judge Bagby said, with a slight smile.

"Did you ever talk with the person shown in the photograph about what he did? About what his occupation was?" Ellington asked.

"No, sir, I didn't. We used to kid along a little bit. He'd — well, you know. He'd hand me a line and I'd come right back at him, and — well, we always tried to be cheerful."

"What were your hours?"

"I went on at twelve o'clock midnight and went off duty at eight in the morning. I like that shift. The work isn't as heavy. Of course, you don't get as many tips, but every once in a while a lush comes along and if you kid him along in the right way he'll really decorate the mahogany."

"Thank you," Ellington said. "I'm working on a salary myself. I think perhaps Mr. Mason would be more interested in the mechanics of getting gratuitous remuneration from clients . . . You may inquire, Mr. Mason."

"Thank you," Mason said, smiling. "I'm quite certain the information will come in handy."

Mason turned to the witness. "Did you ever know Joe's last name, Miss Selma?"

"I never knew it."

"Did you ever notice anything peculiar about the automobile? Is there anything that would enable you to recognise it again, the —"

"Heavens, yes!" she said. "I

know that it was a jeep with a four-wheel drive. It was a kind of a gunmetal grey, and there was a little nick on the left front fender. I remember that."

"Do you know what model it was?"

"No, I don't," she said. "It — well, now wait a minute, I do, too. I think it had a six-cylinder motor and I think Joe told me that it was the first model that had come out with the six-cylinder motor."

"Then it was always the same car?"

"Every time I waited on him he had the same car, this jeep with the six-cylinder motor and the four-wheel drive."

"Now are you positive about the time on this Sunday night? Let's see, it was actually Monday morning. It was past midnight."

"I'm positive. I can't tell you the exact minute, but I can tell you it was very shortly before two o'clock."

"Thank you," Mason said, "that's all."

"If the court please," Ellington said, "in the case of the next witness I am going to call, I would like to point out to the court that this witness will be called for a very specific and limited purpose. I feel that counsel would like very much to go on a fishing expedition, as there are other matters within the knowledge of this witness which I don't consider directly pertinent to the case, at least at this time, but counsel for the defence would doubtless like to turn her inside out."

"I am, therefore, going to be very careful to restrict my examination in chief. I am going to ask the court to take particular note of the questions I ask

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## Continuing... THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

and the limited field which I open up, because I intend to object if there is any attempt to go on a general fishing expedition with this witness by way of cross-examination."

"Why doesn't counsel wait until I start fishing before he tries to put up the no-trespassing signs?" Mason asked.

Judge Bagby smiled. "I think that might be the better procedure, Mr. Prosecutor. Call your witness."

"I am calling Mauvis Niles Meade," Ellington said.

The courtroom door opened and Mauvis Meade entered the courtroom accompanied by Dukes Lawton, her bodyguard. Lawton cupped his big hand underneath her elbow, walked up the aisle with her, and opened the gate.

Ellington regarded Mauvis Meade with approval, then frowned slightly as he saw Dukes Lawton starting to follow her.

"Wait right there, Mr. Lawton," Ellington said. "Only witnesses and counsel are allowed behind the bar."

Lawton glanced at Judge Bagby, then dropped into a vacant seat in the front row, seating himself right on the edge of the seat.

"Your name is Mauvis Niles Meade. You are a novelist and are the authoress of the current best-seller, 'Chop the Man Down'?"

"I am," she answered, in an all but inaudible voice.

"You are acquainted with the defendant?"

"Yes."

"Did she work for you?"

"Yes."

"In what capacity?"

"As secretary."

"I direct your attention specifically to Friday, the sixth of this month. Did you have a conversation with the defendant on that day in regard to her duties over the weekend?"

"I did."

"Did you furnish her with a car?"

"I did."

"Did you give her a certain specific assignment?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"She was to go to Summit Inn and meet a writer there, a man whose name is Edgar Carlisle. I understood that he was—"

"Now never mind what you understood," Ellington interrupted, "unless it was something you told the defendant at that time."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," she said. "I told her that he was in the publicity department of American States Producers Studios—I thought he was—"

"Now I want to limit this part of the examination," Ellington said. "Did you have a discussion with her about when she was to come back to the apartment, and how she was to come back?"

"Yes."

"Kindly tell the court just what you told her at that time."

"I told her to take a short cut down the mountain. I gave her directions."

"What were they?"

"I told her to leave Summit Inn on the main highway and to go into the main part of town. Two blocks past the post office she was to turn right. Then after five blocks she was to turn left. This is a narrow road, but it is a surfaced road that goes for about a mile on fairly easy grade, then turns sharply and starts winding down the mountain."

"I told the defendant to start measuring the mileage at the post office, that at nine and seven-tenths miles she would come to a fork in the road and she was to take the right-hand turn. At fifteen and three-

tenths miles she would come to another fork in the road and again she was to take the right-hand turn."

"After that, I gave her directions about following the road to the main highway, crossing the main highway, and travelling a narrow road for three miles until she came to the freeway to Los Angeles."

"The defendant made notes?"

"She did."

"I am going to show you what appears to be a page from a shorthand notebook with some writing and some shorthand annotations. Are you familiar with the handwriting of the defendant?"

"I am, Yes, sir."

"Do you recognise this handwriting?"

"It is the defendant's handwriting."

"There are words here, 'Received three hundred dollars. What does that mean?'"

"I gave her three hundred dollars as an expense account."

"Over the weekend?"

"Yes."

"Are you a shorthand stenographer?"

"Yes."

"Are you familiar with the defendant's shorthand?"

"I am, yes."

"Can you read these shorthand notes?"

"Not well enough to testify to each word, but well enough to testify that they are the directions I gave her for coming down the mountain and that they are in her handwriting."

"Now, do you know where this page which I hold in my hand was found?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In a wastebasket in the room in my penthouse, which was assigned to the defendant."

"You took this out of the wastebasket?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do with it?"

"I gave it to Lieutenant Tragg, of Homicide."

"That's all," Ellington said.

"You may cross-examine."

Mason said, "What else did you talk about when you were discussing this weekend trip with the defendant, Miss Meade?"

"Just a moment," Ellington said, "if the court please, I feel that cross-examination should be restricted to the specific ground I have covered."

Mason smiled. "It is an axiomatic rule of law that when testimony is adduced concerning a part of a conversation, the cross-examiner can call for all of the conversation if he wishes."

"Only, if the court please, for so much of the conversation as is pertinent to the issues," Ellington said.

"I'll lay a little more foundation," Mason said. "How long did this conversation last, Miss Meade?"

"Oh, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes."

"And you discussed her duties with her?"

"Yes."

"And the trip she was to make?"

"Yes."

"And the trip down the mountain?"

"Yes."

"And what else?"

"I—I think that's all. I remember I told her that I had reason to believe this Edgar Carlisle was something of a wolf and she was to beware of him. I also told her something about the clothes she was to take and told her what car to take up there."

"And that was the entire conversation?"

"That's all I can remember."

Mason said, "You told her how to come down the mountain?"

"Yes."

"Now, when you gave her those directions, did you give them from memory?"

"Yes."

"I would like to refresh your recollection a little, Miss Meade, without appearing to be unduly insistent, but isn't it a fact that you had a map which you kept in your desk and that you used this map in giving Miss Doyle the directions as to how to come down the mountain?"

"I may have."

"Where is that map now?"

"Heavens," she said, "I don't know. I—I just can't remember. I think perhaps I gave it to Lieutenant Tragg—no, I guess—"

"frankly, I think that was a duplicate map that I gave Lieutenant Tragg. I had two maps."

"The map you used in giving Miss Doyle directions and one other?"

"Yes."

"Both covering the same thing?"

"Generally."

"You had those two maps in your possession on Friday, the

### FROM THE BIBLE

● "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Luke 2:14.

This was the message the angel choir brought to the shepherds on the night Jesus was born. Most Eastern boys had their birth proclaimed by a choir. This baby, whose poor parents could not afford to hire singers, heard instead heaven-sent music.

sixth of this month, when you gave Gladys Doyle the directions for coming down the mountain?"

"Well, now—wait a minute. I'm not prepared to state that, Mr. Mason."

"Oh, Your Honor, I object to this as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial," Ellington said.

"Are you making any particular point about this map or these maps, Mr. Mason?" Judge Bagby asked. "Is there anything about them which you feel the court should know about?"

"I think there is, Your Honor."

"Well, I'll overrule the objection on the strength of your assurance, Mr. Mason."

"If the court please," Ellington said, "I'd like to be heard on that. That map is going to become a controversial point in the case, and once we open the door we're going to go far afield. Counsel will attempt to impeach the witness on a collateral matter which, as far as we're concerned, has no great bearing on the case."

"Well, I'll permit the question," Judge Bagby said.

Mason turned to the witness. "Did you have both maps at that time?"

"I think—I think I had the second map later."

"The map which you gave Lieutenant Tragg?"

"Yes."

"Does the prosecution have that map?" Mason asked, turning to Ellington.

"The prosecution has the map," Ellington said stiffly.

"May I see it, please?"

"You may not," Ellington said. "The map has no bearing whatever upon the issues involved in this case. It is purely a collateral document; it

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is one which the witness did not have in her possession at the time this conversation took place; it is one which came into her possession later on."

"It's in her handwriting, isn't it?" Mason asked.

"Don't examine me," Ellington said testily.

Judge Bagby frowned. "Counsel will please refrain from personalities," he said. "Is there some reason, Mr. Prosecutor, why this map should not be produced?"

"There is, Your Honor. Very frankly, this map is one that counsel would like to use as a springboard for a browbeating cross-examination of this witness. He would like to try to confuse her and confuse the issues with this map. We object to it."

"The evidence will show—in fact, I am prepared to show by this witness—that this map was actually not in existence at the time that this conversation took place."

"Not even in existence?" Judge Bagby asked.

"It was not in existence," Ellington said. "The witness may have drawn this map especially for Lieutenant Tragg when she couldn't find the original map."

"I will state to the court that during the absence of this witness someone had searched her penthouse apartment and had pulled out drawers, had taken clothes out of closets, and left the place a wreck."

"Lieutenant Tragg asked about this map because Perry Mason was there, and Perry Mason was anxious to see the map. I won't say that this happened, but it is quite possible that the witness, unable to produce the map she had at that time, drew another map which illustrated the point in which Mr. Mason and Lieutenant Tragg were interested and gave Tragg the map, simply stating that it was a map showing the road in question."

"I certainly see nothing wrong with that, but I realise that it is a straw at which counsel is going to clutch with savage ferocity if he can once get that into evidence."

"May I be heard?" Mason asked.

The judge nodded.

"I am very much interested in the question of whether the map which was in the possession of this witness showed the cabin and the location of the cabin and the road leading to the cabin where the murder was committed."

"It has absolutely nothing to do with the case," Ellington said. "You are simply trying to confuse the witness in regard to that map, where it is and what happened to it and how she happened to make another map in her handwriting."

"And I think I'm entitled to cross-examine her on it."

"It has nothing to do with the case," Ellington snapped.

"She used that map as a memo when she directed the defendant as to the road she was to follow."

"Not that map," Ellington said. "If you want to cross-examine her about any map, specify that it is the map that she used at that time, and I will have no objection."

"Thank you," Mason said. "Under those circumstances, your honor, I withdraw my previous question. I will ask the witness this question. You had a map at that time, Miss Meade?"

"Yes."

"Where is that map now?"

"I don't know."

"Do you remember the contents of the map?"

"Vaguely."

"What did it show?"

"It showed the road down the mountain, from Summit Inn on down."

"Would you know that map if you saw it again?"

"Certainly."

"That map was in your handwriting?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, "Yes."

"And how did you happen to draw that map?"

"Someone told me about this short cut down the mountain."

"Had you ever followed this short cut?"

"I had."

"And had you ever made the turn at that fork so that you went down to the cabin—the fork which is fifteen and three-tenths miles?"

"I—I may have. I have been up and down that mountain a great number of times."

"And have you ever stopped in at that cabin?"

"Now there, Your Honor," Ellington said, "is an illustration of the point I was making. I was very careful to say nothing about that cabin or about that road. I limited my questions of this witness to one conversation. The question of whether she ever saw that cabin is not proper cross-examination."

"I think I'll sustain that objection," Judge Bagby said.

"But you would know that map if you saw it again?" Mason asked. "The one that you had in your hand when you gave the defendant directions how to get down the mountain?"

"Yes."

"Is this it?" Mason said, drawing the map he had received in the mail from his inside coat pocket and placing it on the rail in front of the witness. "I will ask you, Miss Meade, if this is your handwriting?"

To be concluded

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that you are keeping something from me."

Putting on her martyred look, Lady Cumberbatch went to bed, leaving father and daughter together. "I think mother's quite right, Daddy," said Janet sweetly. "Maybe she knows about those red roses and wonders who you gave them to."

"What red roses?" The general looked like a small boy caught stealing the jam.

"The ones you took to London, Daddy—Good-night!"

Janet shrank from the look which her father turned upon her, compounded as it was of hurt, wonderment, and fierce indignation.

Soon after this Janet went to London for a week to stay with an old friend, whose house was within walking distance of the West London Cemetery.

Curiosity to see the grave of Mabel Huggins took her there one day. The grave was littered with the petals of dark red roses. Rain had smudged her father's bold handwriting on the card accompanying them: "Santa Eulalia, 1925."

What did it mean? More recently than the red roses someone had placed a great sheaf of Madonna lilies across the grave. Attached to these was a card bearing the single word "Gomez," and at the top of the card was what seemed to be a flag comprising green-and-red stripes, while on a medallion in the centre was a design which looked like a swarm of bees.

As Janet was studying this she became aware that she was not alone at the graveside. Her eyes met those of the newcomer across the grave and her first thought was that she knew the tall, handsome man with the dissipated face who stood there.

"She was very lovely, wasn't she?" he said. "So kind, so brave, so generous!"

"I don't know," Janet faltered.

"Of course—you wouldn't. I doubt if you were born when she died—and even then she had been forgotten for years."

The newcomer stooped to set down a pot of bright blue hydrangea. "This was her favorite color," he said.

"Did you—love her very much?" asked Janet.

"Of course! Everybody loved her. The world was at her feet. She died of a broken heart."

"What happened?" asked Janet, trembling with curiosity.

"She wasn't the only one. The 'talkies' did it. She only made one, you know. Poor darling! She had a voice like a magpie. Nothing could be done about it. Her rise to fame was like that of a rocket—her fall, too. It didn't seem possible that she could be forgotten so soon."

Putting on a pair of glasses, the newcomer stooped to read the card attached to the lilies.

"I see that Gomez remembered—as well he might. But I wonder who brought those red roses—"

"My father brought them," said Janet. "He brings her red roses every year."

"Your father, eh? He must be that soldier chap—moustache like a wire brush. He and I didn't get on too well, I'm afraid, but I'm glad he remembered, too. I don't think your father understood our profession. Anyway, it was all such a long time ago that it doesn't matter now. Give him my regards, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Janet, "but won't you please tell me your name?"

The stranger winced under the question as though his face had been slapped. "Fame—immortality—rot! There's no such thing."

"Poor girl! I begin to understand better what it did to her—why she took to the bottle. And now, by heavens! it's happened to me, too. Who am I? I'll tell you, my dear—I'm just

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## THE MYSTERIOUS MOURNERS

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another forgotten old has-been, a bit hurt in his pride by your question. Good-bye!"

With an almost hysterical laugh the other turned from the graveside and strode away, leaving Janet in a state of utter bewilderment. She stooped to read the card attached to the hydrangea. It said simply: "Sylvia, dear, you were the brightest star of them all. J.M."

For Jimmy Calder the next days were busy, for in addition to his own work he was instructed to explore several avenues of research. Part of the job was done for him when an evening newspaper published a picture of Julian Merrivale, not long come from Hollywood to play a secondary role in a "B" picture to be made in an English studio.

He achieved the headlines again when arrested for drunken driving. Janet at once identified

Grayson, who—her death never having been announced—was assumed still to be alive. The clippings were chiefly the vapid outpourings of her studio's publicity department, but there were two finds.

One was that Sylvia Grayson, on the verge of a nervous breakdown from overwork, had in the latter part of 1925 gone on a yachting cruise in the Caribbean. A member of the yachting party had been Julian Merrivale.

The strange thing about this period—strange because the studio publicity department had permitted Sylvia Grayson the luxury of a private life—was the total absence of any Press clippings dealing with this Caribbean cruise.

For some seven weeks, it seemed, Sylvia Grayson had been in total eclipse. The only

thing Jimmy over the phone that evening. "But I've an idea. Doesn't the library of the British Museum keep files of newspapers published everywhere in the world? Well, wouldn't the San Felicidad newspapers for November and December, 1925, tell us everything we want to know?"

Jimmy agreed that this was a good idea, making immediate arrangements to inspect them. And so matters stood for several days until the general's eye was caught by an advertisement in the "Personal" column of "The Times."

"San Felicidad: Historian engaged in writing story of 1925 Revolution anxious to meet persons having first-hand knowledge of events and personalities involved. Write 47a Widdicombe St., Bloomsbury, W.C.1."

The general took the offensive. Giving no sign of his emotions he resumed his dissection of a kipper. "Where," he asked Janet a few minutes later, apropos of nothing, "does your friend—Calder, I think his name is, live?"

"In Bloomsbury, Daddy."

"What address?"

"Widdicombe Street. Number forty-seven-a."

"When is he coming to see you again?"

"I don't know, Daddy. After the way you treated him last time he isn't very keen on coming again."

"Nonsense, my dear; nonsense! He's too sensitive—that's his trouble. He'll have to get over that, because he's in a job that demands a thick skin. Invite him down for the weekend."

Greatly wondering, Janet did just that—conscious as she did so that, in military parlance, her father had wrested the initiative from her.

Jimmy, during the few minutes they had together alone when he arrived on the Saturday afternoon, reported that at the British Museum Library he had drawn a complete blank.

During the weeks covered by the revolution no newspapers whatever had been published in the Republic of San Felicidad. The five newspapers in existence before the revolution—an excessive number in a land which boasted 89.72 per cent. illiteracy—ceased to exist.

Five new ones came into existence when the revolution was over, and even these, except for frequent references to "our beloved President, Gomez the Liberator," made no direct reference to the revolution which had taken place.

The general, his daughter noted with interest and vague alarm, had shed his air of gloom. He looked different, walked jauntily as though enjoying a private joke.

To Jimmy Calder he was almost polite, agreeing with great cordiality that journalism must be a fascinating and rewarding occupation. "You really feel," the general asked at dinner, "that you have found your true niche?"

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Jimmy, walking into the trap.

"Then if I am not being too curious," asked the general, "why are you abandoning journalism to become—an historian?"

Janet looked blank and uncomprehending. Lady Cumberbatch's ears flopped almost visibly, while Jimmy—his mouth full of warm bottled beer—erupted like a geyser.

"I might be able to help you in your research," continued the general, thrusting home his advantage while Jimmy was still groggy on the ropes. "Is there any particular aspect of the revolution in San Felicidad

that interests you, my boy? And, by the way, did you get any replies to your advertisement?"

"Only one, sir," replied Jimmy, goggle-eyed at the turn of events. "That was a chap called Julian Merrivale."

"That ham! Take anything he tells you with a pinch of salt. When the trouble started he ducked for cover and didn't come up until the shooting was over—"

"Algernon," boomed Lady Cumberbatch from the far end of the table, "what is all this nonsense about a revolution in San Whatsitsname?"

CALMLY the general said, "Jimmy here is writing the history of it and—well, I'm trying to help him. He's come to the right place, too, because I doubt whether anyone's alive today who knows the full story like I do."

"Have you gone mad, Algernon?" his wife demanded. "When was this revolution?"

"In the latter part of 1925, my dear."

"Indeed. Pray, why is it that I have to wait thirty-four years to be informed of this? You've never so much as mentioned this San Whatsitsname to me."

"Well, maybe you'd like to hear about it, my dear. I was going to tell Jimmy here—save me having to tell the story twice. It all happened when I was on the way back on leave from Hongkong. In San Francisco I bumped into an old pal, Bingo Summers."

"Well, Bingo at that time had made a pot of money rum-running, and at the time I met him was about to do a spot of gun-running. A pal of his called Gomez was about to start a revolution in San Felicidad."

"Everything was ready, except that he had no guns. Bingo, as a blind for the gun-running, had invited a lot of people on a yachting cruise in the Caribbean. The idea was, you see, to arrive in the port of Santa Eulalia—that's the capital—looking like a pleasure party. Well, Bingo invited me to join the party, and naturally I jumped at it."

"Well, we sailed from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Lot of film stars and so forth joining the yacht there. All mad as hatters, of course. Never be suspected of gun-running. Smart idea, what?"

"No trouble whatever getting the guns ashore—five hundred surplus American machine-guns and a million rounds of ammunition. But not so easy to get the money out of Gomez."

"Poor Bingo struck a snag there, but Gomez promised that when the revolution had been successful he'd pay the agreed price, plus a fat bonus. That meant we had to hang around till the fun was over."

"Well, we didn't have to wait long. The balloon went up three days later, and on the fourth day a few of the hand-picked guests from the yacht

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## Fashion FROCKS

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

the carton, and now she stopped with a jerk, her chin going up and up. "I do not do darn fool things!"

"No, of course not," Dan agreed ironically. "You never, for instance, leave the door ajar."

"Oh, that! I'd been to the basement to get the carton."

Dan brushed off her excuse. "The net result is all that matters. The door was ajar. I'm doing my best to bring home to you the risk in that."

"Well, anyway," Jill snapped back, "you've never had to pick up any pieces."

With an effort, Dan kept a grip on himself. "Now, let's not be facetious about this, Jill. Just keep to the issue, please."

"In my simple way, I thought the issue was providing a Christmas tree for a little boy who won't have one otherwise."

"How do you know he won't? He's probably a spoiled brat who wants a tree in every room. That address! It's in the next block to one of the smartest streets in Manhattan."

"Listen, Dan. I took that letter from the post-office, and I should think even a lawyer could see I'm stuck with it. A good thing, too," she added, with a couple of sniffs, "because it means at least one person in this town is going to have a nice Christmas."

"Oh, all right, then," Dan could never withstand one sniff, let alone two. "Come on, let's get this wild goose chase over. Our Christmas Eve will be gone before we know it."

"For heaven's sake!" Jill flared up again. "This is our Christmas Eve! We could be having a marvellous time if you weren't such an old stick-in-the-mud, holding on like glue to your preconceived ideas of everything. Always ready to think you're being taken for a ride!"

"It's you who gets taken for the ride!"

"All right, I get taken for rides. Now are you happy? And I'll tell you something else that's going to be taken for a ride—that star on the tree. I was leaving it because you seemed to like it so much, but now—"

"The tree's no good now, anyway. Get your coat and I'll take the wretched star down."

"No! Leave that star alone!"

"But you said—"

Continuing . . .

## LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

from page 23

"You called it a wretched star, and you're not going to touch it!"

There, in the room gone quiet and wrong, they faced each other, while all trace of Christmas spirit slipped through their fingers.

Finally, Dan said, "Just make up your mind! Take the star for a ride . . . leave it alone . . . will you please make up your mind?"

"I have made up my mind! The star stays where it is. I like it, if you don't. I also like the idea of giving Peter a tree, and, seeing you're against it, I'll take care of it myself. There's food in the refrigerator, and you can bolt the front door and wrap yourself up tight in your people-proof Christmas Eve."

With her brown eyes and gleaming hair practically giving off sparks, she was something to behold, but Dan had turned to the window, so he missed the conflagration.

"Lawyer—yow!" Jill threw over her shoulder as she flounced out of the room.

"Thanks," Dan put dignity into it, though he had to raise his voice above the tapping of Jill's heels on the polished floor. "You know perfectly well I would never let you go alone on such an expedition. Besides, it's starting to snow, and I don't want you driving on wet streets."

Probably anything he said at that moment would have been wrong, but nothing else would have infuriated Jill so much.

Out of tune with everything, including the snowflakes that nestled trustingly against them, they walked in silence to the car, parked in the next block.

As Dan switched on the ignition, he said, "Where do you want to go for the tree?" His tone was wary, as if he wouldn't put it past Jill, in her present mood, to take off for some distant fir forest.

"Any place," she said, the tingle of Christmas stirring in her again at thought of the trees stacked against impromptu stands on the sidewalks, or set up invitingly so that one had

to thread one's way through the reaching branches.

They drew near a fruit store with a sideline of trees.

"This'll do," Jill said, and Dan slowed down.

It was no light matter making a judicious selection, and Jill retired to the car. She might have known he'd fuss over this as he did over everything else.

Then there was the business of tying on the tree without damaging the car's paint. Jill felt a scratch or two would be in a good cause. But in Dan's opinion nothing warranted a scratch, so it was a little while before they set out for the address in the Santa Claus letter.

The block bristled with apartment buildings with their noses

It is woman who saves what man needs if he is to remain man.

—Alain

in the snowy air, all very canopied, very door-manned, and generally gold-plated.

"Doesn't look too good," Dan said.

Uneasily, Jill murmured, "Three-twenty-one's the number."

That turned out to be the peak of elegance in the block.

Dan stopped the car just beyond the building.

"It can't be right," Jill said, opening her handbag for the letter and peering at the address by the faint dashboard light. "Yes, it is. Three twenty-one."

There was silence. Finally Dan said, "Let's just go back home."

"We can't," Jill's voice was small, but it was firm. "I took the letter and I'm on my honor to see the thing through. You wait in the car and I'll go up to the apartment."

"I should say not! This is worse than any tenement. Here comes the doorman."

They were not exactly a fes-

tive pair, with Jill soberly hugging the carton in both arms and Dan glumly hauling the tree and the package of lights he had picked up without comment as they left the apartment.

The doorman offered, in a lofty way, to take the carton from Jill.

"It's all right, thanks," she said, her confidence in the letter in her bag sagging as she saw the large wreaths with spectacular red bows decorating the elaborate lobby. A child in this house lacked a tree?

"May I help you?" One of the attendants came forward.

"We want the Craig apartment," Jill said, straightening her shoulders.

"Are you expected, madam?"

"Yes," said Jill, reasoning that the child had written to Santa Claus, so, obviously, someone was expected. But she was careful not to look at Dan. He was such a stickler for the truth.

The house was plush enough to have two elevators, and Dan and Jill were directed to the one which served the Craigs. As they walked towards it along the marble corridor their tree seemed to be shrinking with so much magnificence around.

It wasn't enough that the Craigs should live in such splendor, they even had to occupy a penthouse.

The door was opened by a youngish man wearing no coat and with his tie loosened. He would have been handsome in an unvarnished sort of way if he hadn't looked harried to distraction. Trying to restrain a huge dog by the scruff of the neck wasn't helping him either.

"Down, Dixie!" he ordered the boxer. Then he saw the Christmas tree. "You have the wrong apartment," he said quite shortly and started to close the door.

"Oh, please! Just a minute!" Jill sounded a good deal braver than she felt.

"Look, I'm very busy."

"I'm sorry. We won't keep you. Are you Mr. Craig?"

"Yes."

"This is the tree Peter asked for."

Either the man was slow on the uptake or his mind was still on whatever it was he had been doing when they rang. He looked at them, his face a blank.

"The tree Peter asked for," Jill repeated.

"Peter has a tree," Mr. Craig said.

"But—"

"Come on, Jill!" Dan had had all he could take.

Jill took no notice. If someone here was playing fast and loose with Santa Claus, she meant to find out about it.

Just how, she wasn't sure. Mr. Craig could have that bleary look from working too hard. Yet again, he could be rather drunk, and Jill didn't always step in where angels feared to tread, whatever Dan might think to the contrary.

BESIDES, she was scared stiff of the boxer, standing there trigger-taut and even haughtier than the doorman.

As she hesitated, a slight, gentle-faced, grave little boy came to the door, ready for bed, with a robe over his pyjamas.

The instant he saw the Christmas tree a light seemed to go on inside him.

He ran over to Dan and touched the tree and smelled it.

"It's real," he said, still not smiling, but with complete happiness.

Jill relaxed, but just then the boxer sprang away from Mr. Craig's grip and leaped after her young master. She capered gauchely around him for a moment, then reared experimentally into Jill's face.

It was undoubtedly intended as a mark of esteem, but Jill was so frightened she nearly dropped the carton.

"Dan!" she cried.

"She won't hurt you," Dan said, with what Jill considered maddening calm.

Mr. Craig, on the other hand, was thoroughly upset. Though not over Jill's safety.

Grabbing Dixie, he stormed, "Peter! What do you think you're doing—fooling around with that darned tree?"

Jill knew then it wasn't Santa Claus she needed to worry about, but the little boy.

He looked up at his father. "I'm not fooling around with it. It's my own darned tree."

"Don't say darned. Anyway,

we've already got a tree—you know that."

Peter shook his head. "That silver, spiky thing isn't a tree. I've never had a real one, so I wrote Santa a letter."

"And he received it," Jill chipped in. "He asked us to deliver the tree. It's his busy night, you know."

"Sure," Peter said matter-of-factly, "that's all right. I didn't ask him to bring it, just send it." He tried to take his treasure in his arms.

"This is the darndest thing I ever heard of!" Mr. Craig broke in. "There's no sense to it at all!"

"That's what I thought," Dan said stiffly, "fill your son explained. I'll put the tree down here."

But that would never do, Jill knew. Mr. Craig probably would leave it there over Christmas.

She made a quick stab at solving the problem. "Oh, Dan, Mr. Craig's so busy!" She turned to Peter's father. "Couldn't we put the tree inside for you?"

He gave no word of thanks, but he did back up against the door, to hold it open.

Jill went in first, edging warily past the dog. "I have lovely decorations in this carton," she said, hoping she didn't sound as silly as she felt.

Peter superintended the easing of the tree through the doorway, embellishing the operation with a couple of excited hops.

He had come so far from his withdrawn state that Jill knew she had to see the thing through. Otherwise, she would certainly have turned tail and run at sight of the marble-floored, marble-columned affair that was the entrance hall. From urn-like lamps came dim illumination, but there was not a glimmer of light beckoning from anywhere beyond.

Dan, unprepared for a mausoleum, and anxious to be out of it said, "I'll put the tree down here."

"Here?" Jill laughed nervously. "Most people like the tree in the living-room. Perhaps Mr. Craig—"

Mr. Craig's reaction was to move away from the door and let it shut with a bang. He also released the boxer, and Jill tensed. In the shadowy gloom the animal seemed to her

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were invited to stay at the presidential palace while Gomez was using the thumb-screws on the outgoing administration to find out where the boodle was.

There was a tremendous sensation when it was discovered by the populace that Sylvia Grayson was one of the party

"Sylvia Grayson!" echoed Lady Cumberbatch. "She was just—wonderful as Sue in 'Desert Madness'—and to think that you actually knew her, Algonern, and never told me anything about it."

"Didn't think you'd be interested, my dear," said the general uncomfortably. "Anyway, thousands milled round the palace gates in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. Our party. I should have mentioned, comprised Bingo, Sylvia Grayson, a conceited ham called Julian Merryvale, and myself."

"Everything was fine—lashings of good booze, excellent service, fine horses to ride. Believe me, Gomez did himself well. Then on the evening Bingo was due to be paid there was a counter-revolution. The army switched its loyalty and we learned that the palace was about to be attacked. It looked as though the lot of us were going to be scuppered—"

"Was Sylvia Grayson as lovely in the flesh as she was on the screen, Algonern?" asked Lady Cumberbatch.

"Never saw her on the screen, my dear, so I can't reply to that—but if she was half as

Continuing . . .

## THE MYSTERIOUS MOURNERS

from page 47

good-looking on the films as she was in real life you can take it from me that the films would have caught fire. She was a—well, a smasher. What's more, if it hadn't been for Sylvia I wouldn't be here tonight telling you the story.

"She saved us all. That's why all those bees were incorporated into the new San Felicidad flag. Very delicate gesture on the part of Gomez, don't you think?"

"If you ask me what I think, Algonern, I think you're potty," snapped Lady Cumberbatch. "What have bees got to do with the matter?"

"I was about to explain all that when you interrupted me, my dear," said the general. "Well, things didn't look so good. The palace guard had bolted, and from the windows of the palace we could see the counter-revolutionary army coming up the Avenida Bolivar marching in a huge dust cloud."

HE went on, "Our only chance was to take the fastest horses in the stables and make a bolt for it. With luck we might reach the yacht. Then somebody drew our attention to the fact that Sylvia wasn't there."

"She'd disappeared while we were talking. By the way,"

added the general, "I should explain that Sylvia was a blonde and that these Central Americans love blondes—"

"Does it matter whether they liked blondes or brunettes?"

"It mattered that day, my dear, believe me, because the next we saw of Sylvia was when, mounted on an Arab horse that Gomez had pinched from his predecessor, she was calmly riding towards the gates slap at the approaching army."

"A dead silence fell, broken only by a curious mechanical sound. It was some moments before we realised that it was the sound of five thousand soldiers grinding their teeth. They could take brunettes or leave them, see? But it was Sylvia being a blonde that saved the day."

"I hope," said Lady Cumberbatch acidly, "that you don't expect us to believe this tarradiddle of nonsense."

"Believe it or not, my dear, as you please. But I was there and you weren't. There was Sylvia, cool as a cucumber, facing a demoralised army. No discipline, you see? Then fate took a hand."

"There came from behind the palace the fierce buzzing of ten thousand bees. One of

them stung Sylvia's horse on the rump and that did it."

"Sylvia was lost to sight in a cloud of dust with the entire counter-revolutionary army—cavalry in the lead to begin with, but soon overtaken by the infantry—in hot pursuit. That was the end of the counter-revolution, and for the next thirty years Gomez was never challenged."

"Surely you didn't leave the poor girl to her fate?"

"Of course not, my dear; of course not. I grabbed a pot of cold cream and set off after her."

"Cold cream? Whatever for?"

"Bee stings, my dear. Only thing I could think of. A sting from one of those brutes was like being stabbed with a red-hot needle. Poor girl! It didn't bear thinking of. Well, I galloped my horse to a standstill before I found her, having outdistanced the army an hour previously. Left them grinding their teeth in futile anguish."

"Were you grinding your teeth, Algonern?"

"Of course not. I was engaged to you then. Well, I administered first-aid, and after watering and resting our horses, we—well, we rode back to the palace. The poor girl was badly stung and—well, that was that. Interesting, what?"

"What seems so amazing, sir," said Jimmy, who had been listening goggle-eyed, "is that the Press didn't get hold of the story."

"Nothing amazing about it, my dear chap, because on the following morning there was no Press. Gomez, who realised the debt of gratitude he owed to Sylvia and knew it would embarrass her if the studio got hold of the story, fixed that, all right. He had the newspaper offices burned down. The journalists, of course, were shot."

LADY CUMBERBATCH rose majestically from the table. "I don't believe a word of it, Algonern, because if a tenth of it were true I know you couldn't have kept it to yourself all these years." She swept out.

The general helped himself to a glass of brandy. "Well, my boy, there's your story."

Janet broke the long silence that followed. "Was she badly stung by the bees, Daddy?"

"Shockingly, my dear; shockingly! The fact is that I personally pulled about forty stings out, and the doctors were working on her for hours when I got her back—"

"But like Mother, Daddy, I just can't understand why you have said nothing over all these years."

"It was for Sylvia's sake. Sylvia had got where she was by simpering prettily at the moon-faced heroes they dredged

up to play in her films. She couldn't afford to have it known that she mixed herself in Central American revolutions."

"And that's the only reason for keeping quiet after her death?"

"Surely you can see that having kept quiet at the time it would have looked somewhat odd to have spoken later? It wouldn't have hurt Sylvia, of course, but it would have wanted some explaining, and your mother is curiously obtuse in some ways."

"Yes, Daddy," said Janet thoughtfully, "but I still think there is a missing piece in the puzzle. You haven't come clean."

"Well, my dear," said the general unhappily, "there was one other consideration which sealed my lips. Your mother has always been a highly sensitive woman, and I—well—didn't want to hurt her feelings."

"Go on, Daddy. Out with it?"

"Well, it was like this, my dear—what I omitted to mention was that when poor Sylvia routed the army she was—well, in her birthday suit, so to speak. Doing a Lady Godiva, if you know what I mean, and wearing nothing but a cascade of golden hair. And rightly or wrongly, I've always felt that your mother wouldn't have—well—appreciated my predicament. That's all."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 23, 1959



● *Primula Carmine*, one of the newer malacoides types. They do well in the open when grown in massed beds, and make a striking contrast to golden Iceland poppies, Californian poppies, lemon and orange calendulas grown behind them. Picture taken at Yates Trial Ground, Dundas, N.S.W.

## A dainty family

- Primroses, auriculas, and polyanthus will survive many hot summers if carefully cultivated in shady places where the soil is moist and acid.

THESE plants, as well as oxlips and cowslips, belong to the same family as the little English primrose and the annual fairy primrose, or malacoides primulas.

They are all good for growing under glass, as house plants, or in the open. Most of them are perennial herbs, growing from underground stems, with flowers in many colors.

Coolness, some shade, ample moisture, good drainage, protection from direct sunlight and hot winds will assure success with most plants of the family.

They are raised from seeds sown in late summer or early autumn. As the seeds are very small and the baby plants subject to damping off, they should be sown thinly in fine sandy loam with a very light soil cover.

Hardy species of herbaceous habit can be lifted after the foliage dies down in autumn and divided by gently pulling the fleshy roots apart at the base. This is best done in April.

### GARDENING



- *Polyanthus* plants should be planted where they are half-shaded during the heat of the day. Blooms reach 9in. in clusters. Perennials.

- *Primula obconica*, aristocrats of the primula family. Blooms reach 2in. in diameter when grown in rich, loamy soil in pots. Perennials.



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## Community PLATE



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**"HAMPTON COURT"** Blends the traditional heraldry of Tudor England with a delicate filigree effect which is both unusual and attractive.

**"MORNING STAR"** A precious piece of jade inspired the design of Morning Star, whose cool beauty is accentuated by a setting of elegant simplicity.

as big as a camel, and she was not used to camels.

"Say where you want the infernal thing put, Peter," Mr. Craig said sharply. "And wait till your mother hears about this!"

Peter considered that prospect, then he said: "Tommy Robinson has his tree near the window and the lights shine in the glass so it looks like two trees."

The sombre little face nearly broke into a smile. Not quite, but the nearest there had been to a smile so far. "I'm going to have two trees, too," he said, the whole thing perfectly clear in his mind.

"Okay," Dan said. "Where is the living-room?"

Mr. Craig strode irritably across the echoing floor, and as he touched a switch, there, on his right, was a decorator's dream of a drawing-room.

Springing into light so suddenly, it made Jill gasp. The decor was modern, very modern, in shades of green, beginning with chaise longue for the carpet. It was rather beautiful, in a startling way, but what struck Jill especially was that there were no personal touches. The long room looked as chill and uninvited-in as a display in a store window.

And where was the silver-spiky tree?

Continuing . . .

## LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

from page 48

There was not so much as a vestige of Christmas. No bright cards, no green, not even a piece of mistletoe.

Peter ran to a french window which apparently opened on a terrace.

"Here!" he said. "My tree's going here!"

Dan started across the deep carpet, looking less out of his element in the formal setting than Mr. Craig did. Even allowing for Mr. Craig's being fit to be tied.

That harassed gentleman turned abruptly to Jill. "Would you mind telling me how you got hold of the kid's letter?"

"Not at all," Jill said pleasantly, though her knees were shaking. "At the post office. There was a piece in the paper this morning about the Santa Claus letters from underprivileged children." And that, she felt, served him right.

The only effect it had on Mr. Craig was to make him shout, "Look here, Peter, why didn't you tell your mother and me you wanted this kind of a tree?"

"I did!" Peter said absently,

absorbed in watching Dan, who, after laying the spruce down, brushed his hands together in a thank-goodness-that's-over gesture.

But he bargained without Jill. There wasn't the slightest doubt in her mind that this character who was the child's father would let the tree go right on lying where it was.

She went towards the window, looking at Peter. "Dan, he's trying to undo the cords. We'd better put the tree up, don't you think?" She placed the carton on the floor. "I'll take out the decorations . . ."

For an instant it seemed as if she would have two exploding men on her hands. Then Dan looked down at Peter struggling with the knots.

"I've got a knife," he said gruffly. "Move over, Peter." Dan set up the tree on its criss-crossed wooden stand.

And suddenly it wasn't the spindly specimen it had seemed downstairs. As the released branches stretched outwards, the tree somehow dwarfed its glamorous surroundings and became the finest thing in the room, filling it with the gentle, magic warmth of Christmas.

Mr. Craig, though, soon took care of that. "Look here, I'm a busy man! I've got a script to finish before I go to bed, and I'll thank you both to get out of here."

For a moment Dan and Jill seemed to hang suspended. Then Jill whispered urgently. "Fix the tree quick, Dan!" and scrambled to her feet to face Mr. Craig with some delaying tactic.

Before she could think of anything he pointed his finger at her. "Now I get it! You're from the Press!" "The Press?" Jill stammered. She wanted to cry out, "Oh, hurry Dan!"

Mr. Craig glared at her. "Your story's going to be that Peter's a neglected child! I know! That he's never had a Christmas tree, blah, blah, blah! Well, let me tell you, he has! Every year he has a tree!"

When my wife comes from her television show to-night, we'll get the darned thing out of the closet, with the other Christmas decorations. I'm telling you, Peter has just as much stuff as other kids! Probably a whole raft more."

Jill's mind was groping. Television—Craig—Francesca Craig!

The devastating Francesca Craig! Morning, noon and night on either television or radio.

And her husband. "Then—then," Jill gasped, "you must be Toby Craig!" The man without peer among script-writers!

But how could the person who brought forth those perceptive plays be this—this tartar? It must be that the poor creature was frantic with a deadline to meet.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Craig," she said, with real contrition. "We didn't know."

"Of course you knew! And it's a dirty, sneaking, rotten trick to use the Christmas spirit as a ruse to get inside the place so you can write us up. You got in, sure enough, but I'm warning you!—one word in print about Peter's Santa Claus letter and I'll sue you! I'll sue the whole thing is a put-up job, that you forced yourselves in here and—"

"Just a minute!" Dan stood up. "You admitted us yourself!"

"That's what you say! I'll say it's an unwarranted intrusion, illegal entry."

"But that isn't true!" Jill protested.

She looked as frightened as she felt, and Dan put his arm reassuringly around her as he gave Mr. Craig glare for glare.

"Go back to the boy, Jill," he said. "I'll take care of this."

She hesitated. If only she'd had the sense just to leave the tree outside! Let them get out of this mess, she pledged, then—

"See!" came Peter's clear voice, and she turned to find him lovingly coaxing the branches down as he had watched Dan do.

He was lost in his Christmas, quite oblivious to the embattled atmosphere and of Dixie standing tensed and with her ears pricked up.

"That's the way to do it," Jill said, going over and kneeling beside him. "The poor things have probably been tied up a long time."

### FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



He stroked the branches. "Guess it's like when your foot goes to sleep."

"I guess so. That's fine — you do it beautifully." She spoke absently, because she had one eye on the irate Mr. Craig.

"I happen to be a lawyer," Dan was telling him, "and I was careful not to enter the apartment without your permission."

"I never gave you my permission!" "Not in so many words, but you did hold the door open for us. And we have Peter's letter to account for our coming. I doubt if you'd find a judge who wouldn't give Santa Claus the right of way."

"You needn't bother to make jokes. I am so unamused you can hear the lack of laughter clattering around."

"You can?" Dan couldn't resist adding. "I'd probably be more talented in that direction if I watched television occasionally."

Jill flinched. "Oh, don't make him madder!" she silently begged.

As if he had heard, Dan stepped on to safer territory. "Seriously, sir, you have nothing to worry about."

"I'll darn well see to that," the unmollified Mr. Craig shot out. "It's had enough to be pestered in public, but when it comes to people invading my home that's just too much."

"Having established," Dan went legal, "that you held the door open for us, I hardly think 'invading' is the word. However, we certainly have no wish to add to the difficulties of any celebrities maintaining their privacy, and if you'd feel more comfortable with your son's Santa Claus letter in your possession, we'd be happy to give it to you."

"There was never any question of its publication, you understand. And we have no copy of it. We'll hand it over to you, and go our way. And that will be that—Jill, get the letter, will you?"

She jumped up eagerly. Too eagerly. She knocked against the tree and it tipped over — right on top of Peter. It surprised him so that he tumbled backwards. Jill clutched at the branches and Dan came striding over, but it was Mr. Craig who got there first.

He drew the tree aside and there sat Peter, with a grin spreading blissfully over his face.

His father's concern changed to bewilderment. "What's funny?" he snapped, yanking the child to his feet.

"It tickled, Daddy!"

All the fizz seemed to go out of Mr. Craig suddenly, as if his tiredness had caught up with him. "Well, don't do that again," he muttered. "You scared me."

Jill stared at him. Good heavens, he was human!

leave plenty of space underneath for the presents."

Mr. Craig shook his head. "Peter's had his presents — I gave them to him this morning, so he'd leave me in peace."

"Yes, but I wrapped them up again," Peter said. "To put under the tree when it came."

Somehow it seemed best to Jill and Dan not to look at his father then, and Dan said, rather fast, "Oh, well, it doesn't have to stand in water. One thing is certain, it won't fall over any more. Now for the lights . . ."

They came on, and the tree stood there in glowing beauty — in double beauty, just as Peter had said it would, for the drapes were not drawn and the colored lights shone in the french window.

They shone on Peter's face, too.

He didn't say anything. Just looked and looked at his two precious trees.

Toby Craig stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at his son. As if he were seeing him for the first time.

It was a private sort of moment, and Jill would have liked to slip away, but Dan was putting his heart into sorting the decorations.

She went over to him and whispered: "Peter probably wants to trim the tree by himself, honey."

"What? Oh, Oh, all right!" He stood up. "Wait a minute, here's the angel. Peter, here's the angel."

Dixie, at ease now, poked her ruffled, velvety face interestedly towards the rakish little object, but Peter held it high. "See, Daddy! The angel! You have to put it on the very top of the tree."

His father took it, then gave it back again. "You know more about this than I do," he said, almost shyly. "You'd better put it on."

"I can't reach!"

"I'll lift you up."

Jill pulled at Dan's sleeve. "Darling! Come on!"

Dan reluctantly gathered up his coat and, with a backward look, they slipped away while Peter, in his father's arms, was settling the angel in its new home.

As Dan pressed the elevator button, Jill leaned against the wall.

"Whew!" she said simply. Dan half-smiled, then his glance went to the door they had closed behind them. He would like very much to have stayed longer.

"You were wonderful, darling!" Jill said her hand in his. "There was I shivering in my shoes when Mr. Craig blew up, and you sailed in and handled everything." Humbly, she added: "I guess you were right about me. From now on, just watch me look before I leap in all directions."

Dan viewed the prospect without enthusiasm. "Don't go to the other extreme," he cautioned. "You have to consider relative values. It's one thing not to be rash and feckless, but quite another to start closing in on yourself."

Jill stared at him. "I beg your pardon?" she said incredulously.

"I mean — well, for instance, think of Peter's face when his father lifted him and the angel! You can't take a chance of anything like that never happening again."

Jill couldn't believe what she was hearing, but she managed to say, "And what would you suggest?"

Dan thought a moment. Then he nodded. "We'd better get a Santa Claus letter every Christmas."

"Oh, darling!" Jill's voice broke a little as she put her face against his sleeve.

"What's the matter? Don't you think it's a good idea?"

The elevator came then. "Good!" Jill said, as they stepped in. "It's perfect. I never heard anything to equal it."

Dan took her arm. "I think it's nice," he said contentedly. (Copyright)

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clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness.



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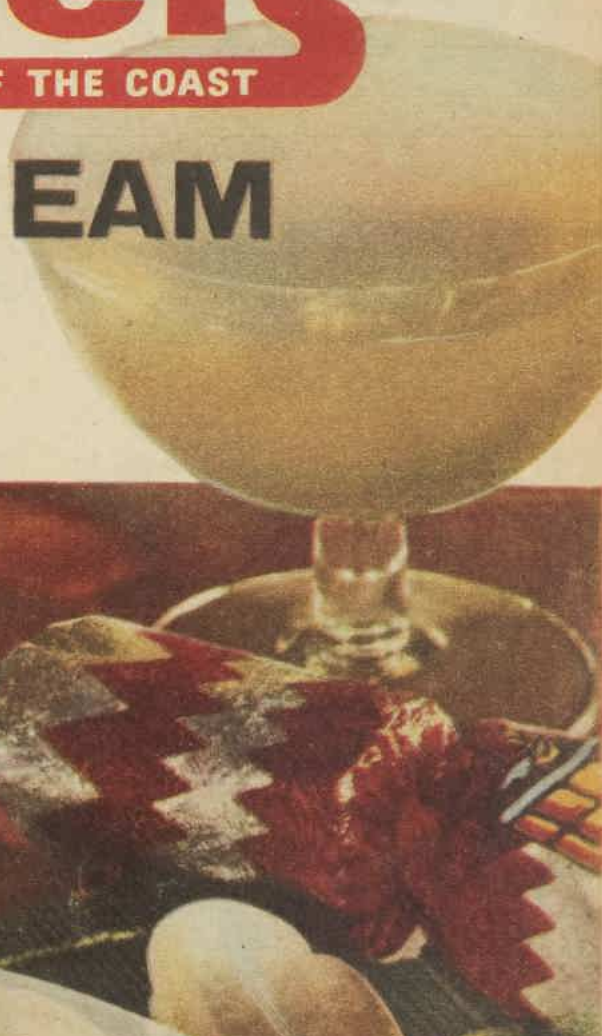
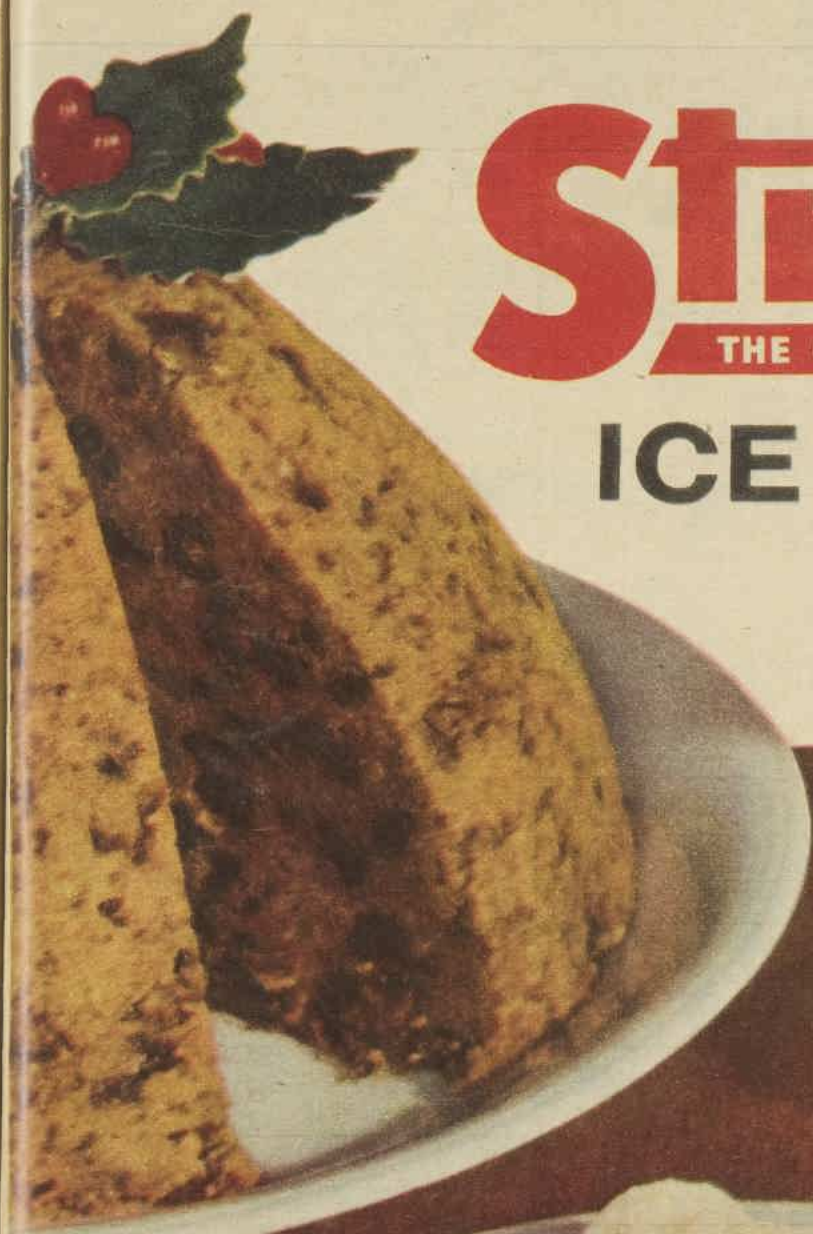
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12-oz. Press-button 'Kan', 14/3; 6-oz. Press-button 'Kan', 8/11.



## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning December 21

### ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
 \* Lucky color for love, silver.  
 \* Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
 \* Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
 \* Luck in your career.

\* If in paid employment you may receive increased pay, a bonus or a more important job. If a voluntary worker a presentation may be made to you. If you come before the public you are likely to be front-page news. If young you may make good in a temporary job, turn it into a permanent one. If about to be married, a wish come true.

### TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
 \* Lucky color for love, rose.  
 \* Gambling colors, rose, silver.  
 \* Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
 \* Luck in a prospective journey.

\* The traveller will have a joyful time packing to go away. Should it be a honeymoon, the stars are on your side. If young and going on a working holiday, a stroke of luck or a letter of introduction might work wonders. Exciting plans, new factors will influence all of you. Weekend house-parties are on the cards, also new companions.

### GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
 \* Lucky color for love, brown.  
 \* Gambling colors, brown, orange.  
 \* Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
 \* Luck in giving and receiving.

\* Maybe that present to a loved one cost more than you intended, but you are happy because it's the right thing for the right person. You are liable to last-minute rushes, impulsive buying, trusting to inspiration, but your taste will be excellent. You may be given an article on which you have set your heart. Finances should be flourishing.

### CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
 \* Lucky color for love, white.  
 \* Gambling colors, white, blue.  
 \* Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
 \* Luck in a partnership.

\* Although personal relationships are harmonious, there is one person who matters more than all the rest. A deeper understanding with one you love will cast a romantic glow over the week's events. Some of you announce your engagement. Older people share a joint project, giving the children a treat or embarking on a bold new scheme.

### LEO The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
 \* Lucky color for love, violet.  
 \* Gambling colors, white, green.  
 \* Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday.  
 \* Luck in good organisation.

\* Since you are eager to make the festivities run smoothly, you are certain to lead a hectic life. Gifts, hospitality, should be planned in advance so you can relax at the right moment. A well-stocked guest shelf will support Leo pride in the ability to do anything well. Don't let your efficiency show too much; conceal it with a casual air.

### VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22

\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
 \* Lucky color for love, green.  
 \* Gambling colors, green, gold.  
 \* Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.  
 \* Luck in taking a chance.

\* Only the bold win. Take a chance on a kiss and spend up a love affair. Take chance on a sporting event and count your gains. If you don't compete you'll lose, for risk is a prelude to success. Intuition and judgment help, but a dashing attitude puts over any proposition. Dame Fortune has her eye on you, proving to be your fairy godmother.

### LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22

\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
 \* Lucky color for love, orange.  
 \* Gambling colors, orange, black.  
 \* Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.  
 \* Luck on the threshold.

\* You gather the family around you, welcome guests, make your home a happy place. One of the household may become engaged or receive a distinction. Some of you plan a few improvements to house or garden. If a parent, you entertain the boy or girl friend of a daughter or son. Otherwise you will discuss a new, attractive project for the household.

### SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22

\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
 \* Lucky color for love, white.  
 \* Gambling colors, white, grey.  
 \* Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
 \* Luck in a short expedition.

\* You may rush into town for a forgotten article, discover treasure trove when looking for something else. If there has been friction with your beloved an explanation clears up the matter. If your journey includes an oft-visited favorite spot you may renew old associations. A suggestion on an outing leads to an odd adventure.

### SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22

\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
 \* Lucky color for love, yellow.  
 \* Gambling colors, navy, blue.  
 \* Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
 \* Luck in managing finances.

\* With so many demands on the purse, expensive tastes, you'll have to shop around for the best values obtainable. Be a bargain-bunter, even if it goes up against the grain. Purchases for a holiday wardrobe are important; your appearance may be a factor in regard to social or business matter close to your heart. Keep down to earth.

### CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19

\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
 \* Lucky color for love, any pastel.  
 \* Gambling colors, tricolors.  
 \* Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
 \* Luck in a resolution.

\* Although you'll enjoy the festivities on the surface, underneath a deepening spiritual content is gradually developing. It is likely to reach a climax now, and the practical decision which accompanies it could well be a crossroads in your journey through life. Unusual love affairs, where there are differences in background, may be a feature.

### AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
 \* Lucky color for love, navy-blue.  
 \* Gambling colors, navy, white.  
 \* Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
 \* Luck in a private venture.

\* A pet scheme of yours may now assume definite form; you put it into operation with misgivings. Your mind will be much occupied with it, even if you are unlikely to tell anyone about your project. Outwardly, you concern yourself with giving pleasure to others, especially one in particular who is unfortunate or elderly, under disabilities.

### PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
 \* Lucky color for love, grey.  
 \* Gambling colors, grey, rose.  
 \* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
 \* Luck in the out-of-doors.

\* Off to the beach or hill resorts whether for the day, the week or a month, you'll be free. The beach is your best bet for your sign is a water sign, you'll renew vitality, find congenial friends. Relaxation should be sought in the open. If you're impressionable, that first romance is most likely to have an out-of-doors setting.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5317.—Beginners' pattern for a child's sun-top, shorts, and skirt. Sun-top and shorts require 1 1/2 to 2 yds. 36in. material, and skirt requires 1 to 2 yds. 36in. material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 years. Price 3/6.



# Fashion PATTERNS

F5606.—Pretty party frock to suit any young woman has off-the-shoulder draped collar and lap-over front panel. Requires 5 yds. 36in. lace material and 5 yds. 36in. tulle. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



F5638.—Smart and flattering day frock has unusual collar and slightly bloused back from the yoke and pleated skirt. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5317

F5615.—Sheath dress has unusual bodice detail and waist-length jacket to match. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/9.

F5606



F5638

F5630.—Simple sheath dress with smart jacket to match. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/9.

F5601.—Sophisticated sheath frock with flattering draped bodice. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5630

F5615

F5601

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 181.—SHIRTWAISTER FROCK

This easy-to-make tailored shirtwaister frock is available cut out ready to sew in a pretty printed spot and floral Rufflyn cotton in pink and lilac on white, grey and blue on white, and turquoise and lemon on white, all with black spots. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 46/9; 36 and 38in. bust 48/6. Postage 3/3 extra.

### No. 182.—TEA-TOWEL SET

This day-by-day tea-towel set is available cut out ready to sew and clearly traced to embroider on a multi-striped linen tea-towelling. They measure 22in. x 32in. Price 6/3 each, postage 9d., or set of seven 42/9, with reg. postage 3/9 extra.

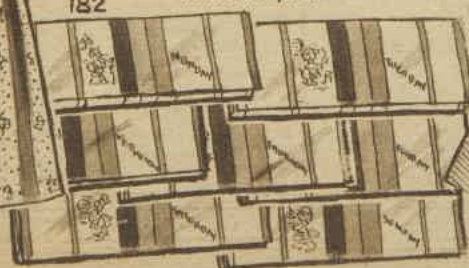
181

### No. 183.—FULL-SKIRTED FROCK

This pretty frock has unusual bodice finished with ribbon trim and a full skirt. Available cut out ready to sew in striped cotton in blue, pink, navy, lilac, red, and aqua, all with white stripes. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 61/9, 36 and 38in. bust 63/6. Postage 3/9.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

182



183



• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

# Robin

STARCH keeps

little frocks

lovelier,

longer

Cotton and linen frocks, shirts, aprons and everything you starch with Robin will have that lovely crisp, fresh look so much longer. So, for a perfect even finish, and to make ironing easier too, be sure you use Robin, the easy to mix powdered starch.

# Robin STARCH

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Glamorous quilted floral satin peep toe slipper, blue or pink.



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Pretty ribbed floral fabric slipper in pink or blue.

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## JACKY'S DIARY

by **Jacky Mendelsohn**  
Age 32½

LAST NIGHT MUMMY READ ME AN OTHER FAIRY TAIL. THIS TIME IT WAS CALLED 'THE SHOEMAKER & THE ELFS'



ELFS ARE LITTLE TINY PEOPLE WHO NEVER GROWED UP. THEY'RE ABOUT A FOOT HIGH WITH WHISKERS.



ANYWAY THERE WAS THIS SHOEMAKER WHO WAS VERY TIRED. SO ONE NIGHT INSTEAD OF MAKING SHOES HE WENT TO SLEEP.



THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HE GOT UP... LOW & BE OLD! THE SHOES WERE ALL FINISHED.



AND ALSO THE NEXT MORNING THERE WAS SOME MORE SHOES MADE. SO HE FIGURED HE WOULD STAY UP THAT NIGHT & FIND OUT WHOSE DOING IT.

AND SO WHAT DO YOU THINK HE SAW?... TWO LITTLE ELFS CAME & STARTED IN MAKING MORE SHOES. AND EVEN THOUGH THE ELFS WERE VERY TINY, HE COULD SEE THEY WERE DRESSED REAL POOR.



BEING AS HIS WIFE WAS A REAL GOOD SEWER, SHE DECIDED TO SEW THE ELFS SOME SUITS TO WEAR. SO SHE MADE LIKE LITTLE DOLLS CLOSE & LEFT THEM THERE FOR A SUPRIZE.



WHEN THE ELFS CAME IN & FOUND THE CLOSE THEY SAID:



BUT ANYHOW THE SHOEMAKER BECAME REAL RICH, & FROM THAT DAY ON HE WAS VERY LUCKY IN ALL HIS UNDERTAKINGS.



THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS: HELP COMES TO HIM WHO HELPS HIS ELF!

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





## Growing Boy

Michael Burgess, aged 3½, of Strathfield, N.S.W., spends as much time as possible preparing the ground for his vegetables. Where does he get his energy?

He enjoys Vegemite every day. Vegemite—the only pure, concentrated yeast extract—is the richest food source of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, which is essential for:

- healthy nerves
- good digestion
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- vitality

Your children will enjoy delicious Vegemite. Spread it on toast, sandwiches, biscuits—or on baby's rusk.

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for continuous **TRIPLE ACTION** toilet hygiene

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- 2 freshens
- 3 deodorises

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Distributed for Racapan Limited by Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne.

## Terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism, steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were a recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Presently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)

That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer from rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 2/6.

**DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS**

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE**, Master Magician, **PRINCESS NARDA**, and **Dr. Tate** have encountered the robot caveman. The robot has been waiting for the people of Earth to become a menace to other planets. He says he is going to take Mandrake and the

others back to his masters, the men of other planets. He has a Stun Gun and the help of the robot dinosaur, so there seems to be no escape for the three. Mandrake cannot hypnotise a machine. He tells the robot they do not want to go. NOW READ ON:

NO, WE DO NOT WISH TO GO WITH YOU.

NOT WISH? WE TOOK OTHER SPECIMENS. WE DID NOT ASK THEM. THEY DID NOT TELL US.

NOT WISH?

THE TWO DISGUISED ROBOTS SEEM CONFUSED.

NOT WISH—CLICK-CLICK?

CLICK—NOT—CLICK—WISH—

THEIR MACHINE—INTERIORS CLICK FURIOUSLY—

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM?

CONFUSED, THEY'RE ONLY MACHINES. THEIR MASTERS FORGOT—OR DIDN'T THINK IT NECESSARY—TO TALK IN ANSWERS IF SOMEONE SAID "NO".

THIS PLACE—IS STARTING TO CAVE IN!

THE SPACE SHIP—UNDER AUTOMATIC CONTROLS—IS FORGING ITS WAY UP THROUGH THE ROCKS!

YOU ARE ROBOTS. YOUR MASTERS ARE MEN. MUCH LIKE I AM. I COMMAND YOU TO LET US GO!

CLICK-CLICK.

CLICK—DO NOT WANT—

THE WALLS ARE CRACKING—THE DOOR'S SPRUNG OPEN—RUN FOR THE KAMP! THE WHOLE PLACE IS CAVING IN!

CONTINUED

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

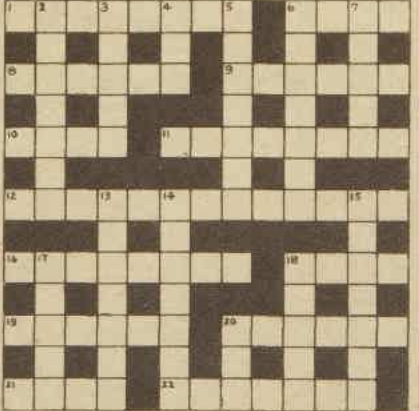
**ACROSS**

- Explosive noise part turned is showy (8).
- Fruit on the top of a marine gem (4).
- Birds' home containing an aria (6).
- Alloy of copper and zinc or one in an ode (6).
- School with weighty end (4).
- One is the number they always think of (8).
- Apartments for a change (8-5).
- Good to save it up for rainy days (8).
- Air which can be pleasant, even if it is not fresh (4).
- Send in Germany to find the latter part (6).
- One was a legendary target in Switzerland (6).
- Domesticate a mate (4).
- A beastly queen (7).

**DOWN**

- That which raises (7).
- Readily understood, though it can be ugly (5).
- Light which comes in a prayer (3).
- To extend, look back in a forked instrument (7).
- A bovine animal in the first place is of the next month (7).
- It ends an official examination (5).
- Assistance to another (7).
- Not according to the law in a Townsville gallery (7).
- They are girls (7).
- Food for exodus (5).
- No wonder it is quite enough, a politician starts it (5).
- Past, and it is usually long (3).

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

## DON'T TAKE RISKS with UNWRAPPED ADHESIVE STRIPS

**ONLY BAND-AID**

TRADE MARK

**ADHESIVE BANDAGES**

are **WRAPPED** and **SEALED** to seal out germs and dirt!

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## Weekend

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Summer

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CREAM Biscuits

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MONTE CARLO

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